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THE

MESSAGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE

TO

MOTHERS AND NURSES.

3778.58

BY

MARY BOOLE.

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.
1883.

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The Fellowship of the Dead.

Fellowship of spirits bright,
Crowned with laurel, clad with light,
From what labours are ye sped,
By what common impulse led,
With what deep remembrance bound,
'Mid the mighty concourse round,
That ye thus together stand,
An inseparable band?

Mortal! well hast thou divined
What the chains that strongest bind;
For the free unfettered soul
Bows to no enforced control;
Sympathy of feelings shared,
Deeds achieved, and perils dared,
These to spirits are—beyond
Time and place—the noblest bond.

All who felt the sacred flame
Rising at oppression's name,
All who toiled for equal laws,

All who loved the righteous cause,
All whose world-embracing span
Bound to them each brother man,
Are upon the spirit-coast
An indissoluble host.

All who with a pure intent
Were on Nature's knowledge bent,
Watched the comet's wheeling flight,
Traced the subtle web of light,
And the wide dominion saw
Of the universal law,
In this land of souls agree
With a deep-felt sympathy.

All that to the love of truth
Gave the fervour of their youth,
Then for others spread the store
Of their rich and studious lore,
Bringing starry wisdom down
To the peasant and the clown,
Are with us in spirit-land,
An inseparable band.

Whether they were known to fame,
Whether silence wrapt their name,
Whether dwellers in the strife
Or the still and cloistered life;

If with pure and humble thought
For the good alone they wrought,
When the earthly life is done,
In the heavenly they are one.

And their souls together twine
In a fellowship divine,
And they see the ages roll
Onward to their destined goal,
Dark with shadows of the past,
Till the morning come at last,
And an Eden bloom again
For the weary sons of men.

GEORGE BOOLE.

PREFACE.

—o—

More than twenty years ago a few ladies, alarmed at the tempest of discussion about all things human and divine which threatened to sweep them from their accustomed anchorage, asked me to help them to find out whether anything was left which we might still venture to believe without finding ourselves in antagonism with something else which seemed to have equal claims to be considered true. The then almost new theory of Evolution on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the marvellous tales which were being told of spirits appearing at séances, seemed to be considered by the critics of the day so contrary, both to each other and to all that had hitherto been considered sacred or reasonable, that these ladies almost felt as though the thought-world were reverting to chaos. In answer to their appeal the following lectures in their original form were written.

Since they were first delivered, I have had assistance in rendering them more complete. Medical men of all the different "pathies" have been kindly willing to help me in calming the minds of perplexed women by leading them to see that the most important part of any new

truth is not always that which at first excites the most discussion; that a force which was spiritual when we were ignorant of the laws of its operation does not become unspiritual because we have discovered a few of those laws; and that knowledge which was divine when it was vague and partial, is not necessarily made "Satanic" by an effort being made to render it more complete and accurate. It would be pleasant to express my gratitude to those who have assisted me; but as I prefer that the faults of my compilation should be attributed to myself alone, I will content myself with tendering the thanks of myself and my hearers to all who have aided us in our inquiry.

The Evolution controversy, so far as the unscientific are concerned with it, is practically at an end. No one now supposes that any serious moral issues depend on our being able to define with precision the difference between "varieties" and "true species." But the difficulty which we felt so keenly twenty years ago is not at an end; truths are still manifold; and it is still hard to keep up our faith in the principle that Truth is One.

A society has lately been formed, called the Society for Psychical Research,[1] which announces itself as willing to receive and examine, and as far as possible to classify, evidence on such subjects as thought-reading, clairvoyance, apparitions, and haunted houses. It is not difficult to foresee that the future history of this new movement will in many respects repeat the experience of the past. The leaders, many of whom are

[1] The rooms of the society are at 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

men of unquestioned ability, will pursue their course in a spirit of calm and patient inquiry, equally unmoved by the satire and antagonism, and by the over-excited curiosity and too ready belief, which will seethe around them. They will combine and utilise the work of isolated observers; and in due time the world at large will profit greatly by their labours. But meanwhile a terrible amount of quite needless suffering will be caused to those who take no part in the movement, by the mere unsettling of their ordinary habits of thought. And the occasion may perhaps not be inopportune to remind young women who have not the leisure or the aptitude for systematic investigation, of the same principles which were so much forgotten by unscientific readers in the first shock of surprise caused by the publication of the "Origin of Species."

January 1883.

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ERRATUM.

Page 133, line 18, *for* "line" *read* "life."

"Fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Mensch und Glied dieser Geist- und Gott-erfüllten Welt"—*Strauss.*

"Where shall wisdom be found? . . . When He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of His thunder, then did He see it and declare it; He prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto *man* He said: Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

> "Whatever we intrust to Nature's keeping, she
> Will beautify a thousand times for our
> Enlarged perception at some future hour.
> * * * * * *
> And if from youth we walk in her ways free
> And unreproved, her footsteps to explore,
> The music of our own hearts then will be
> With her eternal music blent still more,
> And clearer felt, not distinct, as before,
> But needful parts of one full harmony,
> Where what one wants the other doth supply."
>
> —*Ellison.*

CHAPTER I.

THE FORCES OF NATURE.

You have asked me to give you an account of the opinions really held by some of those authors whose views you have seen caricatured in *Punch* and censured in religious periodicals. The subjects on which you specially questioned me were the speculations of Mr. Darwin, and the real or pretended discoveries of mesmerists, spiritualists, homeopathists, and phrenologists. But a little reflection will, I think, convince you, that if I pretended to give you, in a few conversations, the result of the lifelong labours of a succession of earnest and clever men, I could in reality only succeed in puzzling you, and in proving my own unfitness to act as the interpreter of any serious thinker whatever. It will be, I think, more to the purpose if I endeavour to put into your hands an end of the golden thread which, as it seems to me, binds all science together, giving us a clue through its intricate mazes, bridging over its awful chasms, and enabling us to walk fearlessly, even where we can see no light. If you like it, I will afterwards try to tell you what I believe to be the true meaning of some of the real or supposed revela-

tions of modern investigation; but my main object will be to show you how you may, throughout your studies, make facts speak for themselves, and get help from books instead of being confused by them.

In the first chapter of the Bible we read that the earth was originally without form and void. Next it is said that the "Spirit of God" moved upon the face of the waters. And throughout the Old Testament it is easy to see that the writers attributed the settling down of things in general, the ordering of the heavens, the coming up of dry land from under the sea, the clearing away of mists and vapours, and the production of life upon the earth, to the action of this Spirit (or Word) of God upon the chaos of matter. And not only so, but they evidently believed this living Word or Spirit to be continually present throughout creation, at every rising of sun or moon or star, in all cosmical changes, at every birth of man or beast, at every recovery of man or beast from sickness, in all growth, in all life, in all enjoyment; and to be at each moment the indispensable preserver of every living thing from decay.

"Oh! of course," you will perhaps say; "if God did not do things, they would not be done. If He had not willed things to be, they would not be. He set them going as He chose; and if He chose to take away the forces by which they go, they would stop. In some sense all that happens is His doing." *You* say this. The Bible says nothing of the sort. It says, not only that God willed things to be done, but that the "Spirit of God" was the agency by which they were done. At least, if it does not say that, I do not know what it does say.

Now, then, without entering into any theological discussions, will you allow me for a few moments to assume that the expressions "Spirit of God" or "Word of God," whenever they occur in the Bible, mean *that force* (be the nature of it what it may) *by which God acts upon matter and quickens it into living forms?* The words, no doubt, mean more than that; but let us assume for the present that they mean that, at least.

The object of making such a hypothesis is this: Supposing it to be a true one, it follows that whatever we can learn from the Bible about the Spirit of God will give us hints for the study of Nature; and whatever we learn from Nature herself will help us to understand the mode of operation of the Spirit.

Now, if you were to ask a scientific man what it was that organised matter into living forms, he would probably reply that it was "force." And if you asked him what he meant by "force," he might answer you by saying, "Electricity is one form of force, for instance, and magnetism is another."

There are men, *professing* to be scientific, who, if you asked them what it was that organised and quickened matter, would reply, "It is *only* force, nothing else." But, so far as my small experience of books and authors has gone, it seems to me that the more a man really knows, the less he is inclined to assert that anything is "*only*" any other thing; and that whoever does make such an assertion is usually on the brink of some unscientific blunder. Leaving, therefore, the "only" out of the question, it seems pretty clear that one of the agencies by which matter is acted upon and organised is electricity, and that another is magnetism. But the Bible says that it is the

Spirit of God. Is there any contradiction here? Not necessarily so, I think.

But it is clear that neither electricity nor magnetism, in the forms commonly called by those names, do all the work of creation.

Supposing our hypothesis to be a correct one, that there is one Spirit or force which supplies the *vis viva* or motive power for all life, and growth, and movement, it is clear that this Spirit bears, in our ordinary language, different names according to the nature of its varying action upon matter. Thus, when it acts on steel-filings and collects them round a loadstone, we call it *magnetism;* when it acts upon vapour and collects it into thunder-clouds, we call it *electricity;* when it acts upon planets and groups them around a sun, we call it *gravitation;* when it acts on mineral solutions and forms out of them crystals, we call it *crystalline force;* when it acts upon inorganic or decomposed substances and converts them into plants, we call it *vegetable life;* when it acts upon the food of animals and converts it into living flesh, we call it by various names, of which *animal vitality* is perhaps the one in most common use.

But all true scientific men acknowledge that these various words are mere names for a force, or for various forces, the essential nature of which they do not in the least understand. Faraday, for instance, has been heard to remark, "I can tell you something of the laws by which electricity acts; but what it is in itself I know no more than a child." Now this which Faraday confessed that he (speaking of himself merely as a scientific investigator) could not know, is just what the writers of the Bible (according to the interpretation of their words

which we have assumed to be correct) professed that they did know. They taught (at least I think they taught) that all creative force is the Spirit of a living God.

Mind, I do not assert that these various forces *are* different manifestations of the same force or Spirit. I only ask you to let me proceed for the present on the assumption that they are so. I myself believe them to be so; I can understand neither the Bible nor the facts of nature upon any other supposition. But I do not want you to believe it merely because I do. I only want you to understand what it is that I believe, and then as we go on you will see whether you think you have any ground for agreeing with me.

But whether these forces are the same or not, it is quite clear that they are practically, to a certain extent, convertible. The galvanic battery, for instance, has the power of causing an unmagnetised iron bar to become magnetic. And though man's power of thus converting one force into another is very limited, it does not follow that they are not, in Nature, interchanged to an infinite extent.

It appears, too, pretty clear that, though we speak as if there existed only a certain limited number of such forces, their number is in reality infinite. Every species of plant and of animal and of crystal has its own. All the higher organisms at least appear to be affected by a great variety of forces, but each is most powerfully affected by that one which is peculiarly the life of its species. The degree in which it is saturated, so to speak, with this its own peculiar life, is often very much, always more or less, affected by other circumstances; but, on the other hand, its power both to derive benefit from

favourable and to resist unfavourable circumstances is derived entirely from its possession of that life. The power of an animal to retain its vitality is more or less affected by heat, light, electricity, &c., and is greater in proportion as the amount which it receives of these extraneous forces is more exactly suited to its constitution; but no accurately adjusted amount of heat or light or galvanism will enable an animal body to resist the destructive effect of the atmosphere when once the animal vitality has left it. Again, very great heat is injurious to our health, and, in extreme cases, fatal. But a healthy man, it is said, can remain alive, and almost uninjured, in an oven while a joint of meat is roasting. If his body were dead, it would roast too, but the human vitality casts off, to a great degree, the injurious effect of the heat.

This vitality I suppose is the *breath which God breathes* into a creature, and so makes it become a living soul. When He takes away its breath, we are told, the material organism dies and returns to dust. What we commonly call breath—that is, air—is not taken away. The atmosphere surrounds and pervades the body still; but something else—the spirit which God breathed into it—has been taken away; and therefore it is no longer capable of feeding on the oxygen of the air.

This is a point which I want you to fix firmly in your minds, as we shall have to recur to it by and by. Every highly organised being is affected by a variety of influences, which interfere more or less with each other's action, and which would need to be accurately balanced to ensure the highest possible state of enjoyment and of health; but there is always some one dominant force in

which the very life of the creature consists, and which has, within certain limits, the power of controlling and regulating within it the action of all the other forces which affect it.

When we say that one set of circumstances is more *healthy* than another, what we chiefly mean is, that the former puts it into a state in which the creature's whole system is more charged with its own peculiar vitality than it would be under the latter. This is the *measure* of the healthiness of circumstances. No treatment is in reality health-giving to a creature, which tends on the whole to diminish its supply of this life-force, even though it may temporarily regulate disturbance and relieve uneasiness. And I think you can see that if there were any means by which we could directly pour a constant supply of this vitality in upon any creature, the use of those means would be of paramount importance to that creature. This also I want you to remember.

Now, so far as we can see into nature, it appears that the action of force is always regulated by strict laws. The law of gravitation is so simple that it comes within the calculations of common arithmetic; the force varies inversely as the square of the distance between the bodies. The laws by which the action of electricity is governed are more complicated, but they fall within the province of the higher mathematics. The laws by which vegetative and animal life are governed do not appear to come within the scope of any known mathematical formulæ; but it does not follow that they are less regular in their operation. On the contrary, nature seems to be governed throughout by the most exact laws. There could be neither variety nor grace if this were not so.

Does this seem to you like a paradox? If you want to know whether law or lawlessness has the most tendency to produce variety and beauty, compare the evolutions of well-trained dancers with the effect which would be produced if the same people assembled in a room and each ran and jumped wherever he or she chose. And the more intricate the dance, the more necessary is it that every step should be taken according to the prearranged plan.

Nature then is governed by laws; that is to say, as it seems to me, the Spirit of God works regularly.

A young friend of mine was once trying to explain to a pious old woman, her nurse, the movement of the earth round the sun. The old woman, after trying in vain to disprove this (to her) new doctrine by logical arguments, at last entrenched herself behind a theological one. "Well, my darling," she exclaimed triumphantly, "you may believe what you like, but I believe the world is where my Divine Master placed it." Now for centuries past people have been putting science and religion into opposition, just as this old woman did, and for the same reason. We find it easy to conceive of God either as the first cause of a system of material stability, or as the doer of arbitrary acts; but (our own wills being capricious and contradictory and disorderly) we imagine the two ideas of regular laws and of a constantly acting Will to be mutually exclusive. But whether the people who think it pious to say that not the laws of Nature but the Will of God regulates the universe, or the people who think it scientific to say that not the Spirit of God but only forces animate matter, find the most warrant for their notions, either in common sense or in Scripture,

you may, at your leisure, find out, if you can. It is an inquiry in which I cannot help you at all.

Not only do all the forces which govern matter obey laws, but a very curious analogy runs through these laws, however different they may be, both in their expression and in their action. And the tracing of that analogy is, I think, by far the most interesting part of the study of Nature.

So far we have been speaking only of the irresponsible creation, as we call it, consisting of all organisms, from a crystal up to a dog or monkey. It seems to me rather an arbitrary use of words to call either a dog or a monkey or a bee "irresponsible;" but let that pass for the present. We have been talking of creatures as irresponsible.

You know that some of our modern naturalists are of opinion that man has sprung by regular descent from the lower animals. But this idea of theirs is not the mere product of an intellectual speculation. Whether true or false, it is partly inspired by the instinct which has taught poets and children in all ages to claim the brutes as their kin. This instinct has manifested itself in many strange ways. The metamorphoses of Roman mythology and the Hindoo doctrine of the transmigration of souls are perhaps, of all the forms in which it has appeared, the two with which you are most familiar. Thoughtless people, of course, say that such ideas are "only" superstitions. But, as I told you before, the more sure a man feels that anything is "only" any other thing, the further he is usually from the truth. Such ideas are indeed superstitions, but they are something else besides. Men's instincts may be distorted into false and ugly shapes, but there is a living root of truth hidden deep down some-

where from which they grew. And be sure it is not for nothing that men in all ages have believed in their relationship with the brutes.

Men in all ages; not by any means *all men.* Most people were shocked and disgusted when first they were told that the monkeys were their own "poor relations." But any instinct may become deadened and perverted by disuse. Who are they who have believed in their relationship with Nature? Poets and children always, and among naturalists, I think, chiefly those who were most observant of living creatures. Just those, you see, who knew most about the matter, who had lived most in communion with living Nature, and in whom, therefore, the part of the mind by which man holds communion with Nature was most exercised and most keen.

If a hundred clever men were kept for years in a half-darkened room poring over books, and then suddenly turned out upon a mountain in the full blaze of the sun, their deepest reasonings about what was likely to be or what ought to be before their dazzled eyes would go for nothing against the testimony of one hardy mountain child who could not spell, though the latter would probably make endless mistakes if he tried to reason upon the causes of the phenomena which he perceived. Why so? Why, the child's eyes would be exercised and accustomed to mountain objects. And so, if poets and children feel a relationship with Nature, be sure there is such a relationship, though their way of explaining it may be very absurd and false. Now, if all the various forms of vitality are, as I believe, different manifestations of the Spirit of the Great Father of Spirits, that would of itself account for the relationship which man feels with Nature;

though I do not say that there is not a more immediate and physical relationship as well.

One tie, at all events, binds us to the brutes—a likeness of physical organisation. A great part of what we know about our own bodily selves we have learned by dissecting, and often alive, beings which are literally bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and many of them brain of our brain, with hearts, nerves, thoughts, affections, marvellously like our own. If you have read anything at all of physiology, you know how true this is. I am not going, however, to enter upon the study of physiology with you; and I only mention the subject for the sake of a few significant facts, the knowledge of which has been bought dear for us by those inferior creatures to whom we are so anxious to refuse all share in our own hopes of immortality and blessedness.

Every nerve which has for its function the production either of physical sensation or of voluntary motion has one end (its peripheral extremity) either in the skin, or in one of the organs of the senses, or in some internal organ (such as the lungs, &c.), and the other end in some portion of what is called the automatic brain. The automatic brain consists of the internal portions of the head, together with the brain-like spinal cord, or marrow, which runs down the backbone. Thus one nerve goes from the spinal cord and acts on the muscles which produce respiration.[1] Another goes from a ganglion in the middle of the head to the eye, and, when stimulated by light, produces the sensation of sight; and so on. A stimulus applied to the peripheral extremity of a nerve produces its appropriate motion or sensation by what is called

[1] Note 1.

reflex action. That is to say, one part of the nerve being stimulated at its peripheral extremity, the other conveys notice of the fact to that portion of the automatic brain to which it is attached; and the automatic brain being thereby excited, immediately discharges a supply of nervous energy, which produces, at the peripheral extremity, the required sensation or muscular contraction. But it is possible to force the automatic brain to act, and to send nervous energy down the nerves, by stimulus applied directly to itself, either artificially or by the action upon it of the outer brain. When you draw back your foot instinctively because it is tickled, the nerves of the foot move the muscles by reflex action. When a galvanic shock applied to the spine convulses a dead leg, it does so by applying an artificial stimulus to the spinal cord. When you move your foot because you will to do it, the stimulus is given directly to the automatic brain by the outer brain, of which we have next to speak.

What thought and emotion may be in their own essential nature we can at the best but dimly guess. It is one of those questions the answer to which every man must seek for himself within that inner sanctuary into which each one must enter alone. But, so far as science has to do with them, they may be said so to manifest themselves as, I might almost say, to consist in the excitement produced by a certain form of force in a particular portion of the frame which is specially fitted to receive it, and be stimulated by it. This thinking and feeling organ, to which the name of *the brain* is often given, fits like a cap over the automatic brain of birds and mammals. In fishes[1] it appears to be almost totally wanting.

[1] Note 2.

There are people who profess not to believe in phrenology; also there are people who profess not to believe in mesmerism. But I hardly think any serious man now-a-days professes to disbelieve either that the healthy action of the human nervous system depends in some way on the state of the mind, or that human beings, especially the nervously organised, often affect one another's minds in some way quite independent of visible or audible signs. So I shall express no opinion about the truth of phrenology, but only say that, if not true, it was well invented; for it answers as a summary or skeleton of all that is known on the subject of brain-action. And its terminology is convenient. I shall take leave to speak as if it were true, just to save the trouble of using round-about language; only begging you to remember that the best of the so-called phrenologists were men who observed human beings, and that their observations on character and the results of conduct are true, whatever you may think of their theories.

Each portion of the outer or conscious brain is receptive (so say phrenologists) of its own peculiar class of thoughts or feelings, and is unable to receive (or produce) any others. When you study Euclid or cast up your accounts, the organ under the outer part of your eyebrow is at work. When you think of your relations and feel a mere instinctive impulse to long to be near them as such, or when you caress a baby for the mere pleasure of doing it, the back of your brain is active. When you feel reverence for an earnest teacher or pity for a suffering child, the top of your brain is brought into action. The science which has for its subject the whole outer, or thinking and feeling brain, is called phrenology or psycho-

logy. The two words are not, it is true, quite equivalent; they refer to the same subject treated in two different ways.

Now if you have read "Combe's Physiology" (a work with which I would advise every mother to make herself acquainted), you must, I should think, have noticed with what care he distinguishes between the physical nervous force which is generated in the automatic brain and the nervous power which is communicated to it from the true or conscious brain; and how earnestly he impresses on his readers that (within certain limits) the health giving or exhausting [1] quality of muscular exertion depends, in man, upon the motive of action which is present to the mind, *i.e.*, upon the state of the thinking brain. It is found, in fact (so say the phrenologists), that upon the activity of certain phrenological organs depends, in great measure, the supply of that higher force or nervous energy by which not only are the other brain organs stimulated to healthy action, but which is able also to supplement to a great degree the want of natural physical power and muscular tone throughout the frame. And not only does this higher force supplement the nervous energy generated in the automatic brain when deficient; it also controls the discharge of that energy when abundant. But, that it may do this, the thinking brain must be in good working order.

You are, of course, well aware that although all parts of the human organism are so related to each other that an injury to or the total inactivity of any one part affects, in some slight degree at least, the well-being of the whole, yet some organs are far more essential than others to the vitality of the frame. For instance, the

[1] Note 3.

stimuli afforded by light through the eyes and by sound through the ears are each in a measure good for the health; but a blind or deaf man may live to old age, and even (if the faculties which he possesses are properly cultivated) enjoy very good health of body and mind; and there are states of disease in which silence and darkness are most beneficial. But without the stimulus supplied by oxygen to the lungs no man could live an hour; few men could live a fortnight, or preserve their health from serious injury for half that period, without food. Again, the regular exercise of every muscle in turn is, under normal conditions, decidedly advantageous. But an adult whose chest is already well developed may enjoy a very fair share of health without any muscular exercise beyond that of walking. And in many cases of disease or accident it is highly desirable to keep a particular limb perfectly still for weeks together. But no matter how diseased the heart may be, you must not, if you could, stop its action, or even lower it beyond a certain point, or the result would be certainly fatal. As a rule, the higher the type of animal, the greater the number of its "*vital functions*" (*i.e.*, of those the continuance of which is essential to its vitality), and the more quickly fatal is the cessation of any one of them. An alligator, for instance, has been known to live for some time after being decapitated; but any mammal or bird would die almost instantly on the spinal cord being severed at the neck. But though a certain amount of activity of the stomach and lungs is absolutely essential to the life of any mammal or bird, man included, yet it is nevertheless true, that whereas in a young child, or an animal of low type, the physical functions supply nearly all the vitality, the higher the

animal and the older the child, the more the health seems to depend on vitality supplied through the brain. Now there is one part of the brain, or one portion of the mind, if you prefer that way of putting it, the action of which is found to communicate nervous energy to the whole frame very much more rapidly and certainly than any other portion. This part is technically termed the "moral and religious" region, and this name I shall adopt as a convenient designation. But it is necessary that you should understand clearly that its distinguishing feature consists not in its being related to any particular class of objects or ideas, but in the fact that its action always involves some form or other of voluntary self-renunciation. Its central and most powerful organ is called Veneration. Why this particular function or portion of the brain should be capable of receiving vitality for, and imparting it to, the whole nervous system so much faster than any other part, we do not know; or at least, if we in our inner souls know, we cannot tell. The ultimate reasons of things can be told, perhaps, by God to man, but never by one man to another. But we do know and we can tell that the fact is so; and phrenologists think that it seems to be somehow connected with and brought about by means of this other fact, viz., that the human skull is sutured across this part of the brain. And as long as men have had skulls—I believe as long as mammals have had skulls—their skulls have been constantly sutured in the same place.

You know that muscular exercise is generally necessary to enable you to take in a proper quantity of food and air. But you know, too, how dangerous it would be to take exercise if you were starving, or if your lungs were

in any way prevented from expanding pretty freely. Well, the exercise, in some form or other, of the intellectual functions of the brain is necessary in most cases to keep the moral ones in full play. But to use the former without the latter is just working your nervous system hard, and starving or stifling it. And the analogy between the two cases is all the more complete, because, during muscular exercise, a certain, though very insufficient, amount of oxygen finds its way into the system through the skin. The skin all over the body takes in some oxygen, though much less than it wants for its own use. The lungs only are capable of taking in as much as they want for themselves, and plenty besides to spare for the rest of the body. Just so, the use of any part of the brain vitalises the nervous system; but the so-called moral faculties only, as a rule, do so fast enough to keep up health in man.

And now you will be able to understand what I meant when I bade you observe, that if we could directly pour in upon any creature a supply of that vital force in which its life consists, it would be of special importance to that creature to do so. Food will not give vitality till it has been digested. Now we do not always know the kind of food which to a particular constitution will prove most thoroughly digestible and most nourishing. And when we do know the right kind of food, we cannot always get it. And if we give overmuch of the wrong kind, with a view of increasing the vitality, we not only completely fail in our object, but also impair the digestive powers for the future. Plenty of oxygen is essential to full health, but it is not always to be had without exposure to an injurious amount of cold. Indeed, it is

not always to be had at all. Light is not always attainable; and when it is, it may be too glaring, and accompanied by too great heat. What suits one patient does not suit another; and in fact our best laid plans are crossed and checked in countless ways. But earnestness about an object out of oneself never fails to impart life directly to the nervous system.

Do not forget, however, that the greater the charge of vitality, the worse the effect of any misuse of it. This is a complicated subject, and one we shall have to go into if ever we take up the subject of practical sick-nursing. There is endless difficulty in keeping moral emotion pure, in regularising the action of the moral sense itself, and in educating the rest of the mind to work in subjection to it. But the ideas which I want you to seize and comprehend just now are that the supply of that particular force which it is the especial province of the thinking brain to receive is simply unfailing and inexhaustible, and that it is the essentially human force, standing to an adult human creature in much the same relation as gravitation does to a planetary system, or crystalline force to a crystal; and that it comes chiefly on conditions not merely intellectual, but more properly speaking moral.

Mind, we are talking science now. I am not giving expression to any religious belief or pious platitude, but telling you what I believe to be simply a fact, and one of the fundamental facts on which biologic science rests, when I say, that whereas the amount of oxygen is in many places, of food nearly everywhere, insufficient for the full supply of all the creatures who want it, that peculiar force which it is the proper business of the brain to take in is, so far as we can judge, everywhere abso-

lutely inexhaustible in quantity. And, moreover, no devices of man (in the way of building, &c.) seem to have any great effect in keeping it out; and no state of the weather affects its intensity in any very serious degree. There does, however, seem to be evidence that any very unusual and widespread religious excitement among human beings is usually preceded or accompanied by some of the more physical manifestations of cosmical disturbance, such as earthquakes, violent hurricanes, thunderstorms, &c.

When you caress a friend, some influence flows from you to her. The more you love each other, the faster and the more pleasantly it flows, the more *en rapport* you are to each other. Some people are much more gifted than others with the power of thus influencing other men or even animals; and this faculty may be increased by practice. Some men think they can do good by passing a current of their own vitality down a benumbed limb, or even feeding in a temporary supply of it to repair excessive waste. This they call "Mesmerism," from the name of one of the first men who seriously attempted to transfer the subject from the domain of jugglement and superstition to that of sober scientific inquiry. Every mother unconsciously mesmerises her children, every nurse her patient, every teacher his pupils; and this unconscious mesmerism is in all ordinary cases unquestionably more healthy than any other. It is nevertheless desirable that those who have the charge of children or of the sick should know something of the laws which govern the action of human beings on each other. But of all the sins which men commit, none fill me with such horror as the irreverent tampering with this most awful power.

For, if I understand mesmeric science at all, the key-note of it all, the fact, but for our knowledge of which all the other facts of mesmerism would form one chaos of contradictions, which we should be incapable of reducing to a science at all, is this: Between that Person or Power whom we call God and every human being there exists every relation in which it is possible for one human being to stand to another. He actually is the Father, Mother, Husband, Brother, Master, Healer, Teacher, Friend of all mankind; and every form of mesmerism and biology is an imitation, conscious or unconscious, of some portion of His direct influence on the nervous system of man.

Now as to what is commonly called spiritualism.

In ordinary conditions the nerves receive and transmit the life-force, the human magnetism, of which we have been speaking, unconsciously, as it were. A man feels conscious of a general sense of well-being when it flows regularly and in full tide, of discomfort when its flow is checked; but of the actual flowing of it he feels no more than you do at this moment of the influx of air into your lungs, or of the coursing of your blood through your veins. In certain states, however, the passing of the vital force produces a distinct physical sensation. The precise nature of the sensation will depend on the precise set of nerves which is in a sensitive condition. A sensitive subject will tell you at one time that she "saw a vision," at another time that some unseen person "spoke to her," or that "spirit hands touched" her. The meaning of this I believe to be sometimes that her nerves of sight, of hearing, or of touch, were in a condition in which

the passing of force along them excited them in the same sort of way as, under normal conditions, they would only have been excited by the reflection of light, the vibration of particles of air, or the contact of some material substance at the peripheral extremity. I dare not say that it means only this; but I do believe that it means this at least, and that it will be well for us to reflect upon the fact that it does mean this. The angels or the spirits of the departed may indeed be about the "medium" in her hours of inspiration; but if so, they are about you and me at all times. They may make communications to her; but if so, they make communications to those who are not physically conscious of their presence. Whether the spirits of the dead are near us or not, at least the Great Spirit is round us, and in contact with every nerve of our frame and every organ of our brain; and from Him we get light and knowledge and truth. The spiritual fact is not created by the medium's consciousness of it; and no one has a right to say that it does not exist for those who are not conscious of it, or that it is not going on when no one is conscious of it. And to those who long to "see visions and dream dreams," to have some sensible proof of their relation to the unseen world, I would say, "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed," for the thing is true whether we see it or not.

That the phenomena of spiritualism have been of use in calling attention to the fact that there is intercourse between us and the spirit world there can be no doubt; but I cannot help thinking that it would be well if spiritualists would give to discovering the laws of healthy receptivity of inspiration some of the time which

they bestow on observing and inducing the phenomena of conscious reception.

You see that the psalmists and prophets had anticipated the discoveries of modern science in some very remarkable ways. Psalmists and prophets found out that the Unseen gives strength and inspires thoughts to those who trust Him, who pray to Him, who cultivate kindly feelings towards mankind, who renounce their own will in obedience to His laws. They only knew that He did so. They never thought of asking how He did it. It was His will to do it, and that was all. Now we know that He does it by the normal action of an apparatus made on purpose. That does not make it the less true that it is His will to do it. A mother's milk is not the less a token of her goodwill to her baby because the baby has a mouth made on purpose to take it in.

And yet just at this point an awful doubt has flashed across many minds. A baby can see, and hear, and touch its mother. If it doubts where its food comes from, it has only to open its eyes and look, or put out its hand and feel. But we can find God only in the one way. Suppose, then, that there should be (for us, at least) no God but forces; suppose that what we call thought and feeling should be "only" the passing of a magnetic current across the brain; suppose that the Author of Nature leaves us to work the nerve-battery as we choose or as we can, without caring what becomes of us. The highest moral result of science, unassisted by that higher revelation of His own nature which God gives to His servants, is that there is around us a vital force of which we become receptive on certain moral conditions. Those conditions, for all that science can

prove to the contrary, might be these: That from conscientious motives we endeavour to do our duty to the laws of Nature; that we cherish hopes which may never be realised; that we perseveringly strive after objects which would disappoint us if we attained them; that we exercise benevolence towards creatures whose Maker lets them suffer with apparent unconcern; that we aim at growing like [1] whatever strikes our fancy; that we trust in we do not know what; and that we reverence a modification of electricity. Science has led men by a laborious ascent up the mountain which sages of old were trying in vain to climb, and she has shown them there—Nothing.

I do not mean that God ever leaves those who sincerely desire to serve Him and to hold communion with Him long alone on this giddy height. I should be sorry to suggest to you anything so false as that. No; to those who have thrown themselves in the dark upon His guidance He has always revealed Himself at last. But when psychologists or phrenologists want to give an account to others of what it is that they do mean and believe, they seem hardly able to speak of anything but a mighty force, which holds us in its grasp, but eludes all our efforts to grasp it. The difficulty is a very real one; I feel it strongly. The study of science teaches us God's Will; but scientific language cannot express our thoughts and feelings about God. And therefore let me shelter my own confused notions and wavering faith behind the plain statements of Him whose declarations about the invisible world do at least carry more weight than those of any other teacher. And this is the message that we have received of him:—

[1] Note 4.

That the Creator is not merely teaching men Love and Truth as the appointed life of our species, but that He is Himself that which He wills us to be; that God is indeed, morally and spiritually as well as physically, our Father; that the Divine love which we dream of is a real feeling on the part of God, and not a mere fancy projected from our vague yearning for some response to our own feelings; that the Spirit by which He is acting on our spirits is meant to be not only the Life-giver and Teacher, but also the Comforter; and that whatever clouds may gather between us and His throne, God Himself is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

We assumed, you will remember, a hypothesis which I daresay some of you may have thought a bold and startling one. What we supposed was in effect nothing less than this: That when the writers of the Bible spoke of the Spirit of God, they meant to speak of the same thing —the same Person, Power, Spirit, or Influence—which a modern scientific man means to speak of when he uses the word *force;* that though they meant to give us information which science could not give, yet their teaching and the teaching of science refers to the same subject; that they and the students of "forces" are looking at the same object, though from a different point of view.

It is, I own, a bold hypothesis; but the question is, is it a true or a false one? Do we find that it leads us into truth or into error? Has it forced us, while we assumed its truth, to put any known facts into the background? Has it led us into contradictions or confusions? Has it not rather cleared away confusions and reconciled apparent contradictions?

For my own part, I can most honestly say that, puzzling

as the world and its problems are, they would become infinitely darker and more perplexing to me if I lost hold of the first article of my belief, that all life is a manifestation of the Spirit of the unseen God.

I said above that I do not wish to impose on you any positive opinion as to the truth of phrenology. I myself believe that there is something in it on the whole. But it always seems to me rather an inversion of the right order of things when women have positive opinions on disputed points. It is men's business, as a rule, to decide on facts and to make theories; a woman can often be better employed in finding out how far those men agree who differ on particular points; and who suppose themselves, or are supposed by others, to differ essentially. That seems to be women's business, because it is one of the things that men never seem able to do for themselves. I have been trying to collect and compare the observations on brain-hygiene made by such writers as Maudsley, for instance, with the statements of phrenologists on the same subject, and I find that they do not differ much. All the non-phrenological psychologists allow that the indulgence of every impulse as fast as it arises is bad for the health of both body and brain. A healthy instinct does indeed point to what it is good for the person to do; but observation shows that it is bad for any one to do at every moment that to which his instinct prompts him, for no higher reason than that he feels inclined. No one doubts that the exercise of benevolence, hope, trust, conscientiousness, imitation, perseverance, and especially veneration, is healthy. And the very names of these qualities imply the sacrifice of immediate impulses to some object out of oneself. No medical man, and no medical book

worthy of notice, ever expressed a doubt, so far as I know, that the more complete and steady the education of all the above-named faculties, the better for the health. Phrenologists say that these qualities reside in a part of the brain over which the skull is sutured, and which is therefore more expansible and more accessible than the rest. All I can say is, if that is not true, it is wonderfully like truth, and acts as an excellent "working hypothesis" till somebody provides us with a better.

This also I have observed, and it seems to me significant and curious. Every one that ever I heard of, who tried to exercise any sort of mysterious influence over the minds or health of other people, has made it his business to stimulate some of the "moral and religious" faculties of the patient (or, as I should prefer to call them, the organs of sacrifice). From the Apostles, who avowedly required *faith* (*i.e.*, trust) as the condition of cure, and who certainly by implication insisted on *reverence*, to the strolling quack biologiser, who makes his victims look steadily and perseveringly at some object, thus controlling their wandering self-impulses, this condition has, in some form or other, been a *sine quâ non*. And everybody who wants to control or calm an ill-conditioned child, instinctively lays a hand on the top of its head, thus, I suppose, lending the aid of his physical local mesmerism to whatever stimulus he may apply by his words to the moral organs. It will be interesting to find out, as no doubt we some day shall, how far phrenology is true in detail; but meantime I should like you to fix your minds chiefly on the things that are indisputably true, and not to be led to waste too much force over things about which men quarrel. I can remember a time when it was the fashion,

in sermons and religious books, to proclaim that Phrenology was essentially immoral, because it implied that man has no duties, being the slave of his physical configuration. At that very time Dr. Fowler told a patient in my hearing (and, as I happen to know, on phrenological grounds), that a course of life so unsuited to her tastes that in her state of health it would probably soon prove fatal if persevered in long without necessity, would do little harm if entered upon from a strong sense of duty, provided the patient would take care to bear constantly in mind that it was also her duty not to allow her work to worry her.

But here I must give you one caution, for want of which the faith of many, both in science and in God, has been shipwrecked. You are not to suppose that the mere fact of a thing being your duty, still less the fact that you have rashly chosen to suppose it to be your duty, possesses any magic to enable you to do it without suffering, or indeed to do it at all. It is only in so far as you *keep* God, or duty, or some analogous motive *in your mind*, that you can in any measure conquer circumstances. And you cannot begin to control your mind at a moment's notice. Every self-willed thought that has ever rested on your brain has left its trace upon it, negatively in want of power, if not positively in disease; and be sure that, when your time of trial comes, your sin will find you out.

I suppose all the earnest thinkers and true men that ever lived have been led, each by his own road, to the same blessed truth;—that the Spirit who animates Nature does make her various forces work together for good to them that love Him; to all who are willing to carry out His purposes in His own way, but most of all

to them that *love* Him. They have found out, too, that she sends countless messengers to call wanderers back to the path which He has appointed for them, just when it seemed as though they must fly off into darkness for ever. But as far as they have wandered, so far must they come back, slowly, and sadly, and painfully. God sends no angels to help men to break Nature's laws; and those who have persuaded the world to expect them have been either quack doctors or quack priests. The true prophets have always tried to lead men to look in the face of Nature, and see God reflected there.

CHAPTER II.

ON DEVELOPMENT, AND ON INFANTILE FEVER AS A CRISIS OF DEVELOPMENT.

"The creation was made subject to vanity . . . in hope."

"L'humanité fait du divin comme l'araignée file sa toile ; la marche du monde est enveloppée de ténèbres ; mais il va vers Dieu."—*Renan.*

"And he showed me a river."

CHAPTER II.

ON DEVELOPMENT, AND ON INFANTILE FEVER AS A CRISIS OF DEVELOPMENT.

Everybody has heard of Mr. Darwin, but I fear that many so-called educated people still know very little about him, except that they have heard of him as the man who teaches that our great-grandfathers were monkeys and our remote ancestors oysters.

Why this description should be supposed to apply to Mr. Darwin in particular, I cannot imagine. For, in the first place, Mr. Darwin does not say that we are descended from monkeys exactly; in the second place, many people held that opinion before he could have suggested it to them; and in the third place, supposing it should ultimately be proved that each of the great orders of plants and of animals was made by a separate act of creation, his theory would still be a perfectly consistent and intelligible one. And, therefore, if you should happen to have any prejudice against (what Mr. Cobden called) acknowledging our poor relations, pray do not let that spoil your enjoyment of one of the grandest poems that ever was written (the "Origin of Species"), or prevent you from trying to get what help you can for the education of your own pupils from Mr. Darwin's marvellous exposition of some of the principles which govern the divine education of families and races.

If I can give you any help in understanding his theory, I shall think it a great triumph; but I feel my own incapacity for dealing with so magnificent a subject; and must ask you to read the "Origin of Species" for yourselves as soon as you have the opportunity.

The central idea of Mr. Darwin's books, speaking of him n. rely as a scientific author—I would almost venture to say the central idea of his mind—appears to me to be this:—Suppose a cattle-breeder wants sheep differing in some particular from any which he possesses or can procure. Strange as the statement may sound to the uninitiated, there does exist in Nature a law or power by taking advantage of which he can *manufacture* them. Let us say, for instance, that he wants sheep with very long wool. He looks carefully through his flock, picks out those individuals whose wool is the longest, and sends the rest to the butcher. Now, offspring differ slightly from their parents in all sorts of ways, and therefore it is almost certain that some few at least of the next year's lambs will have longer wool than their parents. Again he picks out those whose wool is longest, and sends the rest to the butcher. And so on, till the wool is as long as the breeder wishes it to be, or at least as long as it is consistent with the health of the sheep that it should be. Now the Creator does, by means of cosmical disturbances and of the strife and struggle among the creatures themselves, just what the breeder does by means of the butcher's knife; but with this difference, that the Creator's knife is so arranged as to select of its own accord precisely those individuals which it is fit should die early.

When food is scarce, and must be fought for, the

strongest lion will kill the weaker ones. When tigers begin to invade a forest, the deer who have stout muscles must exercise them in running away, and the tigers will dispose of those who have not. When prey is timid and hides itself in holes, the fox who has any special skill must use it to hunt it out; and the fox who has none, however great his muscular strength may be, must starve. When the winter is very severe, all the bears will die except those who have the thickest fur. Or suppose that a particular kind of insect-eating bird begins to find its food very scarce. It is thus driven to make close search for every insect of the species on which it lives. If any remnant escapes, it will of course consist of those few individuals who are so like in colour and form to the leaves of the trees that the birds miss them in spite of all their eagerness. Those few alone will live to propagate their kind. Next year again all the young insects will be eaten except the few who are most like leaves. And so on, until we arrive at last at the leaf-mantis.

A breeder might chalk out a hitherto unknown type of sheep upon his wall, and then, in the course of years, he might realise it by each year keeping alive the individuals who most resembled it. He might actually reproduce in a living animal the ideal that was in his mind. And so God produces whatever was in His mind. For, as Plato explained long ago, in his beautiful fable of the prisoners in the cave (Bk. vii. of the "Republic"), what to us appear as visible objects are the shadows of ideas which existed in God before they were projected on to matter.

This is Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection, or rather, it is a faint shadowy outline of its main features.

I had meant to go into it a great deal more in detail; but I dare not. Mr. Darwin's books are to me perfectly awful in their quiet beauty. And he is so reserved and reverent, he suggests so much which he does not actually say, that I would rather ask you again to read his writings carefully at the first opportunity. I will only now say this much more about them :—

Three principles or laws in particular come out very clearly in them.

First, that the apparent misfortunes of a race, the circumstances which seem most adverse to its increase in numbers and strength, are precisely those by which the Creator develops its powers and perfects its type.

Secondly, that natural selection does not tend merely to increase size and strength of muscle. All sorts of powers and instincts are engraved on to matter by repeated touches of its unseen chisel. The fox got his cleverness, the bee her geometric instincts, the worker-ant her devotion to the young of her tribe, through the instrumentality of the same machinery of evolution which gave to the tiger his claws. Only a slight shift in the circumstances of any race is needed that the Graver's tool may begin to chisel away at some feature which it had hitherto left untouched. There was a time in the world's history when, if we could have been present invisible, we should have been tempted to say, despairingly, "The earth is delivered over to mere brute force; the longest paws and strongest jaws must always get the best of it." And yet we see it was not so; the great muscular races yield and die out, where smaller, cleverer creatures manage to thrive. The longest paws and strongest jaws always did get the best of it, till the appointed time came when

Nature was to develop some other ideal, and no longer. It does not seem proved that even cleverness is the ultimate ideal.

And, thirdly, the health of a creature and its power of resistance to adverse circumstances depend in great measure upon the preservation of a certain *balance* between all its parts and faculties, and on its adjustment to actual circumstances. You will understand better perhaps how this can be from the following instance (which, however, is mine, not Mr. Darwin's). An animal whose frame was too big for the size of its stomach or for its skill in hunting, might be unable, in the one case to digest, in the other case to catch food enough to keep its strength up. It would become ill where a much smaller animal might have thriven. It would actually grow weak from the excess of its muscular development over and above what the rest of itself was suited to. This is, so far as I know, an entirely fictitious case; but you see that, given the case, the result might be as I have described. There is no weapon, no defensive armour, no faculty, no instinct, no given bulk of muscle or amount of muscular power, no physical or intellectual development of any kind, which is, of itself and necessarily, good for a creature to possess.

And what is not in some way or other good is bad.

So far Mr. Darwin clearly teaches us.

Now it seems to me that the first question to be considered by any one who wants to solve the problem of a healthy education is, What are we and our children tending towards?

Some people begin thinking over their plans for their children in this wise: "What would I like this child to

become?" They assume that (within very wide limits) they can make of their children what they please; or that, if they fail to do so, it is for want of finding out the right means for carrying out their plans. They seem to fancy they have a right to have plans. "I will train my child into a sound Catholic," or "a staunch Protestant;" "I will make a professional man of my son;" "My daughter shall never marry below her rank;" "she shall become a student" or "a domesticated character," &c. Everything, then, is made subservient in the child's education to the parent's hobby. And if the child grows up quite the opposite to what the parents intend, and sickly and quarrelsome and wicked into the bargain, they think they have a right to be surprised and disappointed. I will tell you why I do not think such parents have any right to be surprised at the ill success of their plans, and why I think that their first question ought to have been, not "What plan will I make for my child?" but, "What plan *has been made* for the race of which we and our children form a part?"

A trainer of animals may (within certain limits) create any sort of animals that he chooses; but his power of doing so depends on precisely those elements in his relations with the animals which have no place in our relations with our children.

First, the farmer has a much greater amount of control over the circumstances of his flock than we have over those of our children. He can shut the flock up on his own farm, we cannot, we must not shut up our children. He can tell his servants exactly what to do with the creatures; and if he doubts of the servants' fidelity, he can do all the work himself, or see it done under his own

eye. You cannot possibly be nurse, mother, governess, and playfellow to your child, all in one. And you cannot overlook or direct everything that your substitutes do in the course of the day. You cannot even plan out your own conduct to your children. Some very young mothers fancy they can measure out their words and deeds from one year's end to another according to a prearranged plan (as the farmer measures out so much food of one sort, so much of another sort, and the stall door shut at a certain hour); but they never succeed in carrying out their ideas long. Now suppose the breeder finds that his one-sided fancy breeding is making his animals delicate in some particular point, he can, if he thinks it worth while, pay special attention to the care of them in that point. You, who cannot, as I said, watch your children all day long, will find quite enough to do in counteracting natural and accidental delicacies and dangers, without wilfully inducing others.

Secondly, the farmer has charge of his animals during the whole course of their lives; or if they pass into new hands, the buyer wants them (usually) for the same purpose for which the farmer reared them; so that they are not necessarily exposed to any sudden injurious change of circumstances. People do not choose racehorses for ploughing, or take the seed of spring wheat and sow it in winter, or take out delicate breeds of animals to a new and rough country. If a plant or animal has been bred up to such a pitch that it requires special care and culture, it remains usually among people who will continue to give it that special culture. But our children must go out, as soon as they reach maturity, among people who do not understand our plans and will not continue our treatment; they must go into

a world over the circumstances of which we have no control. And if we trained them on any fancy plan, if we could get them up to any fancy types of our own devising, they might find themselves as badly off on entering the world as a prize-pig would do in a forest, or a lapdog in a pack of wolves.

In the third place, a breeder has charge of the same race of animals for many successive generations. If he tried to work out any idea of his own with one single specimen, whose ancestors did not belong to him and whose descendants he did not expect to keep in his own hands, he would waste his time.

And, lastly, although Nature gives to man great license, and a very wide range within which to try experiments on creatures, either of his own species or of any other species, yet she always manages to assert her supremacy somehow. She allows us to create a change in some part of a creature's organisation; but then there comes in that terrible "correlation of parts" that Mr. Darwin talks so much of, and brings about some other change which we did not expect or desire. Now, provided that a fancy breeder can carry his point, whatever it may be, he is often utterly reckless of any consequences to the creatures, short of making them absolutely too sickly to live. We cannot be, and ought not to be, thus reckless.

A prize-pig cannot walk. The farmer is quite content to let it lie helpless in its sty. He wanted it fat, and it is fat, and that is all he cares for. We cannot afford to make our children helpless. Tumbler-pigeons pay for their absurd accomplishment by a proportionate weakness of wing, and I believe of intellect also. The fancier does

not care. He wants them to tumble, and not to fly or to think. And provided they do not tumble so incessantly as to be unable to eat, he is content. We must not run the risk of making our children weakly or idiotic for the sake of any one fancy accomplishment.

Moreover, I doubt whether either a prize-pig or a tumbler-pigeon has anything like the sense of *spring* and the glow of life and enjoyment which is the birthright of their wild congeners. I daresay tame animals are often happier in many ways than wild ones ; but not those exceptionally fancy bred creatures. But we want our children to be fully alive, do we not?

Again, to recur to what I said just now ; among scientific farmers an animal is kept pretty much to what it was originally meant for. But we know that in the unscientific substrata of society animals sometimes get put to all sorts of uses. A hunter may be sold at last to a cabman. If that happens, you can see at once that the poor beast will suffer much more than a less highly bred one would do, and not be on the whole a much better cab-horse. You and I ought not so to train our children that, in the event of something happening which is particularly likely to happen, they will suffer much more than they need have done, without any compensating advantage of special fitness for the work which they will have to do. Besides which, breeding to a fancy type not unfrequently makes an animal so delicate and sensitive that no amount of care will keep it alive at all. Then of course the creature's life is the price which its owner pays for his experience. Now a rich farmer can afford to lose sheep after sheep, if need be, in the process of trying an idea which turns out to be futile. His position, therefore, is

not quite the same as ours. A rich farmer will sometimes look one quite coolly in the face and say, "I intended to do so and so, but I found I was making the beasts so delicate that they died off, so I had to give it up." A poor farmer could not say it so coolly. It is perfectly well understood that a poor farmer has no business to try experiments. His wisdom consists in taking the creatures as they are,—in finding out what is good for their health, and doing it steadily. People who cannot afford to make costly experiments have no right to have special objects of their own invention.

On the whole, I think I may venture to predict that the more you study the doings and experiences of those people who employ themselves in imposing types of their own devising upon organic creatures, the less desire you will feel for imposing any type of your own devising upon human creatures. You will learn from Mr. Darwin's books to consider yourselves as not the owners of your children, but the servants of Some One who, being their owner, has the direction of their circumstances more absolutely and more continuously than yourselves. You will grow to understand that the best you can do is to study His plans, that you may learn how at least not to hinder them; and that the worst you can do for your children is to form any plans of your own at all with respect to creatures over whom your power is so imperfect and so short-lived. You will learn to feel that, as an under-gardener hired for a season should ask himself not "What would *I like* to make of this tree?" but "What was my master's intention in propagating this variety?" So your first question should be, not "What would I like this child to become?" but "What is our race

tending towards? and what place in the great series of development was this child intended to fill?" And if I dared hope that Mr. Darwin[1] would care for any thanks of mine, I would express to him my gratitude for making me feel, as no writings but his ever did, the infinite contrast between the size of God's thoughts and the size of mine; and for teaching me to realise, as I never did before, how much truer and more artistic work I should do by carving out faithfully one bit of a moulding or cornice in God's great temple, than by having the material of a thousand worlds in my hands to work out my own devices with.

What is our race tending towards?

If I point out to you one or two of the countless facts which seem to me to throw a light upon the question, you will not, I hope, suppose that I intend thereby to give a dogmatic solution of that which I feel to be the problem of the ages.

There are great complaints made now-a-days of the increasing prevalence of nervous diseases. Their increase is attributed to tea, spice, alcohol, close air, over-study, æsthetic excitement, tight lacing, railway travelling, and fifty other causes. And there are plenty of people who think it wise to sigh over the use or abuse of the various luxuries introduced by civilisation, as if their disuse would be possible or advisable. But when every little shock that an object receives tends to make it move in one and the same direction, the natural scientific inference is that some unseen attraction is drawing it in that direction.

[1] This was written many years ago. Let it stand. Who can tell but that he may care even more now than he would have done then to know that he has been of use to any one.

You may perhaps wonder at my speaking of tight lacing as one of the *luxuries* introduced by *civilisation*. You have heard the practice stigmatised by physiologists as being not only mischievous, but also barbarous. It is quite true that what is commonly called tight lacing is as barbarous as it is injurious to health ; but it is also true that it is the abuse of a true luxury. All barbarism is, I fully believe, civilisation which has ceased to progress towards its true end, and therefore is becoming perverted to a wrong purpose. There are cases in which artificial support afforded to some part of the body is an invaluable assistance.

I think we have often a very false idea of what the essential difference between civilisation and barbarism consists in. A man who simply does not know of the existence of any human invention, or who, knowing of it, will not use it in sheer fear of its "artificialness," is, in relation to that invention, a mere animal. He who from ignorance or apathy, or because he is under the power of conventionalism, misuses, and is content to misuse, any of the results of civilisation, is in so far a *savage*. Only in so far as a man believes that every product of the human intellect has its right use, and conscientiously strives to find out the right use of each, only so far is he civilised.

Suppose you have a varicose vein, and that you refuse to allow your doctor to bandage it, not because you have any scientific reason for believing that the bandage would do you more harm than good, but on account of a vague, loose theory that "bandaging is unnatural," then you are deliberately electing to be, in this matter, not a man at all, but a wild animal. But suppose you choose to wear tight boots or stays, simply because you are too lazy to

give your spine and ankles the amount of exercise which would enable them to learn to do their own work, or because "a large foot looks vulgar," then you are indeed, as doctors very truly say, acting in the spirit of a savage. Savages always *mis*use whatever luxuries they can get.

Again, a man who would not give brandy to a traveller dying of cold, on account of some theory against "artificial stimulants," is, in so far, choosing the helplessness of a brute, and renouncing the privileges of humanity. A man who gets drunk because he likes it, or who takes every day more wine than he needs, because his neighbours do, is, in so far, a savage. The truly cultivated man, knowing the power of alcohol for good, is quite sure that when not needed it must do harm.

The penalty of "nature-worship" is helplessness. If a man distrust all artificial resources, he is left at the mercy of the forces of Nature; and the process of natural selection goes on as severely in his case as in that of a brute; more severely, perhaps, because he has the delicacy of fibre which a brute has not.

The penalty of barbarism is unnatural and premature corruption of body and mind.

The reward of true civilisation is—a life free from suffering?

Ah! no, my friends. It is the cross. It is that you are enabled to lay out your toil and pain for a purpose. It is that you shall *see* of the travail of your soul and shall be satisfied.

We shall go on to this point by and by. Only let me tell you, once for all, that if you fancy that any plan or "pathy," any fantastic scheme of adhering to "Nature," or any power of commanding the resources of art, will

enable you to prevent yourself or your child from suffering, the sooner you get rid of the delusion the better for you and the better for him.

Now the Great Physician, who, whether doctors believe in Him or no, has certainly given much impulse and guidance to medical science, has declared that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. If that be true, it means that he is destined to learn all that God puts in his way in the shape of knowledge. Therefore he is destined to be an increasingly intellectual being. And as a *necessary*, though not *a sufficient*, condition of that, he must become a nervous being. And as all his food and all his physic, and all his labour and all his recreation, and all his virtues and all his vices, and all his wisdom and all his folly, tend to make him one, it really seems to me as if he were destined to become a nervous being. That is to say, the stomach is to become less and less and the brain more and more the seat of vitality [1] in him, and the source whence it is to be diffused over the whole system. And I believe you might as well go and bid the next gnat-grub you see breathing through his tail not to change to a grub which shall breathe through his head, when the appointed time for that change has arrived, as quarrel with the increasing nervousness of civilised man. I know that those of us have the most success on the whole who do not quarrel with it, who treat nervous constitutions as such, and acknowledge that they must neither be debarred from study, nor deprived of æsthetic pleasures, nor forced to violent exercise, nor exposed to too great cold, by way of making them less nervous. I know, too, that if we compel ima-

[1] Note 5.

ginative and intellectual girls to look for strength where robust country-women find it, in large quantities of coarse food, the result is, not less of physical weakness (except temporarily), but more of nervous disturbance, and a good deal of derangement of the stomach besides. So that, I repeat, it does really seem to me as if the Author of Nature were making our race more nervous and intellectual than it was, and did not intend that any attempts of ours to interfere with His plans in this respect should succeed.

And if the Son of Man of whom we read should really be the normal type of humanity, to whose image we are even physically to be conformed; if that highly organised and sensitive but elastic frame, that perfection of all human instincts, that magnetic sympathy with all men, that power of seeing what to the eye is invisible; that keen, true imagination which clothed ideas spontaneously in the likeness of visible forms, but was too healthy to be carried away by its own visions; that capacity for enduring hunger and fatigue as long as any motive for endurance existed; that *in*capacity for lingering on in mere animal vitality when the motive for exertion was gone,—if this should really be the type towards which our race is tending, what then are we doing when we mistake the seeing of visions for a symptom of insanity, or when we inflict a course of treatment founded upon the supposition that man ought to be a less nervous being than he actually is?

At any rate, it is certain that each individual child in infancy is, to all intents and purposes, a mere animal, and has, during the time of his education, to develop into a more intellectual creature. And the development should go on harmoniously; his mother's treatment should aim

at the same ideal that Nature is aiming at, and not at any other.

Now it is possible that if we knew better than we do how to regulate the pace of the progress upwards towards spirituality, it might take place less by fits and starts than it does. It is certain that if we knew better how to remove sidelong obstacles to its steady course it would oscillate less. But, as things are, it does proceed by fits and starts and it does oscillate. Everything goes on by fits and starts and everything oscillates. There is no real harm in that, though it may appear at times puzzling and unpleasant to us. If we can once get into the true line of progress, oscillations matter comparatively little. But if the Creator is working for one end and we for another, what can come of that but increased suffering and waste of force?

Our progress oscillates, then, and is spasmodic. We have "nervous attacks;" and then we have fevers[1] more or less severe, in which the nervous action is suddenly exaggerated, and "nervous diseases" which are in some respects like chronic fevers. Our treatment, whatever "pathy" we adopt, is very much directed to soothing the nervous excitement. But we cannot do it,—"no pathy" can do it always,—as quickly as we should wish. And in the meantime, if the patient, while the attack is on, uses any intellectual faculty much, or thinks much of any desire or passion or grievance, he is likely to do himself great and perhaps permanent harm. What shall we do with him? Is it true that there is a river of Water of Life? Do you not feel when you read the words as if that river must have been set flowing on purpose for the

[1] Note 6.

use of fever patients? Where is it? How shall we get at it? How bring them to it, or its waters to them?

Possibly you may have been accustomed to think of that river as flowing through the "other world." But we must not forget that the Bible speaks of it in connection with a city descending to earth.

We all of us feel, when tired, a natural impulse to let our thoughts fly suddenly off to what we call "another world;" by which we too often mean a state of things in which we shall have the delight of doing what is worth doing without the exertion and self-control which here we find needful for the doing of it. And we are inclined sometimes to mistake for piety this dreamy kind of "other worldliness" which is the expression of fatigue. That when we need rest and have time to take it, it is a perfectly legitimate mode of getting it, to dream of an ideally perfect state of things, I do not doubt. But I never met with a woman who could stand by a child tossing in fever and honestly say that she extracted much consolation from the thought of fountains of life and leaves that are for healing in another world where there is neither sickness nor thirst. While we are speculating about an interminable future, God is living in an Eternal Now, and His laws are governing this world and all worlds. And one great use of such books as Mr. Darwin's is, that they bring us back to the consciousness of the eternal fixedness of law and the incessant flow of life and growth and change, the endless unity in variety which Nature is throughout.

Begin by cultivating the habit of always thinking of human beings as growing creatures; of each patient as a creature struggling in a crisis of development; of humanity

altogether as an imperfect and progressing race. This is, I assure you, no metaphysical quibble; it makes the very greatest difference, practically, in our mode of dealing with disease and with everything else. We do not get frightened when a child's teeth appear; nor do we want to pull them out to-day because he had not any yesterday. And yet that would be no more purposeless or foolish than much of what we think and do. The fact that a symptom which is present to-day was never present before, does not constitute it a *morbid* symptom. The fact that your child says to-day what you know he would not have said last week does not prove him to be delirious or capricious; nor does it prove that any one has suggested the new thought to him from the outside. And, again, the fact that our children want, think, feel, inquire into things which we never heard of, should excite neither admiration nor distress. You do not expect a breeder's shepherd to sigh over the "degeneracy of the times" because the sheep have longer wool or the cattle shorter horns than they used. Nor does he, on the other hand, go off into foolish ecstasies about the "cleverness" of the animals. His master is working towards a somewhat different type from the former one; and his business is to make such slight variation in his treatment as, by reason of the "correlation of parts," the new breed requires. If we would take any difference we may notice between the new generation and the old in the same spirit, it would help us to avoid many and sad blunders.

When you go to a patient, say to yourself, "This person's organisation is undergoing a crisis; I must watch that it be not disturbed." When an epidemic breaks out in the house, say, "Our family life is undergoing a crisis;

our home organisation becoming richer and fuller; our ties to each other more multifarious. The family is cutting some fresh teeth, and will be able, if wisely managed now, to assimilate more food." Think of your family life always as part of an organic life, as a growing, developing thing. And if you have two children who "don't agree," who "can't get on," who jar and wrangle and worry each other, just quietly try the experiment of making them dependent on each other in illness; or, if possible, employ them together in nursing you, or a favourite elder brother or sister. If you have a child whom you cannot manage, make it wait on you when you are not well enough to be safely argued with and worried.

"But" (I have heard it said in answer to such advice as this) "it would give me a headache if I had an ill-conditioned child messing about when I felt ill."

We can hardly expect to save a sinner without trouble. A mother should think of herself always as the *corpus vile* on which her children may experiment. If a child is selfish and ill-conditioned, it is usually for want of having had the needs of others brought near enough home to his consciousness. Nothing could be more likely to awaken his consciousness than the fact that he has made more ill a mother who was trusting to him for care.

"God's thoughts are not as our thoughts," we say; "He can bring good out of evil." Most of us profess to believe this, to be shocked at any one who doubts it. Many of us really do believe it, in this sense: that we are able to console and calm our minds by thinking of it when troubles would otherwise reduce us to despair. But if a principle is true as a whole, it is true in detail. If it be *true* that God is working out an ideal, known to Him,

unseen by us, then it follows that every new circumstance, illness, change of every kind, is a fresh opportunity given for those who are ready to ride along on His chariot, and a fresh chance of being crushed for those who are not ready.

Such books as Mr. Darwin's do not seem at first sight favourable to any religious faith. But do not skim them hastily; read them carefully and often, till your soul becomes steeped in their patient faith, in their absolute reliance on the fixedness of eternal truths; and then, perhaps, you will feel less inclined to talk of a "headache" as if that were necessarily a misfortune.

Whatever happens to you, try to remember that God has some object in His mind too great for us to measure. What He has in His mind it is not for us to say; but I am quite sure that if you will just *act on the supposition* that what He has in hand is making everybody more like, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, to the Carpenter of Nazareth, you will find it to be at least a very good "working hypothesis," and save yourselves the trouble of doing a great many foolish things. No symptom is in itself morbid which tends in that direction. This is the result of all my practical experience, and has nothing to do with any theological theory whatever.

Try now to realise what is implied in the statement, which has become so much a commonplace of the art of nursing that it seems like a truism, and we hardly attach to it any meaning at all: that whenever you have the charge of a nervous patient, your aim should be to "take him as much as possible out of himself." Does it not imply this, as a result of the empirical observation of all intelligent doctors and nurses: that in proportion as a

human being is more sensitive, more capable of receiving intellectual, emotional, and æsthetic impressions, it is more necessary that he should fix his thoughts on something besides the gratification of his own immediate impulses? The nervously organised, as long as they are healthy, find this out for themselves; they throw themselves into philanthropy, or religion, or art, or some "cause;" some generous unselfish passion or folly is the condition of their existence. They take themselves out of themselves as birds take themselves off the ground, without help. They need rather check and guidance than encouragement. But when they are ill, and science has to come in to supplement the dormant or distorted instinct, the first prescription science gives is: "Take the nervous out of themselves."

Health, we said, consists not in any particular degree of physical force, nor in the activity of an especial set of functions, but in the normal balance being preserved between all the functions and faculties, and on their working in due subordination the one to the other. Suppose, then, that there should exist in Nature such a law as this: that physical powers may be used for purely selfish ends; but that an intellectual being must be devoted—in some shape or form devoted—to something besides his own immediate gratification. There is much to suggest the existence of such a law; nothing, so far as I know, disproves it. The highest intellectual attainments of wild creatures, so far as we know, are connected with the devotion of the individual either to its own progeny or to the community of which it is a member. For human beings, in any ordinary function or profession requiring the exercise of intellectual powers, it is recog-

nised that a hope, an ambition, a purpose in the future, is a better stimulus than immediate gratification; the intellectual creature needs to be taken perpetually out of its immediate self.

And here, it seems to me, lies the solution of the question at issue between "Altruism" and "Egoism." "Man is meant to live for the good of mankind," say the Altruists. "He needs, on the contrary, a good foundation of healthy animal egoism," say their opponents. The truth seems to be this: that, starting from a life of purely material egoism, the race which inhabits this planet is slowly progressing towards one of pure devotion; and that we, who are half-way between the two states, must aim alternately at the good of the individual and that of the race; subject to this, as the condition for health, that intellectual effort should be stimulated by some not absolutely selfish aims, and that the higher the condition of intellectual or æsthetic progress, the more essential to health is pure devotion to some object unconnected with the gratification of the individual.

Mothers are often puzzled to account for those mysterious sicknesses of little children which are called, according to the particular constitution of the child, either "bilious" or "feverish" attacks. Their nature being unknown, they often cause a painful degree of unnecessary fear, and give rise to a mischievous amount of unnecessary dosing. If I might be allowed to judge from observation of the source of these attacks, I should be half inclined to say they were angels' visits to the house, for the double purpose of getting rid of the effect of slight imprudences in diet, &c.; and of loosening the child's heart-strings from its stomach, which is in infancy their natural and proper

point of attachment, and putting them into its mother's hands, before the time arrives when the world, or the flesh, or the devil would otherwise get possession of them.

The treatment I have invariably found successful is this :—Quiet, little or no light, no intellectual excitement ; no solid food until the child is really eager for it ; good beef-tea or milk and plenty of cold water (unless you are sure that he much prefers the addition of a little fruit juice or barley. I believe that to healthily-trained children cold water quite pure is the most palatable drink during this kind of illness). As long as the little creature is pretty comfortable, let it lie alone, and be made as little conscious as possible of the presence of any outside object. But if it appears in any way uneasy, some one whom the child loves—the mother, as much as can be conveniently managed—should sit or lie down beside it.

During the time that the mother is the child's companion, she must also wait on it herself, should it require attendance. The sudden change of contact from one person to another causes a slight nervous jar, which, though usually imperceptible in a healthy state, is sometimes painful to one whose nerves are, from any cause, in a state of tension. And it is cruel to give this nervous shock during, or just before, any physical movement of a feverish patient.

But what is a mother to do if she happens to be particularly fastidious and refined, and finds the actual work of a sick-room not to her taste? Well, I should say, chiefly, she is to thank God for giving her a special means of gaining power over her child's heart. Refinement makes her presence doubly grateful in a sick-room. And a mother who goes away from her sick-child,

because it wants some assistance which she thinks it more fit for a servant to give, is not *only* injuring the child's health and temper; she is walking down from the pedestal where God has placed her, and ought not to complain if she finds it hard to get up again.

One hears fine-lady mothers talk a great deal about the ingratitude of those about whom they have *felt so anxious* and for whom they have *done so much.* What do they mean by that? What is it that they have done? Given up time and money perhaps! Are human hearts to be bought with perishable things like time and money? Felt anxious! Is a child likely to be grateful to the mother who creates around him an atmosphere of anxious sensations, while she leaves the numberless details of kindly help by which his suffering is actually diminished to be carried out by strangers?

It cannot be too often repeated that the gratitude of a human being is won, not by acts nor by sentiments, but by *sacrifice.* Not the sacrifice of time and money to put him into the state in which you happen to like that he should be, but the entering into his actual condition; the learning to judge of his needs and of the possibilities of good which are open to him; the serving him and training him to serve others; the ministering to him, to his true normal development, at the sacrifice, if need be, of your whims, tastes, theories, nerves, prejudices, and sentiments—of your whole self, in fact.

Gratitude, like everything else, follows laws. The habit of throwing yourself into other people's needs of body or mind makes you magnetic and compels affection. As for acts, when done for any purpose of one's own, deserving gratitude, one might as well suppose that an

iron bar which has never touched a loadstone "deserves" to have steel-filings cling to it, only because it has got itself somehow twisted into the shape of a horse-shoe magnet.

If we will have courage to grasp the true clue through the facts of life, we may hope, while performing the most menial tasks, to gain a comprehension of the laws by which our nurseries and the universe are guided. But if we shrink from Nature's fundamental axioms, all that we can ever learn of science will be like rules for scanning poetry in a glorious unknown tongue. With intellect and leisure we may pass examinations or become brilliant talkers or wonderful theorists; but we shall never be able to translate one line of Nature's sacred scripture.

It is a fact, well enough known but not sufficiently considered, that the services of a nurse or personal attendant,[1] when caressingly rendered, have some strange subtle power of their own, quite inexplicable by any theory of their merely "proving affection." The Teacher who washed the feet of those over whom He wished to gain permanent influence understood human nature won derfully well. Of course we all—pastors and parents and Sunday-school teachers—are very anxious that our respective flocks should feel no doubt about the truth of that same Book in which the story of the washing of the disciples' feet occurs. And how edifying the commentary which we sometimes append to the text must be to the said flocks!

Well, but to return to our little bilious or feverish patient. If he wants any medical treatment at all (which

[1] Michelet recommends a man who wants to keep influence over his wife's heart not to let her have a lady's-maid.

he ought not to do unless he has been injured by previous over-dosing or serious mismanagement), send for the doctor. I cannot say I ever saw much good come, in the long run, from non-professional people playing at doctoring of any "pathy."

If the child becomes very restless or cross, let the mother or friend lay her hand on the top of his head and beg him for her sake (not his own) to be quiet and lie still; and let her speak to him of God as a Father, or of some friend whom he truly respects, and who will be glad if he is good and gets well. And above all, never let her fancy that because the child is ill she must relax discipline *lest she should excite him.* It would be the same sort of mistake as bleeding for a pulse quickened by exhaustion. One of the sweetest rewards which a mother receives for the exertion of keeping up her authority while her children are in health is the ease with which she can continue to do so when they are ill, and the consequent saving of suffering to them. And the improvement in health, docility, and brain power which is often observable immediately after a feverish attack judiciously treated is quite pretty to see.

I have said that I advise the mother to preserve quietness in a sick child's room. I mean only so far as she can procure it without allowing him to think that she is very anxious about it. Quiet is good; and the feeling that those about him care to minister to his comfort in the matter is also good. But the notion, either that his personal comfort is worth disturbing the comfort of a family for, or that his health depends much upon trifling outward circumstances, is in a far higher degree bad. Besides, it is well to accustom children early to take

interruptions and disagreeables in illness as a matter of course, with a view to preparing them for the chance of being ill in later life, when quietness and good nursing may be unattainable.

And as soon as a child is old enough to take in the idea (which with many children is very early indeed), I would, without much talk on the subject, take some opportunity of making him understand that it is less for fear of increasing his bodily suffering than because God is visiting his soul that I desire to avoid distracting his attention with noise and light; and that his duty in the matter is not to allow himself to be upset more than he can help by anything that may be going on.

If the patient is disturbed by ugly visions, I do not think it advisable to insist that *there is nothing there.* I would say that, whether there is anything there or no, God can take care of him. And if he speaks of sparks in the air, or pretty flames, or visions of angels, I would tell him that, if they are there, it is because God put them there, in order that he might look at them and learn from them. How can you be sure they are not there?

Doctors talk sometimes as if the burning bush which Moses saw was the mere "fancy" of an "over-excited" brain. But I do not understand what they can mean by that. Good, true work, such as he did, does not surely begin in *fancies.* And there is a good deal of difference, at all events, between him and our "over-excited" patients when they take similar "fancies;" for he saved a nation, whereas they commonly lose their wits. There must be some reason for this difference. One reason is, that we treat them with physic and fuss, whereas he got fresh air

and quietness. But a far more important reason I suspect to be, that our treatment, both before and during the attack, tends to turn their minds in on themselves; whereas he was thinking of his brethren and his God.

CHAPTER III.

ON MENTAL HYGIENE IN SICKNESS.

"If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there."

CHAPTER III.

ON MENTAL HYGIENE IN SICKNESS.

Much has been done of late years with a view both to establish the art of nursing on a scientific basis and to make such knowledge as exists on the subject accessible to all whom it may concern. Professional nurses, and women who wish to fit themselves for the work of waiting on sick friends at home, have now many opportunities of learning to do the physical, material part of their work efficiently and well. But as yet hardly anything is generally known about one very important part of a nurse's work, viz., the mental management of a hysterical person, or one in danger of becoming delirious, or over whose mind some morbid idea is gaining hold.

I do not, of course, profess to teach a business of which every one is as yet so ignorant. But I may perhaps give you a few hints which will enable you to learn something of it by practice.

All rules for mental treatment may be summed up in one sentence : Take the patient as much as possible *out of himself.* Everybody is agreed that that is the desirable thing to do. Your study should be to devise means for doing this *continuously, quietly,* and *steadily.*

I give in an Appendix a phrenological analysis of the reasons for the directions here following, which may be

interesting to those who are inclined to believe in phrenology.

I. The first practical hint that I have to give you is, Do not tell your patient a falsehood. People, otherwise very good and pious, will tell you that there is no sin in deceiving a sick man for his good. Now I do not want to assail that dogma in the abstract, only I do not think it could be good for a sick man to be deceived. Deception is often a ready means of producing temporarily an effect which is good; but it does so at the cost of much greater good, and at the risk of most terrible evil. And the cases are, I believe, much fewer than is commonly supposed, when the same good effect might not have been produced, more slowly perhaps, but as surely, without the deception. How to do this is just what you have to discover by observation.

If I heard a fever-patient crying out in terror of an attendant to whom he had had no previous dislike, I should at once suspect, from all I know of such cases, that, just when his mind was beginning to wander, she had told him a falsehood with a view to calming him. It would not be necessary that he should have consciously detected the falsehood. If she was conscious of having told it, then the more he liked her, and the greater her previous influence over him, the more likely she would be to infect him with the sense of it; and perhaps especially so if she felt half-uneasy in her conscience about having told it.

There is something significant as well as most touching in the longing which a half-delirious patient sometimes shows for the presence and caresses of some particular

person ; one, perhaps, for whom he never before felt any very great affection ; one, it may be, his previous intercourse with whom has been none of the pleasantest ; but one, I think you will always find, between whom and himself he is sure that there are, and need be, no concealments or equivocations.

It is commonly remarked that mad people often take a violent dislike to those whom in health they most loved. I should like to know if this is ever the case except where the friend had previously been deceiving the patient, or the patient the friend.

In the complicated relations of society, we are all liable to get into more or less false positions with respect to others ; and these false positions nearly always entangle us in more or less of dissimulation, if not of actual simulation. But if we only knew how much mischief such dissimulation does to our own minds, and how it weakens the ties which bind us to those whom we are deceiving, we should, I think, try to weed as much of it as possible out of our lives ; we should try to be as nearly as we can like to that which we feel it necessary to pretend to be.

A man supposes his wife to be much fonder of him than she really is. She will not—I suppose she ought not to —try to undeceive him. She will, passively at least, make up by feigning for the want of the reality. For her own sake, let her pray and strive that the reality may come, and come soon, so that there need be no longer any occasion for feigning.

You have, perhaps, a relative whose manners or peculiarities are disagreeable to you. You desire not to allow yourself to be uncharitable in your behaviour towards him. You are constantly, I fear, suppressing the out-

ward manifestation of irritation faster than you subdue the feeling of irritation itself. But do not imagine that you can do this at no risk to yourself. If you value your mental health, do not allow yourself to dwell in his absence on thoughts which you would not allow him to read in your face if he were present. The double action of your brain is beating it to pieces.

A woman has overtaxed a particular set of mental faculties by too eager study in some favourite pursuit. She is beginning to lose both her grasp of the subject and her interest in it. Her right course would be to confess to herself her failing powers, to choose some less fatiguing occupation for her leisure hours, and to make a religious duty of steadily fixing her mind upon it. Instead of this, she clings in idea to the ghost of what she once loved; she will not believe that the science or art of her choice is henceforth a sealed book to her; she is determined *not to be beaten* (which is a dangerous determination always, and especially so for a woman, except where some duty or principle is involved upon which she may fall back when her resolution fails to give her strength). In spite of her determination, she is beaten, of course. The hours during which her once-loved books are before her are spent between listless half-study and morbid dreaming. So the difficulty of controlling her thoughts increases instead of being conquered. But there is one friend, perhaps, whose admiration and intellectual sympathy have been very precious to her. For fear of losing them, and still more (to do her justice) for fear of his misunderstanding her and thinking her fickle or idle, she struggles hard while he is with her, not only to attend to what he is teaching her, but to *show* more interest in it

than she feels, and to preserve the *appearance* of attention when, in spite of her efforts, her mind is in reality wandering. Deceit in this case, too, you see—pardonable, justifiable, we think; but none the less very mischievous. The action of the brain which is set up while you are thinking of one thing and pretending to think of another, is of the most wearing and exhausting kind.

It is needless to go on multiplying instances.

Somehow or other, it comes to pass that almost every one has some friend—often our nearest—perhaps, alas! our dearest too—whose presence is the cause of a constant struggle to appear to be what we are not. A fit of illness will often be preceded by some days or weeks of irritability, combined with an intense longing to give vent to some feeling which has been for years perhaps concealed, and which the patient struggles painfully to hide. When the self-control at last gives way, the entrance of the friend who was the cause of this struggle will be the signal for a fit of violent excitement, which is attributed to dislike, but which is, I believe, in the early stages of illness, rather a symptom of terror. And now the patient is supposed to be seized with a monomania, which causes him to think and feel in a manner quite contrary to what he thought and felt before; whereas the fact perhaps is, that he is now for the first time *speaking* as he has thought and felt, at least occasionally, for years.

The plan I should try in such a case, if the friend were one whose kindness and wisdom I could trust, would be to let him go alone to the patient and say, "You may say anything you like to me; I know more of your feeling than you suppose. Nothing you can say will hurt me or make me angry. All I beg of you is to speak

quietly and steadily, and not to say more than you are sure is true." I believe the result of such a course, if taken early enough, would often be, as I know it has sometimes been, that the apparent dislike would change to an intense affection, and that the impending fit of delirium would lose much of its painful character, even if it were not warded off altogether.

If the experiment succeeded, it would be necessary that the friend should, after the first interview, gently but steadily discourage all recurrence to the painful topic; all confessions of wrong feelings formerly indulged, all dwelling on anything peculiar in the relations of the patient to himself, all morbid self-analysis and sentimentality of every kind; and that he should try to awaken the patient's interest in other things. His influence in this respect would probably be greater than that of any other person.

If the first interview failed of producing any good effect, I would not repeat the experiment without medical sanction. A great deal would depend, for the success of it, on its being tried early enough, before delirium actually set in, so that the *idea* of hating or dreading the friend should not have time to fix itself in the insane mind. A good deal also would depend on the previous character of the patient, and still more on the character and intelligence of the friend.

The next best plan to this would certainly be to keep the friend away altogether, and never to allow his name to be mentioned in her presence. But it is bad to yield thus to an insane fancy. It is always good to conquer it if you can.

The cunning of mad people may at first appear a contradiction to what I have said of their longing to speak

the truth. There are various forms of mania. And besides, a half-delirious person may be very cunning on many points, and yet at the same time possessed with an uncontrollable longing to tell some truth which he has long hidden.

When the patient takes a dislike to some one who has been deceiving her, it is simply cruel to allow them to remain together for one hour. The dislike is in this case not a delusion at all; it is the result of the uncontrolled action of a perfectly natural and healthy instinct of dislike to and fear of being deceived.

It often happens that a nervous woman will, in illness, feign a desire to get rid of some person whom she dearly loves; and will use every artifice, even that of pretending to dislike him, to induce him to leave her, although perfectly conscious that his doing so would cause her the greatest possible pain and would diminish her chance of recovery. A morbid sense of not deserving affection, a suicidal desire to inflict suffering on herself, and some perverted notion about the selfishness of allowing a friend to tie himself to a sick-room, are usually the chief causes of this sad and often dangerous mental phenomenon. There is, humanly speaking, no remedy for it but to smother it out of existence—to drown it in love. "I can't help your not wanting me; I want you, and I can't do without you; so I mean to stay in spite of all you can say," is the proper tone to take with such a patient. It has not unfrequently happened to me to see a fit of what would have seemed to a casual observer to be violent anger and dislike suddenly cut short by such a speech. I have seen the twitching features relax, and the patient nestle down on the arm of a friend whom she had been

professing to want to send away, and settle, with a soft sigh, into a sleep worth all the medicine in the world. I am persuaded that many a fit of real suicidal mania might be nipped in the bud if the patient were told earnestly enough, lovingly enough, and *soon* enough, that her life was of value to some one whom she loved; aye, I fear I might have said, if she could have been persuaded that her life was of value to any human being. Women who are a little over-tired (just because their lives are a little over-full of unselfish cares and duties, and because too many others depend upon them) are very likely to fancy, in the reaction of fatigue, that their lives are of no value, and that they are not wanted by any one on earth. The divine and truest remedy is, of course, a firm faith in the wisdom of Him who appoints our length of days. But failing that, or as a supplement to that, the human remedy is to tell the patient that, there as she lies, weak, tired, prostrate, and useless, some one wants her for very love of her and cannot live without her.

On the other hand, there are women who, though incapable of any deep feeling, are gifted (or cursed) with that sort of emotional temperament which is popularly supposed to indicate an affectionate disposition. Such women, when suffering from hysteria, often pretend a dislike to those—I will not say whom they *love* best—but to those whose society is most agreeable to them, and whose caresses and kind words they most crave for. They do so partly for the pleasure of testing the strength of their friends' affection, partly for the amusement of inflicting pain, partly for the excitement of a scene. They do it for the sake of flirting, in fact; for the same reasons which make a heartless girl coquette with her

lover. The proper treatment is to take the patient at her word; to leave her when she bids you, and be always chary of your caresses and reserved in your conversation with her. But you must be prepared for a grand explosion of temper and an aggravation of all the symptoms, physical and moral, when first she finds herself taken at her word.

Now, in neither of these two last-mentioned cases can it be fairly said that the patient has "taken a dislike to those whom, in health, she most loved."

I have said that you should never deceive a sick person. It by no means follows from this that you are to let him know all that you think about his state of health or all you may learn of his affairs. You should try to accustom him to see that you do not feel called upon to answer all his questions; that you do not think it wise to talk to him about his state of health or his chances of recovery, or about worrying business; and that your refusing to do so on any particular occasion does not necessarily imply that you have bad news to give him. Try to get him to feel that he may, and that he ought, to trust in God to take care of him and his affairs, and in you to tell him whatever it is expedient for him to be told. Use your discretion, according to circumstances, as to how much you will tell him. If he has not the habit of resting quietly on God, you will often find it necessary to speak when it would otherwise be far better to be silent. But never deceive him; and, above all, never do anything to induce him to deceive you.

And remember that a calm demeanour, when you know there is news to tell which would make the patient uneasy if he heard it, is, if you have faith enough not to

feel uneasy, something very different from deceit. Conquering your dislike of a person, learning to see what is good in him and to forget what is unpleasant, is not bad for you, but very good. It is the pretending to like a man whom you know you dislike, the hiding angry feelings which you are secretly cherishing, which, as I have said already, makes such havoc of your brain and disturbs the nerves of all who are under your personal influence. It is indeed *duplicity*, a double state, a state of thinking two sets of thoughts together. And so it is with your uneasiness about your patient. Do not hide fears which you allow yourself to feel, but "put on" the quiet faith which will cause you not to feel them. The simple truth is, that as long as you *feel* uneasy about a sick man's body, soul, or estate, you have no business near him. If you show it outwardly, you infect him with your fear. If you hide it, you give him a vague sense of duplicity and unrest.

Before we quit this part of our subject, let me say one word to you on behalf of your children. Every child needs a confidant; every child at least who is old enough to think at all should have some adult friend who is not too much engaged in the mechanical routine of his education to be free to disentangle his mind for him; some person whose business with him is not so much to make him what he ought to be by direct instruction as to find out what he is; some wise and trustworthy woman to whom he may occasionally, in the freedom of a *tête-à-tête*, say anything that comes into his head without fear of being thought strange or irreverent or saucy, and whose presence offers him no inducement, except such

as springs from pure affection, to repress the exhibition of any evil temper.

Who is this confessor to be?

"Why, who should it be but his mother? Who so fit as she? How could she resign the first place in her child's heart to another?" That is the way in which one takes such questions in one's romantic youth. Having been all in all to one's eldest darling when he was three months old, and being proud to feel that one is so still when he is three years old, one would naturally like the idea of being so still when he is thirteen years old, or thirty even. But alas! Nature gives many plain warnings that no one creature was ever meant to be all in all to any other creature, when once that other has risen high enough in the scale of being to deserve the name of a thinking creature. Disregard of these warnings leads usually not to the intensifying of one particular affection, but to the lowering of the whole physical and moral tone. As a matter of fact, no mothers are so sure of their children's affection, in spite of all difficulties, as those who have the courage to crush out of themselves all maternal jealousy, and to sanction their children's natural craving for confidences and friendships outside of the family circle; who themselves take pains to provide for the safe gratification of that craving; who treat the objects of their children's preference, as far as possible, with cordiality; and who at least are guiltless of showing irreverence, indifference, or jealousy with regard to any feeling of a child's heart.

I do not say that you may not gain, and long retain, that much-coveted "first place" in your child's affection, and most especially if you have acquired enough of self-

control to be content to fill the second. But if you do gain it, if you do become in very deed your child's chosen confessor and the object of his hero-worship, you had better renounce the idea of being also his governess. And you will even need to exercise great self-denial in restricting the frequency of your private intercourse with him; for, as I said, too much of one person's influence is not good for a thinking creature; and, besides, nothing is more enervating than perpetual *épanchement*.

And if it should appear that you are not likely either to gain your child's fullest confidence or to know what to do with it if you had it, then do not behave like the dog in the manger. Let no jealousy of yours interfere between him and any person whom Providence may put in his way who is even moderately fitted to receive it. And whenever the child seems for a few days unusually cross, or low-spirited, or obstinate, or sullen, I should like this person to be made aware of the fact, and if possible to spend a few hours alone with him, or at any rate to write to him. The crossness may be caused by an incipient attack of illness; and some of its most distressing symptoms may be averted if, while the child is still strong enough to make the exertion, he is encouraged to unburden his mind of whatever may be weighing on it.

When influenza or fever is about, one naturally gives special care to the skin of all the children; one takes pains to ascertain that no accidental neglect has caused the pores to be clogged. At such times, and for a similar reason, I would take care to ascertain that no secrets were weighing on their minds.

II. Never try to amuse a nervous patient with any

conversation which tends to encourage in him hard, uncharitable, mocking, or disparaging thoughts of others. Make it your business, so far as your influence extends, to discourage such thoughts. How to check them, either in one's self or in another, is, alas! a problem not always easy to solve. There are cases in which it seems almost impossible to keep them at bay. Indeed, there are cases in which it would appear almost wrong not to be angry. But you ought to get it clearly into your mind, that, however circumstances may seem to justify either anger, ridicule, or contempt, yet, as long as your patient is indulging in them, his mental disease, be the nature of it what it may, is gaining strength, though it may be without his or your perceiving it.

I hardly know anything that I so much dread as to hear a nervous patient laughing at any one. I would rather see him in the worst low spirits than too merry, unless I can feel sure that he is laughing at some mere piece of childish fun, and not at the weakness or folly of any other person.

Some philosopher has made the remark that laughter is the result of a sudden emotion of pleasure caused by discovering the inferiority to one's self, in some particular, of another person. This remark sounds at first like the outcome of a morose and unnecessarily cynical view of life. But there is wonderful depth and wisdom in it, and you will be the more likely to get at its true meaning if you will remember that Satan, in the act of falling from heaven, looks like a flash of light.

"Ce qui est au-dessous de moi me fatigue; ce qui est à mon niveau m'ennuie; ce qui est au-dessus de moi me repose." This rule is as true in the spiritual order of

things as its converse is in the physical. Therefore, keep your patient's thoughts as much as possible fixed on those points in the characters of his friends in which they are superior to himself. If he cannot and ought not to help being angry at certain things when he thinks of them, he can, and while he is ill he should, try to avoid thinking at all of those things which make him angry.

For a similar reason I would say (though in this I know that many nurses would not agree with me), do not try to raise your patient's spirits by exciting in him a good opinion of himself, his capabilities or his doings. Even when the main feature of the disease consists in a morbid tendency to self-depreciation, this is, as it seems to me, quite the wrong sort of remedy. There is always a good share of conceit mixed up with this over-conscious humility. The true cure for it consists, I feel certain, in keeping before the mind a standard of excellence so high that any difference in the amount of goodness between one's self and one's neighbours, or any discrepancy between what one actually is and what one's best friends or one's worst enemies think of one, must, by comparison, vanish to a point and disappear. Try to put such a standard before your patient. Try gently, very gently, to make him ashamed of thinking and talking so much about himself in any way. And then, for the rest, just flood the disease with love and sympathy. Nothing has so great a tendency to produce true, and therefore to correct false humility.

I am supposing that the inclination to self-dispraise is genuine. But nearly every real symptom has a counterfeit, which requires to be treated in a different, if not a totally opposite manner. Self-depreciation is sometimes

affected, either for the purpose of what is called "fishing for compliments," or to excuse one's self for the neglect of known duties. The less notice you take in any way of tricks of this sort, beyond just letting the patient perceive that you see through them, the better.

I find, indeed, both with children and with patients, that, upon a great variety of mental symptoms, the simple question, "Are you quite sure you mean what you are saying?" acts like a spell.

III. Do not argue with a sick person about his delusions. Do not try to persuade him that he is mistaken. If his monomania has reference to outward matters of fact not directly concerning himself, quietly admit that it is possible he may be right in his opinion. Tell him that the excitement which the subject causes him is a token that it is not his business to decide upon it, and that no mistake you are likely to be led into will be as serious an evil as the continuance of that excitement. Bid him trust you to God to enlighten you without his help; and ask him to endeavour, as an act of faith in God, to fix his mind upon some other subject. If, indeed, you should happen to be able to assert, from later evidence than he is possessed of, that he is mistaken, it may be well to do so. The effort on his part to trust your *word* will be good for him. But beware of helping to fix his mind on his monomania; and especially beware of saying anything which seems to imply that you consider your judgment sounder than his. Nothing is so likely as that to confirm him in the notion that his judgment is sounder than yours. And besides that, he may really be right after all as to the matter of fact.

I wish nurses knew how much more seldom than they imagine a nervous patient is entirely wrong as to any simple matter of fact. Monomania is oftener a mistake as to proportion than as to simple fact. Delirium and hysterical attacks are often accompanied and preceded by a wonderful sharpening of some of the senses and mental faculties, at the expense of the rest, by an exaltation of one set of powers and deadening of the others, which throws the mind off its balance and makes particular objects and ideas acquire a disproportionate value, just because they are, for the time, seen alone, all others being forgotten. A patient is often thought to be mad only because he insists on asserting something which is true, but which the nurse does not see to be so, and of which she only knows that in his ordinary health he could have no more knowledge than herself, and of which she therefore supposes that he can have no knowledge in his sickness. The patient often knows, and is sure that he knows, something of which you are quite ignorant. The thing may be of no consequence whatsoever in itself. His delusion may consist in the very importance which he attaches to it. If you contradict him when he knows he is in the right, you only make him fancy that it is of immense importance that he should convince you. In fact, there is hardly any mistake so cruel as that of treating as insane one who is only in a state of intense vision. You run thereby the very greatest risk of permanently disordering the intellect. Say, "You may be right. I cannot tell. I cannot make myself see the thing as you do. If what you say be true, and if God cares about my knowing it, He will presently enable me to see it. But the subject quickens your pulse and

flushes you. That is certainly a token from God to me that you are not to talk of the subject at all while you are ill, but to trust it to Him. I will try to find out whether the thing be as you say. But I will not, I dare not, talk to you about what excites you."

Never laugh at any assertion of a patient about outside matters of fact. Never treat what he says about them with indifference or disrespect. For the abnormal quickening of particular faculties of which I have spoken is often accompanied by an intense realisation of an Unseen Presence. The man, perhaps, never before really knew, or at least never felt, that whatever truth he perceives is taught to him by that Unseen Teacher. Suddenly he discovers that *Some One* is telling him *this* particular truth, is showing him *this* particular fact. No wonder that he feels himself then inspired with the particular truth or fact. Any appearance of irreverence on the part of those to whom he speaks is torture to him. And of course the more you cannot see the thing he is telling you, the more he takes it to be a special revelation granted to him, and which he is bound to communicate to others. Take his inspiration quietly for granted; only tell him that you are inspired too. Your special business being to take care of his health, *your* inspirations refer to that subject and not to his subject. If you believe this, you will feel no difficulty in saying it kindly and seriously. If you do not believe it, find some other scope for your talents than trying to nurse delirious patients.

Of course I do not mean that a nervous patient never is wrong as to matters of fact. What I mean is, that it happens more seldom than we fancy. And if the patient is right, contradiction may do him serious harm; whereas,

even if he is wrong, it can do him no harm to drop the subject and trust in God. In fact, the more wrong he is, the more necessary it is that he should drop the subject.

If the patient's delusions have reference to his own state of body or mind, or to outward events as influenced by his own acts, or even, perhaps, as affecting specially his own happiness—as, for instance, if he supposes himself to be dying, or going mad, or fancies that every one dislikes him, or that he is under an evil star, or that he brings ill-luck on those who love him, or that he has sinned past redemption, or that he is not "elect," or that he has ruined himself and his family, &c., &c.,—the treatment must be somewhat different from that recommended above. Listen, for once, quite quietly to all that he has to say. Then say calmly, "It is quite natural that you should feel as you do. It is a symptom of your physical condition. But you know it is a mere symptom. No one could brood much over his own state without falling into some delusion. The precise nature of the delusion depends on the nature of the disease; but if I sat thinking about myself for a day or two, I should be sure to be haunted by some absurd fancy or other. There is nothing disgraceful or sinful in your imagining what you do. Only it will really be very wrong if you go on brooding over a subject which makes you so morbid. Try to think of something else." After saying this, or something like it, once, show a good deal of indifference to the whole subject. Treat it openly as a monomania. A little kindly banter even may not be amiss. There is no harm in showing want of respect for this sort of selfish and introspective fancies. Thinking

of one's self in any way is not a thing that claims respect. There is no harm in letting your patient see that you think your judgment sounder than his about his own state, because the fact is that no one's judgment is of any value about his own state, either of body or soul; and there is no fact which it is more necessary for sick people to know, or the knowledge of which is more restful to them.

I am aware that a patient sometimes pronounces himself to be dying when the doctor thinks there is no danger (or *vice versâ*); and turns out in the end to have been right. He has seen the end, as it were, of his disease by some kind of instinct or inspiration, without effort or excitement, and by the help of no process of reasoning. But I think you will find that this sort of prophetic instinct about one's self is almost always accompanied by a strange calm which subdues all desire to convince others against their will. If your patient tries to worry you into the belief that he is dying, when the doctor says he is not, you may usually treat it as a delusion born of restless and selfish anxiety.

Never forget the wide difference between being led to make an effort of self-control by the desire not to *be* selfish or obstinate, and being driven to make it by the fear of being *thought* so. I do not say that the driving process may not be necessary sometimes, in the case of a patient who cannot be led, and over whom no high motives have any power. But driving is a very bad substitute for leading. And there is as much difference between the fear of being thought selfish and the desire not to be so, as there is between the fear of a flogging and the desire to please one's parents. And nurses too often

do not consider this. And there are great numbers of sick people over whom it is both needless and hurtful to hold any sort of rod—numbers who, poor things! are only too anxious to go the right way, and whose one desire it is to get any one to guide and sustain them along the rough road by which they must travel.

IV. A great deal of mischief is often done by the thoughtless way in which nurses and friends try to carry out the doctor's injunction to *discourage the patient from dwelling on* this or that morbid idea or distressing recollection. What the doctor means is, that you are never to bring the subject before the patient's mind when he is not thinking of it; and that when he is, you are to encourage and assist him to think of something else. It is bad for him to talk much of the painful subject, because it helps to fix it on his mind. But it may be a great relief to him to say out all he has to say occasionally. It may be the greatest possible help to him to throw it off his mind. The mere negative preventing of a sick man from speaking of a subject that haunts him is often very cruel, if you cannot at the same time help him to turn his thoughts to something else. And if you say anything which induces him to pretend not to be thinking of a thing which he cannot forget, you run the risk of doing serious mischief. Face the morbid subject boldly until you have made the patient recognise some definite and effectual mode of banishing it from his recollection, and show him that it is his duty to banish it whenever it arises. After that, you may avoid entering into the subject. When he speaks of it, you need only remind him that it is his duty and yours to think of something else.

How to bring the moral sense to bear on any particular topic must depend on the temperament and previous habits of mind of the patient, and on the amount of his intimacy with, and affection for, yourself. You may tell him, if you think it will influence him, that his talking about a certain subject *pains you;* but take care that he is not induced, by the mere fear of your jarring on him by want of sympathy, to be silent about it when it would be a relief to him to speak.

Make it your study to supply your patient with healthy thoughts, of such a nature as to prove the natural corrective of his unhealthy ones. It is often a good plan to select a few words from a poem, or from some religious or philosophical work with which the patient is acquainted, repeat them slowly, make him say them after you, and then bid him have recourse to those words again whenever he feels tempted to dwell on the particular thought against which you have warned him.

I may as well say here that your business in a sick-room is to promote the health and comfort of the sick. Such a remark may seem to be a truism; but it is not as needless as it seems, for many people allow themselves to be sadly confused on the point by vague talk about the "more important concerns of eternity." They forget that nothing can be more important for us than the doing well that which has been given to us, or which we have undertaken, to do; and that, if we have any power to further concerns in themselves more important (which I should be sorry to deny), the way to make the most of that power is by attending faithfully to our own proper business. If you have any religious theories or prejudices opposed to those of the patient, or any notions of securing

the salvation of people by making them believe what you believe, you must leave them all behind you at the door of the sick-room; and be guided in your choice of reading, &c., first by what is best for the sick man's health, and next by what you find gives him most pleasure. The remarks I have made on a previous page will suffice to show that I do not think everything which gives him pleasure is necessarily good for him.

It is often noticed that religious insanity and monomania is more hopeless than any other. It does not follow that the sole reason for this lies in the nature of the disease itself. Religious insanity is seldom treated as rationally as any other kind of mental disease; especially in the beginning. In ordinary cases of mental illness the friends think of the case as one of disease, and deal with it on its own merits. They do so, at least, as soon as they have found out that disease exists. They make blunders enough often; but at any rate they have nothing to think of except doing the best for the patient's brain as far as they can find out how. But if any form of religion mixes up with his excitement, then there is not only his brain to cure, but his soul to save, and a party to serve as well; and the friends become as mad as the patient. No one can do simply and quietly what the doctor orders (even if the doctor is not too much afraid of coming into collision with prejudices of all sorts to say what he thinks). No one, usually not even those who profess, like Gallio, to care for none of these things; for their judgment is often warped by a foregone conclusion that *all* religious intensity must be illusion more or less.

In a case of religious monomania the patient should be

left very much in the charge of some one who entirely sympathises with his especial form of belief and modes of expression. Orders to avoid talking of the morbid subject should come, as far as possible, through some channel which will convey no impression of irreverence or unbelief. The patient should be encouraged to be silent (or keep whatever rules may be made for him), distinctly on the ground that by so doing he will best recover power truly to serve whatever cause is sacred to him. That he is to be ultimately hindered from serving that cause, should never be suggested for a moment. So treated, I do not see why religious mania need be so very unmanageable.

An earnest man once said, "The last enemy that man has to conquer is his belief in his own immortality;" and, though I do not think that the belief in immortality will ever be destroyed, or wish that it should, I understand the feeling which prompted his words, and have often been tempted to re-echo them. The belief that our fate in a future world depends directly on the opinions we hold in this world, is dragged into all kinds of irrelevant conflict with common sense, and comes in at every turn to interfere with right action. Surely we ought to do the business of this world as well as we can; and leave the concerns of the next, in faith, to Him who has filled this so full of difficulties, and told us only just enough about any other to make us feel how important may be the results of carelessness in things which seem to us trifles.

The fact of the existence of such a thing as religious insanity at all was for years, I must confess, a great puzzle and stumbling-block to me. We were told to

"pray without ceasing," to "do *all* to the glory of God;" then how was it possible to be *too* religious—to think too constantly of God?

The most obvious answer to the question is this: A good deal of what is called religion consists, not in devotion, but in the use of the intellectual faculties on theological subjects. This intellectual exercise is often premature; and almost always unhealthy in kind, because carried on under the pressure of a supposed duty to arrive at a certain conclusion, and to stifle all thoughts which do not seem to point towards that conclusion. This is one partial solution. Another is this: Music, dancing, art, and social intercourse do, in various ways, lead us to control momentary impulses. They, as is commonly and very justly said, "take us out of ourselves." We will go into this subject more in detail in a future chapter, but it is evident that amusements of all sorts do take us out of ourselves, though very insufficiently. Any real work, in the long run, takes us more out of ourselves than any form of amusement. But if you cut yourself off from social enjoyments in the name of religion; and substitute no real work, or enthusiasm, or generous pleasure, or true worship in their place, you lower the vital powers, and leave body and mind an easier prey to any form of disease than they otherwise would have been.

Neither of these causes, however, appear to account for the most startling facts connected with this subject; such, for instance, as those epidemics of insanity and crime which often follow in the track of a revival movement. I do not say that I can exactly account for those facts; I do not know enough of the structure of the brain.

But I feel sure that the more we inquire into them the more light we shall get on the whole subject of education and mental treatment.

Any strong excitement of devotional feeling introduces into the brain a large charge of vitality. It is there ready to go wherever it is carried. Its direction will depend on what part of the frame is excited at the time, or immediately afterwards.

Now think of a revival scene. By appeals to the really religious sentiments, by the stimulus of music, and by the magnetic action of a crowd on one another, a high degree, both of nervous power and of nervous excitement is produced. But the preacher mixes up with what is really good in his address such pictures of the future judgment as appeal violently both to the fears and to the self-love of his audience. Nay, in some cases, his language tends directly to excite destructiveness in his hearers, as when he gives them vivid descriptions of the saints in glory, watching the punishment of sinners. An organ once violently excited has a tendency to act of its own accord for some time afterwards, especially if it be naturally large or habitually active. In many of the audience, therefore, after the unwonted religious excitement has gone down, the mere animal faculties and passions will continue to vibrate in an irregular and uncontrolled manner.

False gods are often spoken of as devils or *evil demons.* If that means that the "devil" is a product of the unnatural union between true Divine inspiration or afflatus, and selfishness which is the opposite of God, then I do not think it wonderful that some revivals exhibit so many "manifestations" of Satan as they do; to wit, hysteria,

insanity, and crimes. Love should be allowed to *cast out* fear and self-love. That is God's law. Woe betide those who violate it! A man who has entered into conscious communion with his Maker should be encouraged to be willing "to be accursed," if he could do his brethren any good by it; not to seek for shelter from his Father's loving discipline. We were told all that eighteen centuries before phrenology was ever thought of. But I fear that about the last, as it will be one of the most valuable, of all the achievements of science will consist in persuading religious teachers to believe in the Bible.

Of course I do not mean that a man whose mind is habitually under healthy influences is likely to be the worse for occasional religious excitement, no matter how injudicious the mode in which it is produced. Such an one has his mind under control. It is the spasmodic action of a moral sense, habitually too inactive, which does harm, if thoughts of a wrong kind are presented to the mind at the time, or arise immediately afterwards. Fits of what is called "*realising* the presence of God" appear to be a very dangerous form of enjoyment, except for those who have already acquired a habit, so ingrained as to have become almost mechanical, of acting as if they believed themselves to be in the presence of God.

I have observed that doctors, though they seldom refuse a patient leave to see a clergyman if he wishes it, yet would sometimes rather not be asked leave. I suppose they have observed that what is called "religious talk" often does a patient more harm than good.

The instincts of self-preservation and self-love seem intended, from all we can observe, not only to control the animal passions, but to excite to muscular action. Run-

ning races or boxing for a prize seems a natural sort of proceeding enough; only that, as even the most uncultivated man is not a mere brute, he should not spend too much of his life after the fashion of brutes, or make the objects of brutes his primary aim. But when a man is laid on a sick-bed, we do not want him to make any muscular exertion whatever. Even if he is only suffering from a local injury he cannot safely do so; and in many cases he is, besides, too weak to bear it. A great part of the physical treatment, therefore, is often directed to calm that desire for movement which produces "restlessness." I do not therefore, wonder, that a doctor should be unwilling to accept as an assistant a man who would unnecessarily appeal to those motives of *fear* and *personal acquisitiveness* which set beasts running!

V. Miss Nightingale complains of the injustice often done to a sick person by unsympathising people who do not know how much disease and confinement are affecting his mental health, and how much difficulty he has in behaving even decently well to his attendants. There is often much cause for her complaint, up to a certain point.

It is on many accounts much to be desired that the idea of brain disturbance should be more generally admitted than it is, as an element in the solution of problems both medical and social. Nearly every one has the material machinery by the help of which he thinks, more or less out of order all his life; and some sort of extra derangement of the functions of that machinery forms a symptom of nearly every disease. We have all heard this stated as an abstract dogma; and in some sort of sense we believe it. But our judgments would be more charitable and just,

our general conduct more patient and wise, and our treatment of the sick more consistent and successful, if we recognised it more constantly than we do. We are too prone to draw in our minds an artificial line of demarcation between the sane and the insane, which has no existence in fact. Cases are constantly occurring in which a long course of unkind or wicked or capricious behaviour suddenly culminates in some act so outrageous that the doer of it is at once placed under restraint. When this happens, it is admitted on all hands that the patient was all along mad; and that, for want of knowing him to be so, the world has been judging him unjustly. But the world judges quite as unjustly, in the same way, thousands of people who never break out into acts of violence at all. The breaking out is very much a matter of accident.

And this unjust judgment of those whose mental malady is not yet openly acknowledged, is by no means the worst consequence of the artificial distinction which we so lazily and clumsily make between the absolutely sane and the absolutely insane. At a certain stage of disease, everybody suddenly discovers that "the poor thing's *mind* is affected," and that "he is therefore not responsible for what he says and does." Thereupon begins a course of half-pitying, half-contemptuous indulgence, alternating with neglect (neglect of courtesy and observant respect, I mean, not of physical care), which is even more cruel and far more mischievous than the previous injustice.

The whole subject of the responsibility of human creatures is a very solemn and a very difficult one; and I have no wish to intrude into it any theories of mine. It is enough for me to say that your patient is always responsible for doing his best; and that it is your business to

prevent any of those who have access to him from treating him as if he were, or ever could be, flung outside of the pale of responsible humanity and abandoned to the powers of darkness.

Try in every way to prevent a nervous patient from drifting into a feeling of being cut off from his past life. There may, of course, be some special reason for wishing him to avoid dwelling on the past, or on a particular part of it. But, as a general rule, anything that keeps up the sense of connection with the past and the future, and with the human world outside, is a valuable corrective, both to restless impulses and to morbid melancholy. Encourage him to keep up old habits (except, of course, such as are positively injurious). It is a bad sign when an orderly woman begins to be indifferent to her personal appearance and to the order of her room. And it is often something more than a mere sign or symptom. Such tokens come to partake, after a while, of the nature of sacraments; that is to say, they are not only outward signs of an inward state; they are also means whereby we get into that state. If I had charge of a woman who had been a notable orderly housewife, and began to find her take less notice than usual of a littered room or of untidily served meals, I should make no remark on the subject at first, but be very orderly myself, without disturbing her at all about it (to give a perhaps over-tired part of her brain complete repose). But after a time I would quietly endeavour to interest her in helping me to preserve order for the sake of my comfort, not of her own. Keep up more especially the habit of whatever religious observances the patient has been accustomed to consider necessary or to find soothing. Make Sunday as different

as you can from other days, if he has been used to keep it sacred. Make the distinction, whether he cares for it now or not, in a quiet, cheerful, matter of course fashion, so as to let him feel as much as possible that his old life is still going on of its own accord. Even if he is too restless or too weak to bear the reading of more than one verse of the Bible at a time, still do not unnecessarily omit that one verse at about his usual hour for such reading. It may happen that a patient professes to have, and fancies that he has, grown utterly indifferent to such observances; and yet, if you omit them, will feel bitterly that he is lost and forsaken and given over to disease and loneliness and to his own fancies. The thing to do, if you can, is to make him feel that, sick or well, he is a member of the Church and of the family, and a citizen of the state; and that you have not the remotest notion of treating him as if he were not so; that he has his definite place in the world; a place to which definite duties belong; a place which indeed his circumstances (including his mental constitution and the fact of his illness), help to mark out for him, but which no fancies need prevent him from filling usefully, and the duties of which, such as they are, no morbidness should prevent him from discharging with all the strength he has. A hospital has many disadvantages over a private house; but it has great compensating advantages, especially for nervous patients; not the least of which is that each must know that he has at least negative duties to the others; each must feel that his illness is part of a great scheme of things, which was going on before he became ill, and will go on still when he has recovered or died. And this feeling is, in a sense which I will explain on a future

occasion, "*Homœopathic*" to most kinds of nervous suffering; *i.e.*, it is the natural remedy; it cures by counteracting the original cause, though it appears at first to aggravate the symptoms.

If you happen to be blest with a clergyman of any denomination who is fit to be let into a sick-room, by which I mean one who believes that God is, and that he himself is not, the Saviour of men, and if your patient is content to see him, get as much of his help as you can. Such a one will probably have sense enough not to overtire a sick man; and he will at least have humility enough to take a hint from you or the doctor as to how much the patient is likely to be able to bear. His reading of prayers, &c., will be more refreshing than yours, because of the change of voice. And somehow, what an earnest clergyman says impresses one more than the same words from any one else. I have no opinion to offer as to why this should be; but I know the fact is so with many people, and with none more than with some of those who pride themselves on hating priests and on disbelieving their dogmas. And the pastor will be your best ally in the difficult task of which I spoke just now, of preventing the patient from feeling as if he were cut off from his past life and from the great human world outside, as if his life were bound up in his medicine bottles and his nurse.

VI. I need hardly caution you against indulging any feeling of jealousy about your patient's interest in things and persons unconnected with yourself, or his enjoyment of pleasures which you were not the means of procuring for him. And yet when the nurse is very tired, she is

sometimes almost as morbid as the sick man himself, and needs as much knowledge and caution to take care of her own mind as of his. At such times try to remember that the business in hand is curing your patient, not settling the amount of your claims on his gratitude; and that, however quiet he may need to be kept, yet, whenever, and in so far as, he is allowed to be roused or interested in anything, the greater variety, and the more complete change of interests he has, the better.

VII. While engaged in the care of nervous patients or sensitive children, there is almost as much need for exercising control over one's thoughts as one's words; and that, not only while they are present. Indeed I suspect that if we knew more than we do of the secret relations between human beings, we should feel our unspoken thoughts to be at all times important to others. But a state of impending delirium is one in which some instincts become quickened and certain sensibilities may be intensified. An excitable child, a hysterical girl, or a fever patient, is more likely than a quite healthy person to be affected by your unspoken thoughts.

VIII. An important part of the doctor's business consists, we are told, in distinguishing between organic disease and that which is merely nervous or functional. This is a medical question; and you can give no help in solving it except by faithfully reporting such observations as you have been able to make. But a very important part of yours will sometimes consist in detecting how far nervous symptoms themselves (whether physical or mental) are real, and how far they are hypochondriacal, or even wilful; in distinguishing when the patient is yielding to what he

might conquer better if his will could be aroused, and when he is engaged in a brave but perhaps blind struggle in which he only needs to be helped and guided. The symptoms of the two forms of "nervousness" are often strangely mingled together, and tend to produce each other; but they are in themselves distinct. To discriminate between them requires neither medical knowledge nor much sick-room practice; but it does require great attention to the case, and a habit of observation, and, above all, a habit of looking at human nature from a right point of view, and of judging it by an adequate standard. A life hitherto blameless—even a life, so far as men have seen of it, calm, devoted, and holy—affords no absolute security against any description of folly or crime; though, of course, a habit of conscientious self-control gives the best chance of recovery, and makes remedial measures effectual, which, in the case of an ill-governed mind, would be useless and unsafe.

The difference to be made in the treatment, according as the patient is yielding to his disease or struggling against it, is easily learned by practice. I will only say further on this point, that little permanent good seems ever to be done by appealing, in sickness, to a much higher class of motives than the highest of those which the patient is accustomed to act on. Try to keep the best side of his mind uppermost; appeal to the best among those motives which habitually influence him; draw out his best self and enlist it to fight on your side against his worst self. This I think you will find more practically useful than the attempt to import into his mind, while he is ill, thoughts and feelings higher than he was capable of understanding when in health. And if the moral tone is

very low it may be necessary at times to make him afraid or ashamed of indulging his waywardness.

It sometimes happens that one whose life and aspirations have been of a higher kind than those of ordinary mortals, allows himself to become morbid on some subject, literary, political, or social, &c., which he fancies he has a moral or religious reason for getting excited about. The real reason for excitement is, of course, some sort of brain disturbance, just as much as in the case of one who goes mad from indulged passions. Unfortunately friends often do not fully realise this fact until too late. The utmost which they venture on, at first, is a timid reverential mixture of coaxing, concession, and argument. I suppose it is natural to shrink from taking a tone of superiority with one to whom we have been accustomed to look up. But were a man as wise as Solomon and as holy as an apostle, still, when once he is ill enough to be, as to his health, in the care of any other person, he ought to be made to feel, as gently as possible, but very emphatically, that that person is, for the time, one of the appointed "powers that be," and intends to be obeyed accordingly.

We are apt at times to confuse the true reverence which comes of a loyal recognition of relationships with "respect of persons." It is just as true that a patient should, within certain limits, obey his nurse, as that a child should, within certain other limits, obey its parents. The sense of moral order which the recognition of this duty gives is soothing to an over-tired brain. It is not enough that you succeed, somehow, in preventing your patient from doing, or thinking of, the particular thing which is bad for him. It is often of even more importance that you should procure for him that mental repose

which comes of voluntary submission to direction. And a very good and wise man may need that repose quite as much as a bad and foolish one.

Nothing more tends to make a family of children manageable than letting them see that the parents know how to obey in their turn and at due season; that, throughout the household, obedience is taken as an expression, not of opinion about the wisdom of the person issuing a command, but of loyalty to his office and of sympathy with his responsibility. A little child should occasionally be left to watch by a sick-bed, with instructions: "Do not let father get up, or read, till I return;" "see that the food is taken at such an hour," &c. If nurse and patient will let the little deputy see that its responsibilities are recognised as constituting a claim to unquestioning obedience and to respectful sympathy, it will have learned—not as some people fancy, a license for self-assertion and self-will—but a good lesson in true obedience, which will be specially useful when its own turn comes to be ill.

IX. I assume that you have read what Miss Nightingale and other practical nurses say about the mode of administering food. Indeed I have taken for granted throughout that you have learned, and that you will continue to learn, as much as possible about sanitary laws and practical hygienic rules of all kinds. If you feel that reverence for the Creator of all, in which, as I have tried to show you, our intellectual and moral life consists, it will make you not the less, but the more desirous to study and obey His physical laws. I would only suggest to you how, when the observance of a physical law is,

from circumstances, impossible, you may make the breach of it as little injurious as may be, and lead you to a clue by which, when the physical laws themselves so cross and check each other that you cannot obey one without violating another, you may learn to guide yourselves in choosing between them the one which it is most important under the circumstances to observe.

Apparent want of appetite may proceed either from actual disease of the stomach, from nervous dyspepsia (*i.e.*, want of digestive power owing to *functional* disturbance), from mere nervous dislike to the act of eating, from some morbid fancy, or from sheer temper.

In case of organic disease of the stomach, you have nothing to do except gently but firmly to carry out the doctor's directions, observe the results, and report them faithfully to him (but not in the patient's hearing. It ought to be so much a matter of course that the nurse shall escort the doctor out of hearing of the sick-room, that her doing so on any particular occasion shall attract no attention). You may be tempted to think that he is mistaken as to the kind and quantity of the food which he prescribes. It is possible that he may be so, but you are more likely to be wrong than he, and the more exactly you obey orders and observe results, the better on the whole for all parties.

Supposing the stomach not to be actually diseased, then, if the doctor understands his business, and if he has reason to think that you understand yours, he will be the first to tell you that you must, in a great measure, judge for yourself what food the patient can best take. He will give you some general directions, and leave you to carry them out according to your own discretion.

But under no circumstances should you give without permission (while the patient is still under the doctor's care) anything which has been forbidden. If you have any reason which the doctor does not know of for thinking it would do good, you ought to tell him of it. But he may have reasons, which he could not explain to you, for thinking it would do harm.

Cases have occasionally occurred in which a man's life has been saved by a friend indulging his craving for some article of diet which his doctor had persistently denied him, even after having been made aware of his longing for it; and wonder-mongers have made the most of such cases. They have kept no record of all the lives that have been lost in the same manner. Doctors are generally very good to us unprofessional nurses; they do not tell the world all they know about our mistakes and their consequences, or I fear some of us would run great risk of being put on trial for manslaughter.

If you really think that your doctor misunderstands the case and will do more harm than good, why let him continue to prescribe at all?

I fear our mode of thinking of and acting towards a doctor who does his best, and who shares our responsibility, and silently covers, where he cannot repair, our blunders, is sometimes very ungrateful and unjust. That loyalty to relationships, of which we spoke just now, is at all times of more consequence *on the whole* than correctness of opinions. In fact, we cannot always be sure whose opinion is right; whereas we always can know to whom obedience is due; and this distinction is nowhere of more importance than in the relation between doctor and nurse.

We confuse our lives by trying to settle whose opinion is right, as if this world were one in which no mistakes should be made. Whereas the world in which we are placed is a world in which mistakes are made, are an integral and necessary part of the life of each man; a world in which, when two people disagree in opinion, neither of them can be sure that he is free of error. And of this world—this world to which mistakes belong—we make the best, on the whole, by giving obedience where it is due.

Believe me, any nurse who knows her work at all, will find doctors on the whole willing to leave quite *enough* of responsibility on her shoulders; will find quite enough to think about without contradicting or deceiving them; and ought to be, and will be, thankful for any definite instructions and prohibitions. Women who boast of the (apparent and temporary) good results which they have obtained by disobeying orders, are usually too ignorant of physiology to know when they are doing harm. A woman who, *knowing what she was about*, had taken upon herself to dismiss the doctor because she felt he was doing harm, and had saved the patient's life by disobeying the doctor's orders, would I think have gone through too much of suffering from the sense of her own responsibility to be in any humour for boasting of the fact.

X. Numbers of people in the middle classes, though fewer I hope than was formerly the case, die not of disease but of starvation. This happens often because the nurse neglects the physical material part of her work. She brings up sour milk or spoiled food; or she has never taken the trouble to find out what the patient can best

digest. But it happens perhaps still more often because she does not understand his mental condition, and does not know how far to believe his statements about himself and his wants.

It is not always easy to find out why a patient refuses to eat. Often he does not know himself; and will give you, in perfect good faith, a reason as far as possible from the true one. You must learn to distinguish, just because he cannot, between real want of appetite (either for food generally or for some particular kind of food) and a morbid fancy which you might help him to conquer, or a wilful whim which he ought to be shamed into conquering himself. I have known a child *fancy* she had an emotional reason for not eating a particular kind of food, which was in reality unsuitable to her. (Delicate girls, for instance, often have theories about the 'cruelty' of killing sheep and oxen, which they forget when they are offered fowl or fish). And, on the other hand, a patient will often tell you that he does not like or cannot digest food, when his dislike is due to some association of ideas.

It is not as well known as it ought to be that the sensation of hunger is, under certain circumstances, positively delightful. It produces, or at least permits, in some frames, a sense of spiritual exaltation like that which results from opium, but of a purer kind. A patient will sometimes tell you, and quite truly, that he "feels less comfortable" after eating what you and the doctor consider to be the proper amount and kind of food; and this by no means always means that the food has given him any symptom of indigestion; it may mean that it has put an end to an abnormal condition in which mental

exaltation was making him insensible to physical discomfort. And if it means that, then, unfortunately, the more he shrinks from his food the more need there is that he should take plenty of it.

If you have to do with that morbid shyness about giving trouble, of which Miss Nightingale speaks, which mixes with so many strange fancies and evil tempers, and which helps to shorten so many valuable lives, you must make your patient feel by every means in your power that it gives you pleasure to be asked to do anything for him; and you must also make it clear to him that his neglecting to tell you what he wants only entails on you the additional trouble of finding it out for yourself. And you must be on your guard against an infinite number of cunning tricks to prevent your finding it out. There are certain subjects, and this is one of them, on which the more saintly a man's character is, the less you can trust to anything he says; unless, indeed, when you actually appeal to his honour not to deceive you; and even then he may do it unconsciously from habit.

A professional nurse meets with comparatively little of the difficulty of which I am now speaking. The sense of routine which she introduces into the arrangements of the sick-room naturally puts an end to many vagaries on the part of the patient. But I am writing mainly, not for professional nurses, but for sick people's relatives and friends. The history of many and many a sad bereavement might be told briefly in this wise :— The female head of a family is taken ill. She needs no surgical treatment, no scientific nursing, nothing (the doctor says) but ordinary care, such as any commonly intelligent woman is qualified to give—nothing, in fact,

except quietness and *plenty of light nourishing food.* A hired nurse would be a needless expense, and the patient would rather not have a stranger about her. Her daughters and friends could have no greater pleasure than to wait on one so good, so unselfish, so beloved; and so the matter is settled; and a very right and wise settlement it would be in many (though not in all) cases, if only the friends knew how to accomplish that which they have undertaken. But the very essence of all goodness and piety is a certain tendency to devotion and self-denial, which, when good and pious people are cut off by illness from their ordinary ways of exercising it, often manifests itself in the most unexpected and unaccountable ways. The patient, accustomed to minister to others and to spend her time in planning to spare them trouble, now employs her faculties in inventing ingenious devices for preventing her attendants from "having the trouble" of carrying out the doctor's instructions; the unsuspicious friends fall into the trap; and the patient dies of starvation in consequence. One of the best and truest women I ever knew, deceived her daughters for weeks by protesting that she could not bear beef-tea (which the doctor had prescribed for her), and that it was of no use to make it, for she couldn't and wouldn't touch it. At last she was surprised into tasting it; and pronounced it delicious. And then she confessed that she had never tasted it before, and had only professed to dislike it because she supposed that it was a "troublesome thing to make." Another, a pious Christian and most affectionate mother, was reported on several successive mornings by the friend who had charge of her during the night, to have been "free from pain, and

quietly asleep for many hours." It seemed strange that if she did sleep so quietly, she should look most tired in the morning. With some difficulty I got her to confess that she feigned sleep, although suffering great pain, to save her attendant the trouble of warming her food in the night. Both these ladies died; and in each case the doctor protested to the last that there was no real disease, and that the patient was sinking from pure exhaustion.

I know that what I am now saying sounds almost incredible. But the whole of the relation of religious and benevolent and humanitarian emotion, to the question of food, forms one of the most startling chapters in the history of human folly. And those make a great mistake who imagine they have got rid of the difficulty by eliminating "fasting" out of the category of professedly religious observances. On the contrary, Catholic priests complain that their penitents thwart all their well-meant endeavours to regulate fasting, by insisting on mistaking for piety a pleasant quiver of certain nerves caused by exhaustion.

All girls ought to be taught that careless, useless, wilful fasting is one of the "sinful lusts of the flesh," one of the ways in which we waste, for the sake of a momentary pleasure, the strength which was given to us to use for an abiding purpose. Boys are, as a rule, much less liable to fall into this form of self-indulgence. But you should always be on the watch for it when you have to do with either a man or a woman given to religious emotionality, or to an absorbing devotion to humanity.

Miss Nightingale, and others who profess to teach the art of nursing, insist strongly on a variety of rules, having for their object to correct certain habits which careless nurses fall into, and which tend to give sick persons a

distaste for their food. Don't wait till the patient asks for his meals, but bring them at regular hours. Find out by observation rather than by questioning what he likes best. Let anything which you think he will specially fancy be produced unexpectedly; and let it come as the gift of a friend rather than as part of the routine of his treatment. Don't take your own meals, or cook, or talk about food, in the sick-room; don't leave food in the room between meal times, &c. A professional nurse ought, no doubt, to observe strictly all these and many such rules. Her patient is usually a stranger; she does not know his whims and fancies; she may be giving him great annoyance without being in the least aware of it; and, as she has nothing but her patient to attend to, she ought to take care to be on the safe side. But if you have to nurse a friend and to attend to any of your ordinary business at the same time, I would not advise you to hamper yourself with unnecessary and artificial routine. Read all Miss Nightingale's rules; they will be valuable as suggestions; but watch your patient to see which of them you need to carry out. You must have very little tact if you cannot find out by a friend's face when you are jarring or annoying him.

The real principle which underlies all the rules which I have been speaking of is this: don't cause the patient to think more than you can help about food merely as food, or about the effect of it on himself. The more you can associate ideas of love and care and kindness, and of other people's enjoyment, with the nervous patient's meals, the more he will eat and the better he will digest it.

"Don't leave food about the sick-room, and don't expect the patient to ask for it when he wants it." But

you may, as I said, have business to attend to elsewhere. At any rate, you ought, for the patient's sake as well as your own, to get change of air and scene every day. And if you have no reliable substitute to leave in charge during your absence, it will be far better that he should ask for his food and medicine, or even that they should be left within his reach, than that he should go without them. Make him feel that his neglecting to take them at the proper time will entail upon you additional confinement and anxiety in future; and do not say too much about the harm his neglect does to himself. If he perceives that any failures of yours, or any burdens which you lay upon him, are due to unavoidable circumstances, or to a conscientious desire not to interfere too much with the comfort of the rest of the household or unnecessarily to injure your own health, and never to carelessness or want of observation, he will be the more likely not to let them do him more harm than he can help.

And all these little kindly cautions about coming to a right understanding with the patient are of far more importance than they seem. "Fanciful nonsense" and "absurd sentimental stuff," strong-minded people call them; and so they dismiss the matter. But people whose lives were valuable have died of such fancies, very, very often; that is what I want to make you see. They died of starvation, because no one understood how fanciful and sentimental and absurd a good and wise man or woman can become when he or she is cut off from that healthy work for others which is the natural antidote to "nonsense." Of course I am not suggesting that you can cure real want of digestive power by imaginary means. Disease of the stomach is the doctor's business. But if the patient

has—and many patients have—fanciful reasons for not eating, or sentimental emotions which disturb his digestion, what can you do better than find out some sentimental or fanciful reason why he should eat his food and enjoy it? Strong-minded women are very much to be envied in many ways; but for a large class of cases they are utterly useless as nurses, just because they do not understand how weak-minded other people can be.

XI. Do not neglect to begin the mental treatment in good time. Too few people think seriously of it until delirium is actually threatening. From the time that a person is put as patient into your charge, you should watch his symptoms, mental as well as physical. You do not wait till the stomach is on the verge of inflammation before you begin to pay attention to the food. Why should you take less care for the mental food? Words act by laws, just as much as food and medicine do; and you are answerable for the effects of yours on your patient, whether he is delirious or no. When first a morbid fancy begins to take possession of the mind, the sufferer is not delirious, for he is half-conscious that his fancy is a delusion, or at least an exaggeration. Then is the time to bring his moral sense and his better judgment to your aid, and to show him that he ought not to let his mind rest on a subject which makes him false.

You will perhaps reply to this, that, as long as a man is sane, he has a power of control over the effect of words on his mind; and that there is therefore no need for you to be so particular till he is delirious. But he has also a power of control over the effect of food on his body. An unwholesome meal does him less harm if he keeps

quiet after it, than if he wilfully disturbs and excites himself immediately. That is no excuse for your giving him the wrong sort of food. The patient's duty is to resist so far as he can whatever evil influences, physical or mental, he may be subjected to; and your duty is to prevent his having any avoidable evil influences to resist, so that the vital power may be left free to grapple with the disease and with the unavoidable causes of evil which are sure to be present even when you have done your best to eliminate them.

XII. In all cases where the moral health is affected, make your treatment as regular and as little spasmodic as you can, so as not to let the patient lose ground between whiles. Look out for motives which will influence him steadily and continuously and be cumulative in their effect; and avoid as much as you can appealing to motives which tend to wear out and grow weak by use. Try to make the patient feel that every single effort on his part is so much gained, whether he be visibly successful or not. Get him, if you can, to be content to make unsuccessful efforts. Teach him to feel that the effort to control himself is worth making in itself, for your sake, or for the sake of whatever he cares most about. And make him feel too, that, apart from all question of success, two efforts are worth more than one; and trying for an hour to be good and to do right, is worth more than six times as much as trying for ten minutes. He may or may not succeed in doing exactly the thing you have asked him to do; but in any case the steady fixing of his mind on some one purpose, the continuous effort to do or avoid doing something for the sake of right, or for love or grati-

tude to any one, can hardly fail to brace and invigorate the nerves.

Something of the idea which prevails in the playground of a public school might be introduced with advantage into many sick-rooms. Nobody really imagines that the object for which so much time is expended is the winning of a few matches. Everybody is the better for doing his best at cricket; a boy is none the less a gainer because he never wins his way into the glorious "eleven;" but those who do not play their best fail to get the good which they might gain by the exercise.

The advice to keep the moral discipline steady applies especially to what is commonly called "hysterics." An hysterical patient should never be scolded or startled into repressing her cries and struggles. Hysteria suddenly suppressed usually either returns with a violent reaction, or changes itself into some form of neuralgia or brain affection. The aim of every one about an hysterical girl should be to make her feel that hysterics are at a discount in the house; that no one is particularly alarmed by or interested in individual attacks, but that, on the whole, she rather loses caste by being known to be subject to them. Some friend—some one whom the girl likes and respects — should take opportunities occasionally, when alone with her, of explaining to her that she can, if not control, at least prevent such attacks by care, and that it is her duty to avoid all such excitement and fatigue as increase the liability to them. She should never be irritated by any harshness or by any show of contempt or want of sympathy while the fit is on her; but she should be made to feel steadily and always, what is true whether she feels it or not, that her disease is a misfortune and

somewhat of a disgrace, that it imposes unpleasant restraints upon her and deprives her of many pleasures.

XIII. And now I have come to a difficulty. I have something to say which I dare not attempt to explain, for as yet we know too little; and I must not dogmatise, and say, *ex cathedrâ*, "Do this, it is right," giving you no reason. I will take my privilege as a woman, and ask those of you who think I have taught you anything worth knowing, to do something in return for me.

Whenever you see a dying person either clutching at the bed-clothes, or moving his hands vaguely in what is called the mere restlessness of death, send out of the room everybody who will not be quiet; and let some one who is fairly sensible and has a good firm will, slip his hands into those of the patient, and fix his eyes steadily on the dying face, and his mind on the hope of soothing the last struggle and understanding the last wishes. He may ask, from time to time, "Do you wish to tell me anything?" or some such question. More than this I dare not say. You may see little result the first time it is tried; the patient may be really unconscious; or the friend may not be sufficiently "en rapport" with him to elicit anything. But it can hardly do the patient any harm, and may spare him some suffering. And you are not unlikely to be rewarded some day for your charity. In saying this I am not speaking from my own experience alone.

The doctor and professional nurse may perhaps tell you that the speechless dying patient is *unconscious;* and you will wonder that I, who have inculcated unquestioning respect for the doctor's orders, should now advise you

not to believe his assertions. But doctors as a rule do not carefully study the phenomena of the death-crisis; and some of them, therefore, do not know that when a patient is unconscious of ordinary sights and sounds, he is often more conscious than ever before in his life of the thoughts of certain persons, and more keen-sighted than ever as to the best ways of accomplishing certain ends.

I must warn you that a patient sometimes communicates to his mesmeriser not only his thoughts, but, with them, some portion of the suffering which is being spared to himself. Do not, therefore, be alarmed at any symptoms which may occur to you after the death of a patient; keep quiet, get fresh air and light food; and you will soon be none the worse. Should children live in the same house as the friend who gives the assistance of which I spoke, they may exhibit strange phenomena during the next few weeks. If so, take no notice. If that kind of thing does harm, it is because there is tension and fuss about it.

Spiritualist friends often ask me why I never attend "Séances," and whether I do not care to know more about the wonders there witnessed. I have, in the natural course of my business, seen as much as I wish to see; and do not think that anything I could witness at a séance would add to my conviction of the existence of a spirit-world.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE RESPECTIVE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

"Il est temps que la science s'habitue à prendre son bien partout ou elle le trouve."—*Renan.*

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in."—*Ps.* xxiv. 7.

"The hireling fleeth ; because he is an hireling."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE RESPECTIVE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

At the conclusion of one of our former lessons some of you suggested to me a difficulty to which I should now like to give a few moments' consideration. Is it right, you asked, to treat theological and moral questions as if they were only a matter of nerves and brain and forces? Do not the doctors who so treat them, drift into a shocking habit of laughing at theology altogether, as if it were all the invention of brain-sick devotees? Is it right even to read books written by such men, whatever be the practical benefit to be gained from them? In reply, I must beg to remind you of the principle which we laid down from the first, viz., that, whether it be wrong or no, it is at least very unscientific to treat anything whatever as if it were "only" any other thing. I think it is right to treat religious and moral questions as if they depended on forces, simply because the fact is that they do depend on forces. I do not think it right so to treat theological questions. But that is another matter altogether. So far as I know, I have, in speaking to you, hardly touched on any theological question at all.

Theology means the knowledge of God. The knowledge of the works of God (of which man is one) is not theology, it is science. The character of our

Inspirer Himself is a theological question. It is for science to show us how we may become most receptive of His inspiration, and the conditions, physical, mental, and moral, upon which that inspiration is most health-giving and least disturbing, both to our bodies and our minds.

I will illustrate what I mean by an example or two.

That God is a Being whom it is safe to trust, is a truth of theology. But that man is a creature intended to trust in God, and that the more men trust in God the more their intellect will expand and their aspirations be realised, are truths of science. (By science I mean all knowledge derived from experience, and from the observation and classification of facts or phenomena, whether physical or mental). Again: That God is a Benevolent Being is a theological proposition. But it is science, *i.e.* observation, which teaches us that it is good for us to have our kindly feelings called out; and that the exercise of such feelings is more healthy when they are stimulated by the desire to imitate some benevolent object of worship than by mere impersonal love for goodness as such.

One constantly hears from the pulpit a sweeping assertion that "the heart of man naturally craves for some Mediator between man and God." Now, even supposing this to be true, it would be a psychological truth, and have about as much to do with theology as has the tendency of vine-tendrils to seek for support. But, as it happens, it is no truth at all, but a psychological blunder. It is true that a *large proportion* of mankind can in no way so well realise either the holiness or the love of God, as by thinking of Him under a human likeness. It may be also true, that God has chosen to reveal Himself under a

human likeness; and that He intends and wills that all men should know it. But our belief in this theological truth does not alter psychological facts. It is a fact that in a certain small, but I believe an increasing number of human minds, the especially human affections are extremely weak, and, owing to unfortunate circumstances, have been allowed to remain comparatively inactive. To such minds, thinking of God under a human likeness feels very like losing sight of God altogether. It is probable, nay, I suppose certain, that if such persons had seen Christ in the flesh, His overpowering magnetism would have awakened their dormant human sentiments. But to assert that the hearts of such persons crave for a human Mediator to worship, in the face of their own passionate protest that they feel no such craving, that they cannot even conceive what those mean who profess to feel it, that all the love they ever felt for anything in human shape is as nothing compared to their love for their unseen Teacher (or for the Author of Nature, as the bent of their minds may be), that their hearts recoil from the idea of admitting any Mediator between Him and themselves, and that they feel less fear of any hell which He could make, than of being taken out of His hands, is as cruel as it is absurd.

If preachers want to teach their congregations psychology they have a right to do so, and indeed could hardly be more usefully employed. But psychology being a science, those who are to teach it should study it scientifically, *i.e.*, by examining *facts in detail*, and by the light of known scientific laws. To jump from a theological proposition to a psychological one is simply silly; and I am certain that the main reason why scientific men so

often reject what is called theology is, that the people who profess to teach it begin by some utterly false statement about psychology or some other science. Scientific men simply do not believe in the honesty or earnestness of any one who makes false statements about matters of fact, as to which he need not have spoken at all if he did not like the trouble of ascertaining the truth.

And remember, the more sure we are that the results of two departments of study must ultimately approach and throw light on each other, the more imperatively necessary it becomes that we should exercise great caution in keeping distinct the processes by which those results are arrived at. We gain a better idea of an object by comparing pictures, taken from different points of view, than either picture alone would have given us. But if each artist claimed the right to dictate that the canvases of the others should be modified because of what he saw, what a jumble they would make! Just such a jumble do students make when they try to meddle prematurely in each other's work, instead of agreeing to work independently for a common end. When logicians have grappled with the question of the existence of a Deity, they have evaporated Him into an idea while proving His personality. When doctors have presumed to try to investigate His nature, they have resolved Him into a force, just when they had conclusively demonstrated that the thing man most needs on earth is to trust in a living, loving Deliverer. And when theologians have attempted to dogmatise about the ways in which men can, or the conditions on which they may approach God, they have always represented Him as (more or less[1]) like a

[1] There is a great deal of difference between the "more" and the "less."

capricious fiend, even though they made the first condition of His favour to consist in a belief in His perfect justice and mercy.

But does not the Bible treat of all three questions together, and almost as if they were one and the same? Undoubtedly it does. And if the Bible says: "By the Word of the Lord the heavens were made," is that any reason why Newton should not study the laws of gravitation? If St. Paul says that men are members of a body, do you infer from that that Harvey had no right to discover the circulation of the blood by purely scientific investigation? And if Newton and Harvey were right, why should we not try to find out all we can about the action of men's minds on each other, or about the interaction of body and brain, by observation and experiment? Do you think the Bible was put into the world for the purpose of supplying a text-book for one profession only? It is every man's text-book and birthright; and every man has a right to approach it from his own standing-point and get what help he can from it for his own work; or it can be no gift from the Lord of men.

If science proves, as I think it does, that man is meant to be the same sort of being (just, true, loving), which theology proclaims that God is, so much the better for the credit of the Book which declares that man was made in the Image of God. If science shows, as I think it does, that there can be no lasting bonds between men except such as are cemented by mutual self-sacrifice, so much the better for the credit of the other Book which gives the name of 'Communion' to the commemoration of a great sacrifice. But I warn you, once for all, that if you mean to bring your children up rationally, you will find some-

thing to think about besides taking care of the credit of any book. If young mothers have any business at all with books, it is to get help from them in taking care of babies.

Do you remember that sweet story of an intellectual Princess and a romantic warrior, who came to a stop in the middle of a discussion about whether, and how, and for what motives, it is lawful for women to seek for *knowledge?* And then—

> "A bird,
> That early woke to feed her little ones,
> Sent from a dewy breast a cry for *Light!*"

And she got it, did she not? Not very much at first; but so much at least as enabled her to begin her work. It would have been a good while before any light at all came to her, if she had let any one persuade her to shut her eyes in terror of the darkness. Poor little birdie! such a tiny creature in this big world! I often wonder what she thought about the talk of those two clever people. Some one had put four hungry birdlings into her nest; Some one had made the sun begin to shine just when they began to wake; Some one, she hoped, would send food for them; and she must go and hunt for it; that was her philosophy of life. If men would dig out what she wanted, so that it should be ready for her, well and good, she would thank them heartily. But as to which kind of food it was safe for her to pick up, on that point she intended to trust to her instincts and her experience. If she let people bewilder her poor little brain with contradictory *à priori* theories about it, what would become of the birdlings? She was not going to give them what she had not first tasted herself. If she got hold of the wrong

kind of material and made herself sick, why, perhaps, some one would cure her. And if not the birdie knew (as each in its own way, every creature under heaven does know, unless its instincts have been utterly deadened by false theories), that it is better to enter, maimed and blinded, into the life that is prepared for those who try to do their appointed work at all risks to themselves, than with the outward semblance of health to be cast into the hell which is reserved for those who shrink from it.

If you and I were nuns, it might be a legitimate form of recreation for us to sit listening to priests denouncing "carnal wisdom" in our convent chapels. If we were flippant idle girls, there might be great risk of our being led astray by associating with scientific men who laugh at "superstition" across their dinner tables. But life is, I hope, a more serious business for mothers. Our children are realities; and their fevers and their fancies, their hearts and their nerves, their tempers and their digestions, are for us realities too. Very stern and dreadful ones we sometimes think them; very blessed ones we may hereafter find them out to have been. And He who made them put them into our charge. That is a truth of which no one can rob us, unless we choose to let it go, though I have sometimes felt as if everything else that I knew about Him had been swept away from me in the tempest of discussion. And how shall we answer to Him at the last if we let the help which He is sending us by one man be robbed from us by another man?

Many very good people, I know, attribute the cures effected by mesmerism to satanic agency. The same explanation has been offered (also by good people), of the printing press and the Reformation, of the steam engine

and the telegraph, of extra large steamboats, and of particularly accurate books; also of the eloquence, the intellectual power and the moral earnestness of many pious but heterodox preachers; and of a few other things besides. If people suppose that an evil tree can bring forth good fruits, there is no use in arguing the point; the only rational answer that can be given to them was given long ago: If Satan really has taken a fancy to help man to do good, he ought to be allowed to undermine his own power as fast as he likes; but if it should after all be God Himself who is teaching us, then no doubt the kingdom of God is come unto us.

The truth is, believe me, that very few things go on upon this planet in which Ormuzd and Ahriman do not each have some share. There are plenty of mesmeric proceedings which are unquestionably satanic enough.

Whenever you hear any person assert that his neighbour's love for any particular line of inquiry "springs from unbelief in God and must lead to immorality," or that it "springs from ignorance of science, and must lead to superstition," you may take it for granted that he is exceeding his commission. No form of mental activity can spring from either ignorance or unbelief. Nothing but selfishness and conceit can lead to either superstition or immorality. If any study leads, or seems to lead, a man astray, be sure that it is not the study itself which is so leading him, but the self-love which mingles with his desire to know the truth. The wisest Teacher that ever lived has taught us to compare the Spirit, by which God teaches men, to the wind which (as we now know) advances very often, not in one straight line, but by blowing round and round in all directions at once. Trust

Him, and do not let yourselves be frightened by people who tell you that other people *are going the wrong way. Every way is the right way for somebody or other.* The direction in which you ought to travel must depend on the point at which you have arrived. The wrong way at any point is to be too sure that you are going quite right, and to allow yourself to fly off at a tangent in the direction towards which you feel yourself specially impelled; that way is always wrong, because it takes you further and further from the calm centre of progress which it ought to be the aim of every one to reach.

How are we to find out whereabouts that calm centre is? Suppose such a thing were possible as that a whole fleet of ships were scattered over the sea in a hurricane, and all drifting different ways. Then the still centre would be just between any two which were drifting *in exactly opposite directions.* If you felt the wind coming on you from the north, your way to reach the calm centre would be to steer as straight as you could towards somebody who felt the wind coming upon him from the south. I do not say that you ought to turn round and try to go in the direction towards *which he felt impelled to go.* By no means; you ought to try and steer *towards the man himself.* Not in the direction of his wind, nor of your own, but in the line (at right angles to both winds) which joins you and him.

The Jews of old time were looking out eagerly for a Messiah. They wanted some one who should settle for them their disputed points of law, who should tell them exactly how much they ought to yield to one another, and who, above all, should give them an entire victory over, and utterly rid them of, their great enemies, the Romans.

When Jesus came, His solution of all their questions was, "Resist not evil; if any man will take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also; do good to them that hate you." And the Jews and the Romans stopped quarrelling for once, and agreed to get rid of that unsatisfactory and troublesome teacher. Now-a-days we want very much some one to tell us exactly how far we are bound to practise toleration towards those who differ from us on points of theological belief or of scientific opinion; and especially we want some one to rid the world of all those who insist on looking at life from an entirely opposite point of view to our own. And if Jesus came back on the earth now, I cannot help thinking that His solution would be, "Study those who misunderstand you; learn from those who despise you; and give all the help you can to those who are trying to hinder you." I wonder what sort of a reception He would get! We hardly ever try heartily to understand each other; and, what is far, far worse, we do not heartily try to make others understand us. At least, if we occasionally try to do so, we do not steadily and patiently endeavour to avoid saying what will cause others to misunderstand us. I have heard thoughtful and good men sneer, before their religious acquaintance, ay, and before their own wives and children, at all religion and all theology; and talk by the hour together as if no one could know anything about the great Creator; as if the attempt to learn anything about Him were absurd; as if our human love and sense of right were only transitory and phenomenal; the consequences, not the causes, of the laws of our being. And I know that in so doing they were belying the convictions of their hearts. As long as they are discussing other people's theories, such men can sneer

as if nothing in heaven or earth were sacred to them. But when those very same men begin to talk quietly about their own favourite study (whatever it may happen to be), and about sacred Nature, the Author and Teacher of it, they cannot help showing that they feel (though perhaps without definitely saying so to themselves) as though Nature were a person, infinitely loving and true and who personally loves them. For their instinct recognises, in spite of them, the grand old doctrine, which is essential to all healthy theology and which underlies all true science: that the things on earth are shadows of things in the unseen heavens; that physical facts and human relationships are projections upon matter of eternal verities.

I do not wonder that you were startled at first by the suggestion that moral truths are not, like mathematical ones, abstract truths; but depend, for their application to us at least, upon the structure of our heads. No matter how a set of creatures might be constituted, twice two of them must make four of them, under all conceivable circumstances. Whereas the world might have been so constituted, apparently, as to give to selfish cleverness or brute force the upper hand in the long run. Might have been; only as it "happens" it was not so constituted. And why not? Oh! never doubt that there are "Laws in Hades" who will own as their "brothers" the laws of earth.[1]

People often warn us that we ought not to venture into certain regions of interesting investigation, because, if we do, we shall meet with the devil! Now can you believe that Satan, that any evil thing, has been gifted

[1] Crito.

by God with enough of His own majesty and might to stop the progress of scientific inquiry? Who is Satan, that we should be scared at every turn by the sound of his name? He goes about, we are told, as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; which is a reason why we are to be *sober* and *vigilant*, but not a reason for letting him hinder us from going where there is any good to be got. On the contrary, we are told to "resist him." And I want you to notice that analogies, when true at all, are true in a higher and deeper sense than could be realised when they were first perceived. I have given you one instance above: "The wind bloweth where it listeth." This one, of the devil as a *roaring lion*, is another. The lion, two thousand years ago, was a formidable foe to man; a real obstruction to exploration and cultivation. At the present day he cannot be said to constitute a serious danger to any except savages; a few rash people who go off alone hunting for the sake of excitement fall victims now and then; but, as a general proposition, we may say that civilised man is the lion's master. No enterprise, worth undertaking in itself, is desisted from, now-a-days, on the ground that the "district is infested with lions." If the lion stands in the way of progress, *so much the worse for the lion.* We have rifles with which we can take a sure aim at him; we know the exact size of the bullet which will bring him down; we dissect him in the interests of science; we put sections of him under our microscopes and his skeleton in a museum; his skin forms an ornamental hearthrug; and the rest of him no doubt makes excellent manure. And if St. Peter's analogy be a truly inspired, not a forced and manufactured one, it must hold good to the

end. Along the same road which the type has gone, must the antitype go also; it is only a question of time; as it has been with the lion, so must it be with the devil.

We shall never get God under our microscopes; never, never, never; nor fix His place, nor measure His dimensions; but all that is evil (or I would rather say, everything in the universe which affects us evilly) is, I devoutly believe, the heritage of science; her legitimate prize; the stimulus to her best energies; the food which she will gradually consume, and turn into blossom and fruit.

CHAPTER V.

THOUGHT-READING.

"Whoever shall cause to stumble one of these little ones, it were better for him that he were cast into the depths of the sea."

"Study—to do your own business."

"It is in nurseries and sick-rooms, and by death-beds that women should learn theology."

GEORGE BOOLE.

CHAPTER V.

THOUGHT-READING.

Most persons are now familiar with the idea that some children, and even a few adults, are gifted with the power of voluntarily seeing into the thoughts of those around them, and especially of the persons with whom they are in certain close relations. There is another phase of the same phenomenon, about which much less has been written—a tendency to involuntary, and often unconscious, thought-reading. With the help of a small circle of friends, I have endeavoured to study this singular abnormality. I cannot pretend that we have arrived at any very definite results. The subject is, for many reasons, of serious importance, and will repay the attention of any one who has opportunities for observation such as every school affords. I will state as briefly as I can the conclusions to which we have been led, only premising that I do not give them as final, nor do I wish to impose my opinions on any one. I offer them rather as affording a clue to beginners as to the direction in which it may be most useful to observe. For the sake of brevity and convenience, I will not too often repeat such phrases as "I think," "I believe," or "so far as I have been able to observe," but beg you to accept once for all the assurance than I speak in no spirit of dogmatism, but simply

say what I have seen, in the earnest hope that others may see further and more clearly.

Thought-reading would appear to be in a certain sense the normal condition of infancy; nature's provision for helping us over the first difficulty of entering into communication with our species. It seems to me highly probable that every child of a year old, not an absolute idiot, is in a certain vague, elementary way, a thought-reader, or rather an impression-reader. The impressions on the minds of the adults around him are shadowed in some way on his brain. Just as, a few weeks after birth, the sutures of a child's skull should close, so, at some age under six years, some closure or hardening process should go on in his mind. He is learning to receive impressions through his outer senses, and the more direct mode of reception normal in infancy is becoming closed for him. But it not unfrequently happens that this mental closure is delayed to twelve or fourteen years, sometimes till eighteen or twenty; occasionally it never takes place at all. The causes of this retardation of mental closure are I believe unknown. I have observed it where there has been any great discrepancy between the parents, whether in age, in culture, or in moral earnestness. I do not remember ever to have seen it in children whose parents were pretty equally matched in all these respects.

The infant, as I said, seems to be an impression or sensation-reader. If the faculty is retained after the child is capable of thought, he becomes a thought-reader.

If the thought-reading child is intellectually of low type, he can be made what some common exhibitors of mesmeric tricks call a "clairvoyant." (Many clairvoyants are I know of high type; but they do not easily lend

themselves to purposes of vulgar exhibition.) If he does not fall into the hands of an exhibitor, he drifts into growing like the persons who happen to gain most influence over him. He is sure to become the slave and tool of somebody or other; and the best we can hope for him is that he may find a sensible and virtuous master.

But the retardation of mental closure is often accompanied by intellectual and moral qualities of no mean order; in which case something very different from anything commonly known as clairvoyance is the result. The phenomenon seems to have been common among the early Hebrews, and was more studied among them than it has been of late by western nations.

This retardation of mental closure of which I am speaking, is often accompanied by the prolongation into mature years of a peculiar kind of sensitiveness to association, such as ordinary people possess only in early childhood. At any time in the line of such a sensitive subject, a mere accidental association of ideas or emotions may be sufficient to create, or at least develop, a faculty which he was not previously known to possess.

The child affected by involuntary thought-reading is usually in a special relation of sympathy with one or more adults, whose thoughts affect him more than do those of other people. He by no means always reproduces the thought of the adult in the same form in which it existed in the mind of the latter. Often some concrete and picturesque version of it is reflected on to his brain, without his thinking the thought itself at all. Absence from the person with whom he is in this peculiar relation does not immediately cause the thought-transference to cease. If two or three people, under whose influence he

is, hold a very earnest conversation together, the tendency is temporarily heightened; especially, I believe, if the conversation is held after the child is asleep.

A child who has this faculty is always what is called a "peculiar" child. Though usually tenacious in his affections, he is almost always capricious in the expression of affection. He is often conscious of something in the mind of a person who wishes to caress him, or of some one else who may be present, which makes caresses, as he feels, a desecration. He is apt to think people untrue, being vaguely conscious of some discrepancy between their thoughts and their words. He takes strong likes and dislikes. He has usually a lack of what the Greeks called "storge," *i.e.*, mere clinging to one's own family as such. He cares for individuals or dislikes them personally; the fact that they are related to him by ties of blood affects him little in any way; unless indeed too much is expected of him in the way of recognition of such ties, in which case they may become a cause of intense dislike. Some careful training is needed to make him understand the use and sacredness of family ties; though, when once he has been made to understand, he is usually exceptionally loyal to them. As he grows older he often develops strong instincts of purity, which, unfortunately, too often run counter to established conventions. He will, perhaps, loathe the touch of some highly respected individuals, asserting that they are impure; occasionally he alarms his family by making himself the champion of some lawless outcast, in whom he can detect no impurity.

Great cruelty is often practised towards such children by compelling them to kiss and allow themselves to be

caressed by persons from whom they shrink. They, more emphatically than other children, need steady discipline to prevent them from drifting into caprice and irregularity in the discharge of their duties; but it seems to me that such discipline should, as much as possible, be confined to things that can fairly be considered in the light of actual duty or of mere formal courtesy; personal contact should never be enforced, nor should any pressure be put on the use of endearing expressions; and the child's recreation time should be as little as possible interfered with; for what is recreation to others may be the severest labour to him.

As a compensation for the difficulties indicated above, and for the life of suffering which the involuntary thought-reader usually leads till what I have called the "mental closure" has taken place, he has one great advantage over others. If his health resists the mental suffering to which he is exposed, and he lives to grow up, he begins his adult existence endowed with a knowledge of human nature, acquired during his years of abnormal lucidity, which corrects many prejudices and makes it specially easy for him to acquire comprehensive and philosophic views of life.

He is exposed to two great dangers in the course of his early education; the first arising from lack of confidence between his father and mother; the second from the ambition of his teachers. I will say a few words about each of these sources of danger; and first of the latter.

A child such as I am describing often gets into sympathy with one or more of his teachers; and when that is the case he appears a prodigy of intellectual power. One teacher after another informs the parents that the

child has a special aptitude for his or her particular subject. If he is placed under a tutor or "coach" who happens to possess (as many successful teachers do) a high degree of mesmeric power, the child accomplishes marvels. Inasmuch, however, as the work which he is doing so rapidly and successfully is probably essentially unsuited to him, it tells on his vital energies, though sometimes in a way which only a skilled medical eye is able to detect as long as the stimulus of contact with the teacher is constantly present. As soon as the contact comes to an end, if not before, the results become obvious; the prodigy loses his wonderful mental power. Perhaps he suddenly bursts a blood-vessel, goes into rapid decline, becomes insane, or takes to drinking; or in some way or other fails utterly. Whereupon the disaster is attributed to "over-work;" it being in truth rather the result of *unsuitable work made possible by over-magnetisation from one person.*

And this brings me to the point about which I feel most sure in connection with this class of children. And as the caution which I am going to give on their behalf is, in a minor degree, needful to be observed for all children, there is all the less danger of my doing harm by insisting on it. As soon as a child, and especially a thought-reading child, has succumbed thoroughly to the magnetism or influence of any one person, it is right to secure for him counter-influence, equally strong, from some person of widely-different temperament. A parent should not (except in rare cases of immoral or highly injudicious use of influence) attempt any direct interference with a child being "too fond" of any teacher; but the child should, as soon as the over-fondness is

observed, be exposed to powerful counter-influence from some person of opposite tastes, temperament, and mental habits.

I was endeavouring the other day to explain to a professional exhibitor of clairvoyants the need of this rule, on grounds of physical and moral hygiene. He naïvely replied that he did not know anything about that; but he had observed that "it spoils them for purposes of exhibition." It struck me that the gentleman had enunciated a wider truth than he was perhaps himself aware of. Many a Senior Wrangler without any great original mathematical power, many a winner of musical scholarships without true musical genius, would have been "spoiled for purposes of exhibition," and also saved from premature destruction, had the parents of the prodigy known the need and value of well-arranged *counter-magnetisation* or balance of influence.

But here we are met by a serious difficulty. *Harmonious* counter-magnetism is life to such children, and in a measure to all children. But *antagonistic* magnetism is poison to them. To find two teachers whose ideas, tastes, feelings, and natural tendencies are as different as possible, who are equal in the power of gaining affection, and who will cordially agree not to disturb each other's influence over a pupil—such is the problem which nature is setting before the mother of every thought-reading child.

Those who despair of the future of our race, because of the complications due to heredity and to the increasing nervousness of civilised man, have, I think, little idea of the stores of recuperative power which lie hidden away and almost inaccessible, waiting till a well-established

system of harmonious counter-magnetisation shall prevail over the whole domain of education.

Of the evils of unharmonised and antagonistic counter-magnetism I have next to speak. Many years ago, I wrote a tale, founded on fact, to illustrate these evils. Perhaps I can hardly do better than to relate a part of it here. The peculiar form of religious belief to which my story alludes has gone out of fashion; it will, therefore, be evident that my intention is not to attack an almost obsolete superstition, but to point out how, without the least quarrelling, ill-temper, or unkindness, parents may injure a child by the mere fact of omitting to come to an understanding on serious subjects. It is, alas! no fiction, but an o'er true tale. I do not pretend that the circumstances which I am going to relate occurred exactly as I shall relate them; but in all its essential features my picture is, I assure you, under—not over—drawn; and it is drawn from an original not very uncommon. The tragic facts which continually come before one surpass all my powers of invention.

A mother has taken a little girl to consult a physician, and this is her account of the case. The child has been always rather fragile and delicate, but until lately has appeared on the whole healthy. For some weeks past, however, her appetite has been failing, and she has been languid, and at last a local eruption, hereditary in the family, has appeared, which makes her restless. She is usually a good child on the whole, and a great chatterer, though given to fits of dogged obstinacy. Of late she has been silent and ill-tempered, and goes into a corner alone to cry. "What do you give her to eat?" asks the doctor. "Oh! plain food," replies the mother. "We

never allow our children's appetites to be pampered; and *this* little one is very good in that respect, she never seems to care what she eats;" (which, being interpreted, means that, the parents having got hold of a silly theory that greediness is a thing to be checked in all children, this poor little creature. who could not have been made greedy by any pampering, and to whom the act of eating ought to have been made pleasant in every possible way, has been systematically wrongly fed, till at last her digestion has been impaired). "I hope you don't make her study much," says the doctor. "No; she has plenty of time for play. But she is so fond of her books we can scarcely coax her away from them." "Does she sleep well?" "Yes, very well. I send her to bed early, and nurse finds her *always fast asleep when she fetches the candle.*" "You don't let her read much at night the last thing before she goes to bed?" "Oh no, we always have the children in *to talk to us* for the last hour before bedtime." "Can you find no sort of play that would amuse her?" "She cares for nothing very much but books, except her pet animals. She is never tired of tending them." "Well, that's a good occupation for her," says the doctor (who however does not quite know what an exciting subject "pet animals" really is to a certain class of children; or perhaps he would not speak so positively). The doctor is puzzled. He looks steadily at his patient. There is a strange light in those sad weary eyes, a dogged resolution on that puckered brow, which would tell a fearful tale if she were thirty. But what can such an infant have upon her mind? "I wonder what she thinks about when she goes off to cry," he says to himself. But a true instinct warns him that

some evil genius has got into that house; and that he might as well ask the mother to translate the Vedas, as to find out what a child is crying about. He gives a prescription for the rash, and orders the child to be kept warm and have light nourishing food. "Don't let her read melancholy books or be much alone," is his parting advice.

Now let us see if we can find out what the little creature cries about.

Her father, who grew up in the habit of going to church like other people, without any particular reason for doing so, except that other people do, has been thinking intently for some time past of some of the problems which are stirring the mind of the age. He has been wondering whether He whom science reveals as the author of law, and the Bible speaks of as a God of mercy, can possibly mean to do all the lawless and merciless things which it seems to be the fashion to take it for granted that He will do. He has one or two friends with whom he sometimes speaks on the subject, when his wife is not by. For his wife is a very religious woman, and she would be greatly shocked to hear of his doubts. She would never really understand him. And she might bring him into trouble with the clergyman, who is a good man in his way and very useful among the poor; it would be a pity to quarrel with him. And besides, one of his friends is a young and handsome woman who is considered "a strange girl" in many ways; whom gentlemen call "Hypatia," and whom most ladies rather dislike. Hypatia is not considered "religious;" but how her soul flashes into her great black eyes sometimes, when they are talking of the great All-Father of men and

beasts! One night our little girl's father and his friends had an animated discussion about Plato, in which Hypatia had taken part with a kitten on her lap, while the wife sat sewing in silence. After the departure of the guests the wife remarked that Hypatia "appeared to be very fond of profane learning, and of masculine studies;" that she "seemed to court the notice of gentlemen," and was "reported to be unsound in her theological opinions."

No; on the whole he does not think it would ever do to let his wife know that he shares Hypatia's "unsoundness."

He would like to tell the little girl, his favourite (the most like him of all his children), in a simple form suited to a child's capacity, something of that wonderful and holy hope which has dawned like the day-spring from on high over his heart. But how can he interfere with what is especially a mother's province, the religious instruction given in the nursery? Besides, if he wished to do it, he would not know exactly what to tell the child. So he dwells lovingly and reverently, when talking to her, on the beauty and order of Nature; and hopes that the seed thus sown may spring up and grow in her heart at some future time. As to anything doctrinal,—why, he will *keep his thoughts to himself.*

As if any of us could do that!

Our poor little girl's brain has become magnetised with both her father's intellectual doubts and *her mother's suspiciousness;* and as the parents will not, and the child dares not, take the natural heaven-sent remedy of family confidence, thoughts of doubt and distrust, which at another time might have flitted across her mind without resting on it a moment, have found there a congenial

home. And the consequence to her bodily health we have seen.

What has it been to her mind? When the nurse fetches the candle she finds the child asleep, she tells the mother. Now, a few weeks ago, the poor little creature committed the mighty crime of bursting into a flood of tears because her brother snatched her doll away suddenly. Some time afterwards her parents came into the room and found her crying still, and asked what was the matter? Feeling ill and wretched, and having a vague consciousness that her brother's rudeness was not the real cause of her little outbreak of temper, she replied, "nothing." Whereupon her father, who had not heard about the doll, told her that it was silly to cry for nothing; and her mother who had, said that it was naughty to be so cross. If that sad "nothing" could have been interpreted by the instincts of a devoted mother or the wisdom of a nurse trained to observe, this illness might have been prevented. But highly sensitive children of this kind have naturally some amount of dramatic talent; and, when they are misunderstood and roughly handled, they learn the use of it for self-protection. Ever since that day the child has repressed her tears as much as possible during the daytime, unless some lucky chance affords her a quiet corner where she can be alone. The moment she hears her nurse coming for the candle at night, she turns her head to the wall and pretends to be asleep, till the door is closed and she is once more alone; and then she bursts into a passionate fit of weeping.

"How hot I feel," she sobs out at length, under her breath; "mamma said I was feverish. People die in fever sometimes. I wonder whether I am going to die.

I shouldn't be sorry, as far as dying goes. Only, suppose I am not saved. Suppose I have to go to hell; that would be for ever and ever. I wonder whether I am good enough for God to take me to heaven. I don't think so. I do try very hard; but I feel so angry sometimes, and they say I am obstinate. Perhaps God would forgive me though, and take me to heaven. But that would be nearly as bad. The music would make me cry so, and the light would make my head ache; and I shouldn't like to see all those strange people, and have no dog, nor cat, nor books. There would be nothing but praying and singing; and I should have to make believe to like it.

I wonder whether there mightn't be some one to teach me there, even without books. I do like lessons so. You can go on finding out what is true about them; and it always comes right if you go on long enough; and it is never saucy to want to know all about them. I should like to go into some cool dark place, and have some good spirit near me who would teach me for ever, and never let me see anybody ever again. Only, I should like God to take care of my poor little cat and make her happy. She was in such pain before she died. But mamma says God doesn't do anything to repay cats for what they suffer.

What's that in the room? It looks all light. Is any one calling me? Oh! it was only my fancy. Papa told me never to mind fancies that came in the dark. How hot my head is! I wish I could go to sleep. Oh! I wish there was no hell, and no heaven, and no God, and that I might die and sleep always."

One evening the father said to his friends that if the

Maker of the universe really required men to stifle their convictions, as religious books assert, He should rather be called the Father of Lies than a God of Truth. What awful dreams haunted the child that night we need not ask. But if you could have followed her unseen when she went off alone with her dog next day (to sulk, as her brothers said), you might have heard her talking to it in something like this way: "I didn't hurt you, did I, Carlo? I was only in fun when I said you were saucy to tell me I was in the wrong. I was only pretending to punish you. You know I love you dearly, Carlo; I would not hurt you for the world. I slap my dolly hard; but then you know she can't feel. I would not do so to you; it would be cruel. For I am a real girl and I love you, Carlo. Mamma and nurse punish me; but I wonder what mamma and nurse really are? There is a bad fairy in my story-book who made herself look like a nice pretty lady. I wonder"—— At this point the poor child's imagination becomes delirious for a time, and runs riot in the wildest horrors.

What proportion of the children who have such thoughts live to grow up I have no idea. A medical friend tells me that he believes the large majority of those who are born with any great power of moral insight, and who might have become reformers, are driven by the unreality of our systems of moral culture into mad-houses or early graves. Another, who had paid special attention to the subject of thought-reading and unconscious mesmerism, said to me, "Crucifying and burning were merciful inventions compared to laying the foundation of nervous affections in the constitutions of young children, and worrying thinking men into insanity and heart disease;

and that is what people are doing now-a-days in the name of religion and morals." But I do not want to scare you with sensational horrors, or to write a new martyrology; I pass over the most ghastly features of my subject; I only want to direct your attention to facts which are going on in nurseries around us; in yours and mine, for all we know. Ay, when you were confiding to a friend in your drawing-room that Emma was "growing perverse from her papa's petting," or that Tommy wanted "a dose of castor-oil, for he wouldn't be so cross if his stomach wasn't out of order," Emma or Tommy may have been carrying on such a fight with horror in the dark as you read of in the Pilgrim's Progress, but never thought of as reality in your lives.

Those who live through such experience usually grow up somewhat reserved and odd. They do not give their confidence unless it is sought. People do not know much about them. Some are pious and fond of going to church; but are felt by their religious acquaintance to be somehow unsatisfactory. They do not seem to mean quite the same thing as ordinary people, even when they use the same words. Others are "Infidels," and shudder when they hear the Bible spoken of. The horror of association overpowers their reason when the Book is named.

The particular child of whom we are speaking is one of those who recover. The love of Nature is, in one sense, a great healer. The child's illness comes one night to a crisis, in which she catches, as in a vision, a glimpse of something gloriously lovely in the wonders of creation; and at that time her health begins to improve. Now let us see the effect of the attack on her future develop-

ment. The physician whom her mother consulted has rather hindered than helped her moral recovery; for his orders have caused her mother to take her favourite story-books away. Now, though play, if she could be got to care for it, would be better for her than melancholy tales, yet even sad story-books would have taken her out of herself for a time; and aroused within her some natural human sympathy, to do which, in a child of her temperament, is one of the most important and one of the most difficult problems which an educator has to solve. When she grows up, she in her turn is considered a "strange girl." She is a favourite with clever men, worshipped by children and the poor, followed about by dogs and tame birds; but, as a rule, not much liked by the ladies of her family and the neighbourhood; not satisfactory or easy to get on with; and subject to rare but violent paroxysms of temper on apparently trifling provocation; usually about the supposed wrongs or grievances of some helpless person or dumb animal.

At nineteen she has an attack of some kind of blood-poisoning or low fever. She shows no fear of dying, and no wish to get better. So far as she takes any interest in anything, it is in resisting food or medicine on one pretence or another. She says that she does not like the food, and that she does not believe the medicine will do her any good; and yet you may possibly discover, if you can surprise her when her consciousness is, so to speak, off its guard, that she has a physical longing for one or the other or both. She has never been delirious, or shown any symptom of her mind being much affected, except a curious distrust of every one, especially the doctor. But at last she seems to become torpid. Her

little nephew, a great pet of hers, escaped from his nurse to-day, and slipped into aunty's room, but aunty did not even smile at him. She has been told that her favourite brother is coming home after his three years' absence, and that she must make haste and get well to receive him; but she took no notice of the news. And, hark! there is her lover's voice in the hall. Does she hear it? "No; she is quite unconscious," the nurse says. Begging the nurse's pardon, she is nothing of the sort. If you could listen to her unspoken thoughts you might hear something like this: "Little Willie must be very dull without me, and yet I couldn't speak to him. I daresay I could if I tried, but I couldn't try, somehow. I'm sure if Tom were drowning instead of coming home, I wouldn't lift my hand to save him. And there's Harry's voice, I know. How odd it seems to hear his voice and not want to go to him! I don't care if I never see him again. What makes me so indifferent to everything, I wonder? Am I dying? I don't care. But am I prepared to die? I don't care. People are not saved, they say, if they die unprepared. I ought to care. But I can't. It seems very wicked. I ought to say some prayers. But I don't know what to ask for. Let me see. What prayers used I to say before I was ill? Ah! there was the Lord's Prayer, I know. I'll say that. 'Our Father which art,' —what's the rest, I wonder? I forget. 'Our Father.' I can't remember any more. Will God be angry with me for not caring about my prayers? He used to help me to say them, I remember, when I was cross and unhappy and didn't know what to ask for. Now He has made me so that I can't say them. It is His business, not mine, I don't care."

There is one thing, however, that she does care for still. She is sinking into a half-comatose sleep, and a coldness, like that of death, is creeping slowly up her limbs. But she tosses out her arms at last in a sudden fit of energy, and cries out, "Leave me now, go away and leave me, I want to sleep." "We will be very quiet, my darling, we will not disturb you, but we must stay. You may want something," say the trembling friends, who suppose of course that the idea of the sleep she is expecting being very possibly her last on earth, has never crossed *her* mind. "Leave me, leave me," she persists. "I can't sleep while you are there. I should sleep so sound if you were gone. That's all right now," she thinks, as they retire behind a curtain, "I can die in peace, now that I am alone. How cold I am! How nice it is to feel so still! Soon I shall be down in a cool dark grave, under that pretty old tree, and have nice green grass growing over me, and never see any one again."

For it is quite true that in fever-crises and other conditions of extreme exhaustion,—and especially, I have every reason to believe, at the point of death,—after a man has become indifferent to present suffering and future danger, to everything that has been to him through life most dreadful or most dear; after he has quite lost the power of conceiving the idea or of feeling the presence of a spiritual Deity, there often remains to him, as the one thing to cling to, a vision of that material object which has been most associated in his mind with the feelings of duty[1]

[1] When I say "duty," I mean voluntary and systematic sacrifice of one's immediate inclination, whether to a worthy or unworthy object. I mean that that which we have in any sense worshipped

and of trust; of the garment, that is to say, which God has worn before his eyes. "Hold thou Thy cross before my dying eyes," is therefore, thank God, no vain prayer for any one to whom Christianity has been a faith and a passion. But this poor child has never associated the name of Christ with anything but a set of doctrines for the sake of which her childhood was darkened and her youth perplexed; and she thinks of Him now as little as of last year's storms. Her faith and her obedience have been given to some one Who revealed Himself to her in the solitude of night and the beauty of nature; and therefore, as she passes off into unconsciousness, she thinks of being *freed from the presence of human beings*, and of the grass and the trees and the darkness. She learned distrust of mankind early; and consequently the first symptom of her disease was distrust of her doctor. She longed to die in her nursery; therefore, whenever she feels out of sorts and ill, she does not wish to recover. And now she has fallen asleep thinking of the blessing of escaping from mankind, just as she thought ten years ago. Should she ever wake on earth, it will be with a pang of disappointment, perhaps of terror, at finding herself once more among human friends, which will communicate a tone of depression to her mind, and make her convalescence both painful and slow. Its effect will remain long after her late-awakened human sympathies have begun

remains with us, when all which we have merely enjoyed has left us. If Pope's fine lady, for instance, had never attended to her toilet, except when it gave her present pleasure to do so, she would not have had strength to ask for rouge at the last. The "ruling passion strong in death" is a vitality lingering in the nerve which has been touched by the spirit of self-sacrifice after all the rest of the brain has become torpid.

once more to assert their claims. If she had fallen asleep looking lovingly at the vision of a human figure, the sight of human figures around her when she woke would have given her new life.

She may recover from the fever, though very slowly. She may also in the course of years "grow out of" her childish moroseness and her girlish peculiarities and fits of passion and love of solitude, and become a happy and useful woman. There is one thing, however, which she will find a greater difficulty, and which, unless she learns secrets of self-discipline known to but few, she will hardly outgrow. Whenever she is very weak and depressed, comfort and rest will present themselves to her mind in connection with the thought of *darkness*, and in some way or other of *Nature*, in special contradistinction to human nature. Her reason may be convinced of her friends' goodwill; but whenever she is too much exhausted and overtired for reason, her instinct prompts her to trust no one except the God of Nature, Who is everywhere—in the grave (she feels) as much as anywhere else. She distrusts, instinctively, those persons especially who are endeavouring to do her good.

You see, of course, what spectre haunts her life. She may become a pessimist writer or a pantheist poet, or distinguish herself in many ways; but at the background of her consciousness is always some form of anti-human, and I would almost call it suicidal mania; not indeed the physical craving for the act of self-murder (which is said to be the result of inheritance from insane or drunken or epileptic parents), but that longing to escape from human society, that feeling that good is to be sought in darkness and solitude, which produces many anomalies of

character and absurdities of belief; and which has been known to drive the sufferer to actual self-destruction, in spite of the most pious faith and of the greatest horror of the act itself.

This strange disease, one phase of which I have been trying to picture, is as Protean in its forms as scrofula; and in fact often blends with and complicates physical taints of the blood, and is complicated by them.

At one time I thought that it was the product of certain specially horrible forms of religious belief; but further study has led me to see that this was a mistake. No form of belief, so far as I can see, produces it; and no form of either faith or disbelief is a protection from it. All my experience leads me to believe that it is the result of lack of mutual confidence between those who have charge of a child. The more two people differ, if they can honestly and cordially agree to differ, the higher becomes, as I suggested above, their combined power of healthily and permanently vitalising the brain of a third. But concealed differences and unexpressed discontent between the parents or teachers almost invariably have the effect of more or less demagnetising the thought-reading child's brain, and putting it out of full sympathy with humanity.

Perhaps some one may be disposed to ask how she can judge whether a child who seems "clever" has real intellectual power, the exercise of which will be beneficial to his health, or only a power of thought-reading which makes him appear clever because he reflects his teacher's knowledge, and which causes very special study of any one subject to be a danger. The following is a simple test. Let the teacher for whose subject the child

is supposed to have a special aptitude select some point on which the child is likely to be interested. Let her "get herself up" on that point; *i.e.*, prepare both her material and herself as if she were going to lecture to a class; and let her then invite the child to a private conversation on that point. The object of this is to get the teacher into a state of magnetic tension; while at the same time it gives the best chance of fixing the pupil's attention. At the end of from half an hour to an hour, let her feel the child's hand, look carefully at his face, and ask whether he wishes the lesson to be prolonged. If the hands are either burning or clammily cold; if the eyes are filmy or unnaturally bright; if the lips are twitching; if the child either is very eager to go on, or is dazed and tired and complains of headache, the teacher has grounds for suspecting that any brilliancy which he may have shown is not his own, but a reflection of her greater knowledge. She will be confirmed in this opinion if she has observed that the child's remarks are in any special relation, either of agreement or of antagonism, to her own unspoken thoughts. For it should be observed that thought-reading often produces, if the teacher is not exactly in harmony with the child, a revulsion of antagonistic thought.

If the child's physical condition is normal, if he is only normally interested in his lesson and quite willing to exchange it for play, and if his answers have run in a line independent of the teacher's thoughts, she may feel fairly satisfied that the answers which he may have given are a true measure of his own intellectual power. Then, by comparing them with the performances, not of the "clever" children of her acquaintance, many of whom are probably

thought-readers, but of other children whom she has tested in a similar way and found not to be specially gifted with thought-reading power, she may form a judgment whereabouts in the scale of real intellectual capacity he should be placed.

I incline to think that a moderate amount of practice in the art of positive and voluntary thought-reading, such as may be got by playing the now fashionable "Willing Game," would perhaps be a preservative from the suffering caused by passive and involuntary thought-reception. But we know so little as yet of the whole subject that I fear to give advice. I can say positively little more than this:—that, in our ignorance of the laws which govern the action of minds on each other, we are inflicting suffering compared to which all that we are told about the horrors of vivisection sinks into insignificance. Believe me, no form of science is ever as cruel as wilful and self-satisfied ignorance.

And now that serious attempts are being made to throw light upon this obscure subject of the unconscious influence of one human being on another, I hope that all who have opportunities for observation will endeavour to assist the progress of investigation.

CHAPTER VI.

ON HOMŒOPATHY.

"Peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

"The kingdom of heaven is as leaven, hid till the whole wa leavened."

"Whither we know, and whence, and dare not care where through."

CHAPTER VI.

ON HOMŒOPATHY.

The title of our lesson may perhaps suggest to your minds the recollection of some benevolent lady whom you have met in society, who tried to persuade you that she can, without study or reflection, cure all the ills which flesh and spirit are heirs to, by means of a little book and a little box full of little bottles. In order, therefore, that we may start with a clear understanding of what the thing is that we are talking about, I may as well assure you at once that Homœopathy does not mean the use of little white pillules instead of big brown pills. Its essential feature consists in the treatment of disease by means of remedies which are homœopathic, in contradistinction to such as are antipathic or allopathic, to the symptoms. The medicine which will produce any symptom in a healthy man, or temporarily aggravate it in one who is already suffering from it, is homœopathic to that symptom. An antipathic remedy is a direct and immediate palliative. An allopathic remedy is one which mitigates one morbid symptom by provoking another in some other part of the frame. A blister applied behind the ears to relieve sore eyes is an allopathic remedy. Lancing a carbuncle is antipathic. Putting cold limbs near the fire is antipathic; plunging the same cold limbs

in cold water is a homœopathic remedy. The term hydropathy is an absurd compound, and has no meaning whatever. Water, hot or cold air, steam, drugs in any form, may all be administered either homœopathically, antipathically, or allopathically. It ought not to be forgotten that Hahnemann practised successfully for some years as a true homœopath before the idea of infinitesimal doses occurred to him.

Homœopathic remedies tend to the eradication of particular morbid affections. The object of antipathic treatment is to concentrate the reactive power, or to increase it by diminishing the waste. Hahnemann's great homœopathic law or principle, "Like should be treated by like," is now in some measure admitted by all really scientific practitioners, however they may choose to deride the word Homœopathy. There are chronic affections for which no physician worthy of the name gives palliatives as long as he has any hope of effecting a cure. According to homœopaths, where the constitution is strong and some well-marked chronic disease has to be grappled with, the doctor should prescribe a remedy homœopathic to the morbid symptoms; and the patient may be allowed to pursue his ordinary mode of life (provided that it be tolerably conformed to general hygienic rules); avoiding only such articles of diet, &c., as have a special tendency to interfere with the action of the remedies or to increase the disease.

In ordinary eruptive[1] fevers, &c., the chief danger consists in the possibility of the attack not running its course, of its being interfered with by some constitutional defect or by injudicious treatment. The chief remedies, therefore,

[1] Note 7.

are often antipathic, not indeed to the essential characteristic symptoms of the disease, but to others. For instance, if the patient is thirsty let him drink freely, if excited darken the room. In depressed conditions give abundance of light (of course avoiding glare) and let the patient have something bright-coloured to look at. If the feet are cold apply heat. But if the illness has a characteristic eruption, of course you would never think of trying to check that. On the contrary, if sluggish ness of the skin prevents the scarlatina-rash from coming out freely, you do something to stimulate perspiration. A "pack" is in such case said by many people to answer better than any medicinal sudorific, just because it is more directly and purely antipathic to the dry state of the skin, and interferes less with any other organ. Neither pack nor sudorifics have anything to do with scarlatina. They would not bring out scarlatina on a healthy person. They simply correct temporarily the state of the skin which was interfering with the rash.

There may have been, I think there must have been, far back in the history of medicine, an epoch when everybody supposed that the thing to do for a scarlatina patient was to rub in, or somehow check, the rash. Try to imagine yourselves living at such a time; and then think what you would have said to the first doctor who started the theory that the way to cure the patient was to leave the rash unchecked; nay, even to encourage it! Just so do we in our ignorance speak of the first discoverers of many deep and vital truths.

In all the ordinary cases of chronic or semi-chronic illness, as also in malignant fevers, severe cases of smallpox, cholera, &c., where the disease is of too serious a

nature to be allowed to run its course, the doctor's business is to prescribe remedies which he thinks will attack the important symptoms, and which are often truly homœopathic; and the nurse's business is, under his direction, to administer treatment antipathic to accidental symptoms.

I say *under the doctor's direction.* The nurse ought to know pretty well in ordinary cases, what treatment is antipathic to what symptom; and, from constantly watching the patient, she may often find out how to relieve a symptom more quickly and pleasantly than a doctor could. But she may not know what are the characteristic symptoms of the disease, those which it is essential either to treat "homœopathically" or to let alone. They may or may not be the most obvious or most painful symptoms. Moreover, dangerous symptoms may be present unknown to her, which her treatment might increase or complicate by causing the symptom she is trying to cure to fly elsewhere. And therefore, in any serious illness, she ought to submit entirely to the doctor's opinion as to how much of the disease she may venture to take into her own hands at all. There is absolutely no limit to the amount of mischief which may result from neglect of this caution.

Uneasiness arising from natural wants is treated of course antipathically. You do not desire to cure a man of the tendency to become hungry or sleepy at proper intervals, you only want to relieve his hunger or sleepiness for the time. Homœopathic treatment would, therefore, be out of place; unless indeed, he should be disposed to grow hungry or sleepy oftener than is compatible with a healthy state of body or mind. In the

latter case the treatment must be homœopathic. That is to say, you will desire him to go without food or sleep (as the case may be), a little longer each day than is quite pleasant to him. This will have the effect of increasing the *sensation* of sleepiness or the craving for food.

You will understand that I have made, and shall make, no attempt to teach you anything of medical practice. If you want to learn that you must study it elsewhere. Whether a homœopathic, antipathic, or allopathic remedy is the best to use under any given circumstances, must depend on a variety of considerations which only a scientific medical training and long practice can enable any one to weigh fairly. .

It is theoretically wrong to sleep with a hot bottle in the bed except during acute illness. It tends to increase the liability to chilliness in future. The treatment for chronic coldness of the feet may consist, if the patient is strong, in making him walk for a few minutes daily on rough gravel in a brook; if he is delicate and weakly, you should at bed-time first get the feet thoroughly warm by some antipathic means, and then give a shock of cold water followed by rubbing. This is homœopathy. But if the shock of cold water and the rubbing fail to keep the feet warm through the night, the patient had better by far have a hot bottle than lie awake on account of, or even sleep in spite of, cold feet.

If a dangerous or very painful symptom is present, which no known or no procurable remedy will directly attack, it may be quite right to produce a change by allopathic means, *i.e.*, by a blister, &c.

As we said at starting, our best plans are crossed and checked in countless ways. And of course the circum-

stances which cross them are often much more complicated than in the simple instance just mentioned, are much too complicated for any non-professional to understand or measure. The cases are not few in which a medical man has to steer without a chart between the Scylla and Charybdis of conflicting difficulties, and in which, if he does any good at all, or even avoids doing harm, it will be rather by virtue of some Heaven-sent instinct quickened by long observation than because of his adherence to any known rule. It has been said, and very wisely, that he is no true physician who does not often prescribe some remedy for which he could at the moment give no reason in words, even to himself. And the more intelligently and faithfully you perform your own work, the less inclined you will be to suppose that you are competent to criticise the doctor's. I, at least, have no desire to make you suppose it. My object in entering upon the question of the different "pathies" has been to show you how certain known scientific principles, which doctors of all pathies actually recognise and upon which they do in various ways at least endeavour to work, bear upon the routine of our business as nurses and teachers.

Antipathic treatment, when once you have decided that the circumstances are such as to justify its adoption at all, is a very simple affair. You have a certain effect to produce, and you go on gently applying the treatment till it is produced. You need, of course, a certain amount of caution, lest the remedy be taken too eagerly or too fast; and you should also watch lest what was meant for the relief of an uneasy sensation should be continued after the uneasiness is relieved for the mere pleasure of stimulating an agreeable sensation. But, as

the amount of effect to be produced is the direct measure of the amount of means to be used before pausing, a very little judgment and practice are required in order to know how best to adapt the means to the end. You ought not to put a hot bottle into a sick child's bed merely to amuse him with the sensation of tingling warmth. But you know when his feet are cold; and you know that if the bottle you have applied fails to warm them it is quite safe and right to apply a hotter one. Even supposing that a generous diet is recommended as part of the antipathic treatment of a disease, although you do not, it is true, feed the patient *incessantly till the disease is cured*, yet you feed him at any one meal *till his hunger is fully satisfied.* There is a tangible effect which you are to aim at producing; and you go on pouring in the remedy, gently but without pause, till the effect is produced. All this is simple enough. So long as all you have to do is to put an end to symptoms by antipathic treatment, you can hardly go far wrong except from sheer carelessness or want of observation.

But homœopathic treatment for the eradication of abnormal tendencies is a much more serious business. The medical treatment of disease should be left as much as possible in the hands of skilful physicians. But we mothers have to do with the eradication of abnormal tendencies by means of other than medicinal agents; and such as we do use must be used in accordance with the laws of Nature, or they will fail. All our cowardly concessions to our own and our children's evil habits come from want of faith in the Divine law of *similia similibus.* All the violent and brutal theories of education, by which children's energies are overtaxed and the moral spring of

their lives broken, have been set afloat by persons who have arrived empirically at a perception of the truth of that law without understanding the conditions and mode of its operation.

In learning the use of homœopathic remedies, it is before all things necessary that you should have patience to walk by faith and not by sight. They must be administered in small doses, with at least a sufficient interval between the doses to allow time for a full reaction to take place. Unless the vital power is naturally very great, it should be carefully kept at its maximum during the time of their operation; and occasionally a longer interval should be allowed. Thus, you have a child whose circulation is defective, and who is constantly chilly. How will you correct this evil state of things? Plunge him roughly into ice-cold water regardless of his screams? send him out fasting after his morning bath to creep along for an hour as best he may, with benumbed limbs and a more benumbed heart, through snow and wind and early fog? keep him half the day in a fireless room insufficiently clad, by way of hardening him? and punish him for temper when he cries in sullen misery? That would be homœopathic treatment, certainly, after a fashion; and a good deal of such was practised in the early days of homœopathy and the water-cure; and even under the eyes of the founders of both systems. They could not escape the general fate of human teachers. They, as well as others, could at times be inconsistent. They, as well as the drugging apothecaries whom they held in such horror, have left their mark upon the earth in the shape of tiny graves. But if we follow the true homœopathic principles laid down by Hahnemann in the "Organon of

Medicine," our practice in the case supposed will be rather more like this:—We shall make the little patient understand that he can gain strength only on condition of bearing cold; and that his bearing it with the best grace possible will be right in itself, and also will give pleasure to mother, who does not like to make her darling submit to anything unpleasant, and who never would think of doing so were it not that she is forced to do it by the arrangements of some one who loves him even better than she does, besides being very much wiser and more far-seeing. We shall take him out of bed directly he wakes (just when he is most warm), handling him tenderly and speaking kindly and cheerily (to bring the re-active power to the highest possible pitch). The bath should be just cold enough to give him a slight shock, but not a very painful one. If possible "mother" herself should put him into it for the first few times, trying to amuse him meanwhile in whatever way she thinks most effectual. Every effort on his part to repress his tears should be rewarded by caresses. He should be well rubbed after his bath, sitting the while on mother's lap in a warm room. After breakfast (not before it in winter), at the brightest part of the day, his feet and hands having been got thoroughly warm, he should be well wrapped up and sent out with some pleasant companion for just so long a time as he can walk without becoming chilly from fatigue, and no longer. In wet, or snowy, or very cold weather, a romp in a fireless room which has been previously well dried and aired should be substituted for the walk. In winter this kind of patient may as well get no bath on Sunday, and no walk unless he really likes to go out.

As soon as it has become manifest to the child that to bear cold without tears or resistance is a thing within the compass of possibility, "mother" may leave him to the nurse for his morning bath (provided, of course, that the latter be a tolerably kind and intelligent person). It is good to teach him, in all possible ways, to find the same stimulus in the idea of doing his duty to an absent person that he does in the caresses of one who is actually present. Unless you do this, even caresses will lose their power. But if on a particular day he should happen to be unwell or fretted, mother may as well give him his splash herself for a treat, and (the re-active power being weakened by indisposition) no harm will be done if, without saying anything about it, she makes the water a little warmer than usual. In proportion as the child gains in power of resistance, the water may be made colder, and the walk longer, and less care need be exercised in keeping him at home in bad weather.

I have gone in detail through this very simple case, not because I had any new or valuable information to impart to you about it, but because it affords as good an illustration as I could find of the philosophy and morale of homœopathy. I will now take one of a different and more complicated kind. Let us reflect what is implied in the relief afforded by dancing to nervous patients. In health we are, or ought to be, during a great part of our waking hours, sacrificing the temporary benefit which would accrue to us from following every impulse as it arises, for the sake of some object out of ourselves. We thereby gain a reactive power which more than compensates for the temporary injury. We call this process broadly "Work." The vital force flows to whatever part

of the body or brain is thus "worked." In sickness there is this difference: that, as we need to apply as much vital force as possible to the cure of the disease, we should follow every instinct as far as we can (except those the gratification of which would directly tend to increase the disease). Now, suppose a man's instinct prompts him to constant movement. To sit still long would be bad for him; to move according to his own restless impulses, which is the antipathic remedy pointed out by nature, would be, in the long run, even worse. We take possession of him and cause him to move constantly in obedience to a regular law imposed from without. So he gets the physical exertion which a true instinct warns him that he needs, without the nervous exhaustion caused by following one's mere impulses.

Marching or drilling would be better than mere unregulated movements; but dancing (or calisthenics to the sound of music) is better still, because the music makes the dancer feel a greater willingness to adapt his steps to its pace. Next to voluntary self-surrender to a person whom he worships, or voluntary self-denial for the sake of creatures which he pities, there is nothing so good for a human being as voluntary submission to a law of which he feels the beauty.

The sense of beauty is aroused in the dancer, not by individual steps which he executes because he sees their beauty, but by the harmony of the whole. Even when performing a solitary horn-pipe, still more when joining in a figure, he is constantly sacrificing both his impulses to move, and his notions of what movement would in itself be graceful, to the carrying out of an ideal. He executes at each moment not the movement which exer-

cises the limb which happens for the moment to be most restless, nor that which strikes him as most graceful, but the prescribed movement as gracefully as possible. In this consists the peculiar healthfulness of the exercise.

It may be said that, according to this, any real *work* which caused the required amount of physical exertion, and which the patient engaged in for the sake of another person, would be better for him than dancing. So it would, if he were well enough to keep his thoughts fixed on one purpose without external aid. No one ever recommended an adult in tolerable health to spend much time in dancing. Its chief value is found in the case of insane persons who have lost the power of keeping a motive of action steadily before them. The music and the laws of the figure supply (with reverence be it spoken) the same kind of external aids to memory which sacred pictures, &c., do. They give a constant stimulus to the too inactive sense of submission. They excite a willingness to act by rule, and to do or bear whatever is imposed by authority.

It might seem at first sight as if the very perfection of treatment for a patient of diseased or weakened mind would consist in his having about him constantly some person for whose sake he would be willing to exert himself, and who would dictate to him at each moment what to do. I believe that in reality no treatment would be so likely to render a cure hopeless.

You cannot directly and by word of mouth issue a command to, or make a request of, a person who loves you, without exerting over him more or less of brain-wave influence; without conveying to him, that is to say, a certain portion of vitality from yourself over and above

that which would naturally come to him from the act of trying to obey you. Now human magnetism, that is to say, vitality which has passed through and been concentrated in a human body, though the most valuable and perfect of all artificial stimulants, should only be used as such, and with the caution and moderation which the use of any stimulant requires. Even the constant close presence with you of a person whom you love may become enervating, in the same way as constantly breathing artificially oxygenated air would be. And if he adds to the effect by too frequent words or caresses, it becomes still worse. Practically, therefore, dancing, if carried on in pure air, is found to be one of the best employments for a very weak-minded, restless patient, and one of the best forms of recreation for one whose powers of attention and self-guidance are becoming wearied. It does in two ways a certain amount of good; and it does no harm at all (I except, of course, cases where the patient, from some association of ideas, is over-sensitive to the effect of music).

But here the question naturally arises: Would it be possible to make the dance itself call into exercise the higher emotions by some means which would not involve the over-use of any artificial stimulant to them?

When the question is thus stated, the answer is obvious. The physician of the asylum ought himself to be present and to show an interest in the proceedings. It ought to be generally understood that it gives him pleasure to witness correct and graceful dancing; but he should not take too much notice of any one patient in particular, unless that patient happens to be particularly timid or depressed. I am assuming that the physician possesses

the power of calling out the respect and affection of those under his charge. If he does not possess that power, whatever intellectual capacity he may have, he is unfit for his post.

The heathens of old had discovered, you know, that dancing made people more receptive of divine influence; only their knowledge was so empirical and partial that they could make little practical use of it; and sometimes, indeed, like all empirical knowledge, it was misused. Our modern heathenism has improved upon the old; some people have found out now-a-days that the way to make hysterical and ill-conditioned girls more receptive of divine grace is to prevent them from dancing!

Dancing is good, not only for restless, but also for sluggish people, and for a different reason. The sluggish circulation needs to be quickened. The torpor shows some want of nervous power which makes exercise painful, and therefore, for the moment, injurious. The antipathic remedy for the pain which movement causes would be to sit still. But this pain (or uneasiness), on moving, is an essential part of the disease which we want to cure. It must, therefore, be attacked directly and homœopathically. We make the patient do the very thing which causes him pain; but at the same time, by means of music and the rhythm of the motion, we put his mind into such a state that he does not feel the pain. It is just the same sort of process as putting the chilly child into cold water, while fondling and amusing him that he may feel it as little as possible.

It may be said that the longing for constant movement also is a part of the very disease which we want to cure in the restless patient. True, but it is not a primary or

dangerous part. We cannot afford to meddle with it yet. When the patient is much better we will encourage him to sit still, but not now. We must treat it antipathically for the present, and let him dance whenever he likes.

In the same way, if a man is ill from the effects of excessive drinking, we give him what he likes best to eat, although his capricious tastes are the result of disease, and although, if he could fancy plain food, it would do him more good than the spiced dishes which he prefers. When he is better we will prescribe plainer food, but at present we reserve the whole power of resistance for a fight with the craving for alcohol which is the essential feature of the disease. This craving, remember, is not a mere fancy. Alcohol is a real palliative to the symptoms from which he is suffering. The instinct which tells him so is a true instinct. But the disease consists in his being constantly in a state for which alcohol is the only palliative. The true homœopathic remedy is to withdraw the alcohol, and so increase temporarily the suffering.

Work, properly understood, means doing that which is, for the moment, not good or pleasant, for the sake of an object out of ourselves. Rest, so far as it is really rest, means doing that which is good and pleasant, that to which our instinct prompts us, but for the sake of an object out of ourselves. Doing what we like, simply because we like it, and with no added motive to give it zest, that is good for neither week-day nor Sabbath. The dancing, therefore, of a sluggish patient is the type of all healthy labour and of all true homœopathy; the dancing of a restless one is the type of all wholesome recreation, and a clue to the best kind of sick nursing.

As long as a man is in tolerable health, both his labour and his recreation are marked out for him by circumstances. But when you get him into your hands as a patient, your business is to select for him such kinds of each as shall most tend, not only to keep up a steady supply of reactive power, but to direct it towards the cure of the disease.

Perhaps you may be saying to yourselves just at this moment, "If nothing is to come out of this long rigmarole about dancing, except the two facts that it is good for mad people to dance, and that it is even more good for them to have a kind and sensible doctor, we have been going through a great deal to learn very little; for we knew that much before we ever heard of homœopathy or thought of meddling with science of any kind." But you must not forget that the comprehension of scientific laws is best arrived at, in the first instance, by the serious contemplation and investigation of facts already well known and often apparently trifling; and that the best of all practice in scientific analysis, for beginners, consists in thoroughly examining, with the aid of scientific formulæ, questions the answers to which have already been arrived at empirically and tested by long experience. And the more you advance in your studies, the stronger, I believe, will the conviction grow in you, that nothing is useless or unworthy of attention which helps to cultivate in us scientific habits of mind, or to strengthen our faith in the divine principle that "Man shall not live by bread alone," or by the gratification of his immediate wants and longings, but by reverence for every fact of Nature and of human experience, because every such fact is a word that "proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If we have learned

within the last half-hour nothing more than we already knew about the effect of dancing on the insane, we have, I hope, gained a little fresh insight into, or at least a little practical skill in tracing in detail, the effect of employment in general on people in all states of health. And I hope presently to convince you that the possession of this skill is a matter of by no means slight importance to those who have in their hands the charge of young people or of the sick.

Let us reflect a little on two curious and well-known facts. When you want a plant, such as celery for instance, for food, you give it rich soil and all the means and appliances of rapid development; and you shelter it from the decomposing and hardening influence of light. If you want the poisonous extract of a plant for medicinal purposes, you should select a wild specimen; and the poorer and harder the soil in which it grew the better. The garden plant is tender, digestible, large, and rapid in growth, mild in flavour, deficient in medicinal virtue, and safe to eat. The stunted wildling is indigestible, medicinal, and poisonous. The one easily acted upon by other organisms; the other gifted with the power of acting for good or evil upon other organisms.

Now you have, in education, to take at each step a choice of evils. (No; stay. Do you perceive how readily and naturally we drift into pessimistic and hopeless views? I said "a choice of evils," when I was actually thinking of a choice between two modes of doing good, each of which would have some destructive influence.) You have at each step to take your choice between two forms of good: Shall I now feed my plant to give it extension, growth; or shall I starve it to give it intensity? Shall I

shelter it to give it repose; or let in light to brace and harden at the cost of rapid waste of tissue?

Our work is to strike a balance, and give the right amount and best kind of each form of good; as much of each as we can; by such methods as will involve no needless destruction. To waste no force, but at every step to "forge and transform *passion* into *power*."

Everybody has observed the mischief which is sometimes done to body, mind, and soul, when a young person is over-persuaded to adopt a profession for which he is by nature unsuited. The inference not unfrequently drawn is that the larger an organ the more healthy its action; and that children should be taught only what they have most taste for. I do not see the soundness of this reasoning, nor do I believe the conclusion to be warranted by facts.

The truth is, I believe, that a medium-sized faculty, after it has been thoroughly trained into activity, works more normally, and bears continuous work with less injury to the health than a very large one. In the extreme case of a man having inherited a strong taste for a pursuit from a father who was very eminent in it, the son, it is said, had better not attempt to follow it at all, except as an occasional amusement. But, to be healthy, the training must be voluntarily submitted to for the sake of something out of one's self. Now, what is called "complying with the wishes of one's friends" in the choice of a profession, often means in reality, allowing one's self to be tempted by the hope of wealth, or persuaded by the fear of worry, or of poverty, or of being thought obstinate or selfish, to sacrifice one favourite art to one's own ease:—a pro-

ceeding neither moral nor of course healthy. Whereas when a man goes into a profession for which he has a strong taste, he is drawn, by his very liking for it, to give himself up to his art or science, or rather to that divine ideal which shines through every art and science, but which he can see best through that one. Now of course it is better to worship an art than nothing. But how often has it happened that a man, from a genuine desire to please his parents or to support his family, has gone into a profession for which he had at first no taste, shown a real genius for it, learned to like it, made discoveries in connection with it, and practised it till old age, free from the danger of monomania, which often attends the constant indulgence of a very strong taste.

Besides, it is not true that the profession of one's choice always exercises exclusively or chiefly one's strongest faculties, especially during the years of preparation. There is an enormous amount of mechanical drudgery to be gone through in the process of learning any art or science, which is often at first as distasteful to its votary as any occupation which could be devised. But he soon learns not to dislike it, because he is working for the Rachel of his love. And it does him therefore no harm but good. The same drudgery for the sake of anything else which he loved as much, would have done him just as little harm and as much good.

If you want to realise a little what is involved in learning an art, conceive a child, fond of music, forced to divide her time between listening to fine orchestral performances and playing on a dumb piano. How do you

think she would feel during her hours of practice? Would it not fret her far more than a dull inartistic-natured child? But the sound of the piano puts together the act so distasteful and the object of delight, and leaves them to train the child gradually into enjoyment of a naturally unpleasant duty.

Try to do that always; to fuse into one, duties in themselves disagreeable and some object for the sake of which they will be willingly done. And do not ask your son to take up, for your sake, a profession to which he is not inclined, till you are sure that "for your sake" constitutes a motive sufficient. "But a son ought to be willing to please his parents." Then give him, or find him, some motive for the sake of which he will be willing to do what he ought.

If a very small faculty which has been hitherto left dormant is suddenly called into work, its action is usually both abnormal and unhealthy. But this is a reason not against, but for the habitual exercise of the faculties which are weakest, during the process of education.

What we have been saying may seem to point to the conclusion that the best profession for a man is the one for which he has the least taste. But it is not so. A man will find the greatest amount of healthy stimulus to work in the place where he can be most useful to society. And that I suspect will be, unless some other is clearly marked out by special circumstances, one in which the chief part of the daily routine is performed by organs neither very large nor very small, while the large ones have opportunities of coming in, as it were, to make suggestions. Thus, a man of poetic temperament, if he takes up any branch of exact science, is not unlikely to

make discoveries in it; because his poetic faculty suggests to him analogies, which one whose natural taste was for mere scientific investigation would never have thought of. He will thus be less morbid than if he had devoted himself to poetry as a profession, and more useful to the world, and therefore much happier and healthier than if his occupation had afforded no scope to his ideality.

It is true that the most perfectly-balanced brain would be one in which the amount of exercise given, through life, to each organ should be in inverse ratio to its size. It is also true that most of us would be the better for having our brains more evenly balanced than they are. But I am not sure that *perfectly*-balanced brains would do as good service in the world as those which work with a certain amount of one-sidedness and passion. The Maker of the world seems at least to have intended that men shall so work. But our business as educators is to counteract beforehand, as sick-nurses to correct afterwards, the evil effects of this one-sided work. We ought not to prevent its being accomplished. And I only wished to point out to you that it is a mistake to imagine that the use of a large organ is in itself and necessarily more healthy than that of a small one.

The smaller a faculty the more slowly it will work at first, until it has become active by exercise; and I think also the greater the expenditure of vitality caused by using it. Irksome tasks, therefore, should be short until the pupil has gained power by practice; just as a feeble limb should be exercised a little at first, and the strain on it gently and gradually increased. But this again is a reason, not against but for the exercise of the weaker mental faculties at that period of life when the

vitality is naturally abundant and the amount of work got through is a matter of no consequence.

The mistake made by too many educators who believe, on religious grounds, or from empirical observation, in the homœopathic doctrine that *vitality is given by resistance to adverse circumstances*, is that they allow themselves to be confused by a vague idea about the infinite life-giving power of God ; and forget to ascertain how much of this life-power the pupil has received, or is likely in the actual state of his body and mind to be capable of receiving. I do not wish to deny that God may at times have given to a man exceptional strength for special reasons of His own. But we have no right to reckon on His doing so only because we are too lazy to ascertain what we ought to expect our pupils to be able to do and to bear. Of course, the more strain we put on the reactive force, up to a certain limit, the more the receptivity of stomach, lungs, and brain will increase. But there always is a limit, which varies according to the general constitution of the individual and to his actual state of body and mind ; and this limit should never be overstepped, nor even quite reached. Moreover, if you use a part of the supply for one purpose, you must not reckon upon having the whole at command for any other purpose. And the more truly "homœopathic" to the disease a remedy is, or the more repugnant to the taste the labour is, the more reactive force it needs and uses, and the less it leaves to be expended in other ways. There is no good, therefore, in subjecting a delicate girl, who eats little and thinks much, to the action of violent cold-water treatment or of large doses of drugs, or in forcing a child to eat what it dislikes just when it is overtired or unhappy,

or in persuading a studious man to take violent muscular exercise instead of gentle walks by way of recreation, or in advising over-worked labourers to study Euclid instead of singing or chatting in the evening; nor is it considered good medical practice to give a medicine which is homœopathic to the state of one part of the constitution, while much reactive force is being used in resisting the aggravation caused by a medicine previously administered which was homœopathic to some other part. If the vital energy has been by any chance overtaxed, the patient should be treated, for a time, not with homœopathic but with antipathic remedies. Thus, rubbing with snow is sufficient treatment for a frozen limb; but a man who is suffering from general exposure to cold, or chilly from over-fatigue and hunger, needs warmth. So, whenever a child is overtired, or ill, or suffering from a shock of grief, it should get as much physical comfort and general indulgence as can be given. So, although a little study, to preserve the balance between body and mind, would be good for the health of a field labourer whose hours of labour are not too long (much better for him than athletic sports), yet merry, unintellectual chat, or sauntering about with his children, or contemplating the proportions of his fatting pig with a pipe in his mouth, is a much fitter form of recreation for one who is overworked. The greatest boon to the latter would be to provide him with some form of amusement which would call out the moral without taxing the intellectual faculties.

And there is another mistake which those who have arrived at the great homœopathic law from the theological or moral side too frequently make. They think a great deal of their children acquiring that vital energy

which comes from self-renunciation; but they forget that it is their business to direct it where it is most needed for the harmonious development of body and mind. You should try so to arrange and administer discipline as to balance the whole constitution, instead of strengthening one part at the expense of the rest.

I have occasionally known parents who, starting from Hahnemann's principle that the healthy life for man is not one of intellectual luxury but of devotion to the good of mankind, have kept their daughters from regular school work, with a view to employing them in the household or among the poor. The experimemt usually proves on the whole, I believe, a failure. If a mother needs her daughter's assistance and can make her give it regularly, the education which she thus receives may, as many instances prove, develop not only her moral but her intellectual faculties better than any other which could be devised. But if a girl is kept from school with a view to her working for others for her own benefit, the result commonly is that she spends her time between paroxysms of passionate devotion to somebody or something chosen by herself at random, self-willed schemes for doing good in her own way, and idle dreaming; and I need not tell you how much better it would be for her to be compelled regularly to give up her own will, if only in obedience to a mechanical schoolroom routine. And then, again, in many families all the work which really ministers to health is done by servants, and a girl is expected to make herself *useful*, by giving up her studies for the sake of doing things which, so far as she knows, are quite *useless*. "But she ought to trust her mother's judgment in the matter." No one ever ought to trust any one. Her

mother ought to have made it impossible for the girl to do anything but trust her, I suppose you mean. Theoretically she ought. But then some of us do not do all we ought. Some of us cannot make our children trust us; and I am trying not to amuse perfect people with speculations about a perfect state of things, but to show weak fallible erring parents, like myself, how it is sometimes possible to make errors and difficulties and evils mutually destructive, instead of allowing them to cumulate and ferment together till they get beyond all mastery. If your daughter quite trusts you, so much the better; but if she does not, then the best you can do is to own that she does not, and the worst you can do is to blind yourself to the fact that you have failed in making her trust you.

Some portion of a school-girl's holidays ought, of course, if possible, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of her family. Many parents omit this altogether; and that even in a rank in life in which the elder members of the family do a considerable share of the work of the house. They wish, they say, to make the holidays as happy as possible. It is mistaken kindness, and usually fails even of attaining the immediate effect aimed at.

Reaction.

Few people think enough of the difference between nervous power and nervous excitement. The latter is so apt to produce temporarily some of the symptoms of the former that a careless observer may easily mistake the one for the other.

Other things being equal, the more rapid and full the pulse, the greater the receptivity for vitality through the brain; but then the greater also the waste throughout the whole system, and the greater the need of a constant fresh supply to control the brain; and the worse the effect of any deficiency in that supply. The quicker, therefore, a patient's pulse is, the more watchful you must be, first, that he does not fly off at a tangent into some actively morbid vagary; and secondly, that he is not on the whole exhausted instead of strengthened by the stimulus which quickened it.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a sick person is, on a particular day, dull, languid, and low-spirited. You bring in a friend to talk to him. The friend's talk takes him out of himself, and the nerve force begins to flow in rapidly.

Kindly thoughts, if they could have been aroused in silence, would have made it flow in too; but they do so all the more rapidly, because the excitement and exertion of talking have raised the pulse. For the time, he seems better. But how will he be an hour after the friend has left? That will depend upon whether the additional supply caused by the change of thoughts, or the additional waste caused by the quickening of the pulse, is the greater. And that again will depend upon the state of the patient, and on the nature of the conversation, &c. Some nurses do their patients great harm by their constant desire to rouse them. Others keep them weak by depriving them of all excitement, for fear of a bug-bear which they call "re-action," the nature of which they understand very vaguely.

The word reaction is used for three different things, which ignorant people constantly confuse together.

1*st*, There is the local response to a shock; the warmth of skin after a cold douche, &c.

2*d*, When the overplus energy given by a temporary fit of earnestness about something out of one's self, is not all used for the object which gave it, it will, if the mind is under thorough control, remain in the nervous system in the shape of available, healing, life-giving power. But if the mind is not controlled, it may fly off to somewhere where it is not wanted, and produce a reaction of ill-temper, destructiveness, or restlessness, &c. So the wickednesses that result from revivals are attributed to "reaction" after religious excitement.

3*d*, When the earnestness causes a greater waste of power than it supplies, a reaction of exhaustion and low spirits ensues.

You must learn to distinguish these two latter kinds of reaction, and think in each particular case which is most to be dreaded, and which you have to guard against. Elijah's desire to die (1 Kings xix. 4) was caused by reaction of exhaustion after the great strain on his nerves at the killing of the priests of Baal. Jonah's indignation that the Ninevites were not destroyed was a clear case of the other form of reaction.

For Elijah food, for Jonah silence and cool green shade, is very good treatment. If a patient of mine got into Elijah's state of mind, I would not let him lie on the bare earth until he had taken plenty of food. And I would surround him with cheerful friends, and perhaps venture on a little kindly fun. And when he was alone I would not leave laudanum in his way; not for fear he should

take it, but because he would be very likely to *fancy* he was tempted to take it; and then to fancy that feeling this temptation was sinful. I would spare him every kind of moral struggle, and allow him to have no painful duties; I would, till the vitality was restored, fill up his time as much as possible with duties the doing of which was in itself easy and pleasant. I would put Jonah, on the contrary, somewhere where he could be alone with "the Lord," and with professional attendants, or with friends who would treat anything he might say as coolly as professional attendants do, and forget it as soon as said; for he would be sure to say something selfish and wrong. And as soon as he began to recover, I would try to provide him with some monotonous task rather distasteful to himself than otherwise, but the moral obligation of which was quite obvious, and which afforded no opportunity for excitement, notoriety, or self-glorification. The two histories of Elijah and Jonah well repay careful study for any one who is interested in mental hygiene. They are quite wonderful as specimens of minute and accurate psychological analysis.

What are called "exceptional" people and exceptional cases never are really exceptions; they are typical cases which test and prove principles. Study the question of reaction, whenever you have the opportunity, in typical cases, and in each individual at typical times; by sick-beds, or when any one about you has a fit of exceptional excitement or depression. Everything that takes place then is worthy of note. Watch, store up what you see. So learn the principles which govern reactions, and then apply them to the treatment of your children in their ordinary health. Learn to judge by your child's face

and voice whether you are putting more strain on his self-control than the motive you are supplying will safely bear; or whether you are arousing more energy and passion than the work you are providing will safely carry off. It will not be easy. You must find it out for yourselves, for no one can teach you. You must learn by long practice, by patient thought, and careful study, by repeated failures, and by bitter experience, at your own cost, and at the cost of those who are dearest to you. I will give you, if you like, one or two practical hints which occur to me, but I do so almost reluctantly, as I dread above all things leading you to imagine that I have any patent plan for escaping from paying the price of one's own experience.

Most people seem to think that children can hardly spend too much time among flowers and animals, provided that they are not allowed to be guilty of actual cruelty. I speak with diffidence against so general an opinion; but I must say that my experience does not confirm it. Gardening is a good occupation for a child; so no doubt is tending animals, when such arrangements can be made as impose on him any real work or restraint in connection with them. But it is found in many cases practically difficult to accomplish this. A child plays with a caged pet, in reality for his own amusement, but believing, and finding it pleasant to believe, that the enjoyment is mutual, and that he is relieving the tedium of the animal's solitude. But he will scarcely give up a game which happens to take his fancy next day, lest his pet should be dull without him. A little girl goes into ecstasies over the beauty of a flower which she has gathered. Not only are her artistic perceptions awak-

ened; she personifies and almost fondles the "little darling," as she calls it. And not only so, she shelters it from the sun and gives it water, *lest it should be unhappy;* playing at believing, and indeed half believing in reality, that it is capable of feeling. By and by, her "darling" begins to fade, or she wants its place for some newer treasure. So it is flung out into the dust to wither. Her intercourse with it has consisted entirely in its being made to minister to her pleasure; and it has done so, in some measure at least, by calling out emotions which ought to have led to her sacrificing her pleasure to it. I can hardly believe that unlimited indulgence in this kind of sentimentality is good. Anything which calls out kindly feelings gives, it is true, vitality for the time being. But the normal way of arousing them consists in presenting to the mind objects which require some form of serious self-sacrifice. Continual excitement by any other means tends, I think, to deaden the activity of the moral sense. It is something like increasing the digestive powers by means of stimulating food instead of exercise. Tennyson ("Palace of Art") has painted a life of intellectual and æsthetic sensuality, with its awful consequences. Such a thing is possible as a life of emotional and spiritual sensuality; and I believe it is more fatal to everything good than the other. A very large number of vices and follies, if phrenologically analysed, would be found to resolve themselves, either partially or wholly, into devices for procuring the sensuous pleasure derived from self-surrender, without the real sacrifice of one's own inclination which is the legitimate source of that pleasure; into attempts—and for a time at least successful attempts—to obtain the tokens of God's favour, as it were, on false

pretences. This is surely a fearful idea; fearful enough, in all conscience, if we think of Him only as the true, pure holy God of nature; but appalling beyond all expression if——. Well, we will leave that subject; we are talking of science now. Think of all you have ever learned about the danger of habitually applying to any important organ of the body, the stomach for instance, a false stimulus which excites it without giving it its natural work to do; and then reflect what those are doing to children's brains who encourage them to excite in themselves what are called "amiable sentiments" in ways which cost them nothing, I am inclined to think that some of the worst examples of a refined and deliberate cruelty, for the mere pleasure of being cruel, might be found among persons who, being too sensitively organised not to feel keenly the physical pleasure of benevolence, have sought among brute friends and pets a refuge from the necessity for self-sacrifice which any scheme for showing benevolence to human creatures would more or less have imposed upon them. The organ of benevolence has become deadened like the stomach of a drunkard, and refuses at last to act at all; thus leaving those evil passions which are common to us all to rage unchecked by any pity or mercy.

Do I then object altogether to letting children have live pets? Certainly not. Just as I do not object to giving them strong soups, or custard, or sponge cake, or any light food, occasionally, as a change from other food, even when they are in health. And in sickness, when the stomach can digest nothing else, we find such delicacies an invaluable assistance. But I object exceedingly to its being supposed either that a

capacity for drinking unlimited beef-tea affords of itself any evidence of present or pledge of future healthiness; or that any amount or kind of nourishment conveyed in a liquid or very light form can suffice to keep a child in health without solid food. It is just the same sort of mistake as thinking a child is amiable, because he is fond of pets.

Physically and morally the whole "essence of beef" theory is bad, except during actual illness or as an occasional luxury. The essence of beef theory is the antipathic theory, the theory that, when a child or patient is in a wrong or uncomfortable state, the thing that is wanted is to get him into a right and pleasant state as quickly as possible, and to keep constantly putting him back into it as fast as he gets out of it, and, so far as you can, to avoid causes which disturb the right and pleasant state.

It includes any theory which confuses between keeping down the *symptoms* of evil (bodily or mental), and curing the *tendency* to evil; and which fails to take into account the need for calling out and directing the power of resistance to adverse circumstances.

I have known wealthy and would-be scientific ladies, who seemed to think that the whole welfare, present and future, of their children depended on procuring for them the lightest, tenderest, and most nourishing kinds of food. I wish the same people would take half as much pains to teach the little ones to masticate plain food properly. We read in some physiological work perhaps, that hard lumps, if swallowed, injure the stomach; so we think that all that is wanted is that no unchewed lumps shall get into a child's stomach;

and that the more impossible we make it for him to have any to swallow, the better. We *think!* Half the mischief in the world is done by thinking upon isolated facts, instead of trying to see their relation to other facts. Nature has decreed that the saliva which is needed to ensure perfect digestion shall be generated by our undergoing the labour of mastication. Why should nature have made this decree? She had some reason for it, be sure. Do not interpose to prevent your little ones from learning the great lesson which their true mother is so bent on teaching them: that the good gifts of God were never meant for idle, luxurious, impatient people. Ah! perhaps we ourselves need her lesson as much as they do. Let us remember that the ultimate aim of all nature's education is, and the great object of ours therefore should be, to produce a constant, all-pervading, willing, and almost unconscious self-renunciation; and to put every moment of our time and every action of our lives under the dominion and guardianship of thoughts of reverence and devotion. Meditate over this great principle sometimes while you are taking your own meals; and then I think you cannot fail to see that if you will make your child grind up a fair portion of bread, plain-boiled vegetables, solid meat, and ripe raw apples, slowly, conscientiously, and reverently, letting him see (without much lecturing or talk) that, because they are God's gifts, you dare not allow him to waste them by eating them in the wrong way, it will, in the long run, be better for his body than all our over-refined cookery of minced-meat and potato-snow, and custards and fruit creams; and much better for his soul than

sermons about how to save one's self from suffering in some "other world." We will recur presently to this important subject of eating slowly; and then I hope to show you more clearly what it has to do with the Homœopathic Law.

But, first, I must make a little digression by way of introducing the remainder of what I have to say about it. Every thoughtful student of Combe's Physiology must have admired his exquisite delineation of the way in which Nature takes care to educate her children gradually in self-control, by placing the physical functions under the charge of the conscious brain, just so far as it could be done with safety to life, and no further. Nature wants to educate her child into a reasonable being—lord of himself, lord of the visible earth, lord of the senses five—and as fast as she dares, she will do it; but she gives him blunt knives, and teaches him to fence with foils, before she trusts him with edged tools; and she puts a guard round his nursery fire lest he should fall into it by accident.

Now another equally striking proof of the determination of nature to give a moral education to her intellectual children is afforded by the singular law which she has laid down: that every mistaken attempt at civilisation shall tend to deaden and pervert the instincts. A plant selects the right kind of food, if within reach, by some apparently quite involuntary principle of affinity. The instincts of a wild beast, of a red Indian, of a healthy infant, though more conscious than those of a plant, still act (in many directions) with something almost approaching to certainty. Or, to return to the instance which started us off on our present track of thought, observe

the quiet enjoyment of a cow in the act of slowly grinding up her food, or of a baby in leisurely sucking. The muscular exercise, which promotes digestion, is in itself a delight, because the instinct is in a normal condition. The instincts of a perfectly normally-educated man would be as true and keen as those of a wild beast; and would take cognizance of higher laws and a wider range of facts, and would, therefore, be a much more constant and certain preservative from danger. But every violation of either a physical or a moral instinct, tends more or less, to deaden both itself and other instincts—to deaden them, and also to distort their action for the future; so that at last, by dint of close air, a sedentary, ambitious, restless life, the indulgence in luxury and vice (*i.e.*, the deliberate doing for pleasure of such acts as wild beasts perform only when and so far as instinct prompts), civilised man has reached a pitch at which his instincts no longer suffice to warn him from the grossest errors; and almost his whole life must be one of voluntary and regularised submission to hygienic laws, or he will be constantly injuring and in danger of destroying himself. But if he will patiently submit to hygienic and moral laws, he may gradually recover the lost instincts in the course of generations; and, as experience shows, to a great degree even within the life of one individual. But they can never be recovered except by submitting to what constitutes in itself a severe moral discipline. If the restless impatient child, whom delicacy of the stomach makes nervous and irritable, will submit to the necessity for eating slowly, he may bring his stomach and nerves back into a condition in which it comes almost as natural to him to eat slowly as to a cow. But the process of eating slowly before he has returned

to that condition constitutes a discipline in perseverance and submission—a discipline more or less high and valuable in proportion as his mother deals with the subject more or less wisely; but still always a discipline. Now, the process of chewing is not education at all (in that sense at least) to a cow or a healthy savage.

You will observe that the fact of eating slowly (which is as truly homœopathic to a state of restless irritability as cold water is to a state of cold), though it momentarily increases the *symptom*, the mere *sensation* of restlessness, has no tendency whatever to increase either the wrong state of brain which causes the restlessness, or the stomach-disturbance which probably accompanies, and perhaps causes, the wrong state of brain. It does not increase them in the child who is already ill; and if a healthy child is taught from babyhood to eat slowly, his doing so will in no way tend, directly or indirectly, to produce a chronic state of restlessness, but rather to prevent it. This is a point on which Hahnemann insists strongly. The homœopathic aggravation (so-called) is not an aggravation of the disease from which the patient is already suffering. It is, he considers, an artificially induced attack of a different disease, characterised by many of the same symptoms. I want you to notice this; because it is often said, by way of an explanation of the word 'homœopathy:' "The homœopathic system is founded on a belief or theory that the medicine which will give you a disease if you are free from it, will cure you if you have it;" and many people have been repelled by the seeming absurdity of the idea. Now I do not wish to interfere about what doctor you should consult, or whether you should give your child pillules or pills; but

I do wish to encourage you to pick up hints wherever you can; and I assure you that good homœopathic doctors and Hahnemann's book will make many things clear to you about which it is just as well that you should be clear. The common contemptuous definition of homœopathy, quoted above, is very far from being a correct statement of either the theory of Hahnemann or the practice of his followers. It is, I think, more true to say that the homœopathic remedy is the natural remedy; and, if taken in time, might have prevented the disease from appearing. Belladonna, for instance, is considered the homœopathic specific for scarlatina. In other words, belladonna usually at first aggravates, and then relieves the symptoms of scarlatina. Now belladonna, when taken by a healthy man, often causes temporarily symptoms resembling some symptoms of scarlatina; but it has no tendency to give scarlatina itself, or to increase the liability to catch it. On the contrary, doctors of all pathies occasionally give it as a preservative to those who are in danger from the scarlatina miasm. It is like a sort of "vaccination" with another illness, just enough like the one you fear to keep that one off.

The homœopathic, or natural remedy, then, is a remedy which has the power of producing temporarily symptoms resembling those of the disease So said Hahnemann. But in some cases it seems to me that the homœopathicness of the remedy to the symptoms of a chronic disease is due to a turn in the tide of the symptoms themselves, which turn constitutes the disease. A child is in an unhealthily hot room. He feels an unpleasant sensation of heat. His feeling this is no symptom of disease. We do not want to cure him of the instinct to feel uncomfortable

in too high a temperature. We ought to treat the symptom antipathically, *i.e.*, by (slowly) cooling the room. But suppose the room is not cooled; suppose the child goes on living in hot rooms until his health becomes seriously affected; then, whatever be the form of his disease (which will depend upon his constitution and other circumstances), one of its chief characteristic symptoms will be a tendency to *chilliness*. He will suffer from the least exposure to cold. An important part of the treatment will consist in judicious applications of cold. The same remedy, essentially, is needed now which was needed before; only that, whereas it was at first antipathic, it has now become homœopathic to the symptoms; or rather, *the symptoms have become homœopathic to the remedy*. If applied at first, the remedy need only have been given slowly but steadily till the child was cool. Now it must be applied with scientific precautions, in slight, short, repeated shocks, with sufficient intervals between for full reaction. Homœopathy would seem, in this and many similar instances, to be, not science prescribing a new remedy rendered necessary by a state of disease, a remedy which was not wanted till the disease set in, but rather science supplying the place of a lost instinct; and prescribing and directing a regularised use of the remedy which the instinct called for, till it was tired of calling in vain. The physical constitution itself knew what it wanted, and called for it; until at last, finding that no answer came to its appeals, it decided to rebel no longer, but adapt itself to, and make itself as comfortable as it could under unnatural and uncongenial circumstances. And now, when the very remedy which it needs, and for which it used to crave, is brought, the perverted instinct

shrinks and protests, and must be controlled by the orders of a scientific healer.

A child is hot. You oblige him by cooling the room. No harm is done if you manage wisely; possibly some trifling good in the shape of a lesson to him in courtesy and obligingness. But what I have seen gained by the need there has been to restore, by long and patient control and care, the power of enduring cold which had been lost (owing to adverse circumstances), no words could describe. Do not fancy you need plan your children's education; "accident" will provide you with abundant opportunities, if you will only take advantage of them, for doing everything that needs to be done. Learn to make "Satan cast out Satan," to take advantage of one evil to cure another along with itself; that, and that alone, is true homœopathy.

And here we see, I think, the great homœopathic law at its origin; we catch a glimpse of its moral cause, its *raison d'être*. We begin to get an idea—the faintest possible idea perhaps, but still true so far as it goes—of what it has to say to us from God. As long as, and in so far as, your condition is a healthy one, the way to keep it so is to follow your instincts. Do, as soon and as far as you conveniently can, just what is pleasant to you. Do nothing—or very rarely do anything—deliberately and consciously for the sake of pleasure; but eat when you are hungry, drink when you are thirsty, lie down when you are tired, put an end to unpleasant sensations of all kinds by antipathic, that is by direct and obvious means. And when circumstances make it, as they constantly will make it, necessary for you to delay this antipathic treatment (either for the sake of work in which you are inte-

rested, or for some other motive for which you are willing to sacrifice your comfort), you will be repaid by a heightening of the instinct, by increased pleasure in gratifying it, and, above all, by the increased strength and energy which will be the reward of a moderate amount of disturbance of the equilibrium; and by the consequently increased amount of disturbance against which you will be able to react. But when once the equilibrium has been disturbed beyond the point which, at the time, the constitution is able to bear, disease (more or less) sets in; the instinct becomes perverted; the natural powers of restoration and self-guidance are disturbed or extinguished; and the treatment must now be homœopathic. You must do, not what gratifies the now perverted instinct, but what, by chafing against it, momentarily adds to the suffering. Nothing could be more fretting to an irritable child who had been allowed to acquire the habit of gobbling down his food, than his first attempts to eat slowly. But his mother's business is to see that he does eat slowly, and also to arouse some emotion or thought the while, which will, as far as possible, prevent his feeling the irritation. Nothing could be more depressing to a chilly child than a cold bath. But his mother's business is to see that he gets his cold bath,—as cold, that is, as the doctor wishes,—and also to put him into a mental state in which he will not be really depressed by it.

As to how this is to be done in detail, you must find out for yourself. A medical friend of mine had a little patient whose nurse declared that it was impossible to put him into water at the temperature ordered, without a fit of crying and a good deal of consequent depression and chilliness. It seemed impossible to

obtain a healthy reaction. The doctor at last went into the child's bed-room one morning, taking with him, as a present, a bird in a cage. He put a pan of water into the cage; and, to the child's delight, the bird began to splash. "Now, my dear," said the doctor, "let me see you do the same." The child sprang into his bath, and splashed himself over, and came out happy and warm. Of course the desire to imitate his new pet and to please his kind friend would soon wear out. It would be the mother's business to produce permanently an effect similar to that which the doctor had temporarily set up. When I have to make a chilly child take a bath, I sometimes arrange to let the nurse give it in the mother's room; and then have the child put into the mother's arms in bed, for one of those private talks which children so delight in, immediately after it. The prospect of it gives him something to think of during the bath; the warmth prevents a chill; and the mother's magnetism restores the vitality.

But, as I have said before, I want to teach you not plans, but principles which will enable you to form plans for yourselves and to take advantage of any opportunities which come in your way.

And now that we have caught a glimpse (as I said) of homœopathy at its source, we begin to see clearly that it does not mean, as so many people used to fancy, the substitution of little pillules of sugar or starch for discipline, and self-restraint, and moral effort. On the contrary, Hahnemann's perpetual warning (to those few of his pupils or patients who cared to understand his principles and were not merely bent on

learning his plans) was: It is not given to me to create reactive healing power within you. My province is to direct it for you towards the expulsion of that particular taint in your blood which (among other effects) causes you to feel the unnatural impulse to do what is bad for you. But the healing power itself is from God; and you can never obtain a full supply of it except on condition of struggling, against your unnatural impulses, to keep the laws of God and live for the good of mankind.

Neither did Hahnemann ever imagine that when the disease was cured and the instincts restored to a healthy state, the struggle of life was to be at an end. His whole life proves it. (His own meals have been described as being almost like religious services.) No men who ever lived have been more misunderstood than he and the Combes have been in this respect. Neither of them ever believed—no earnest man ever believed—what many people suppose to be the sum and substance of their whole teaching: that a man's life consists in his being placed under suitable sanitary conditions and getting the right treatment from the outside. On the contrary, they emphatically inculcated the observance of sanitary laws as voluntary homage and obedience to the Author of them. And their constant warning is: "Struggle you must against something, or you will sink, in spite of the finest original constitution, in spite of all that doctors can do for you. When you are cured, your natural instinct will lead you to do what is good for your health. Then you shall struggle against the evils of the world around you, struggle to save your brethren, struggle to do the work of your Heavenly Father. But do not fancy that, because

you are now too ill for this, you are therefore to lie passive in our hands till we cure you. Do not fancy you can be exempted for a day from the need for taking your part in the great battle of life against death, of voluntary obedience to God against the tendency to drift towards corruption. At your weakest, at your maddest, at your worst, fight against the evil that is in you; for on that condition only, if at all, will God allow us fully to restore to you the power of fighting for Him against the evil which is around you."

No; I am wrong; I should not have said their *constant* warning. For they, like others, had their hours of faithlessness, of confusion, of weakness. They said things and wrote things which any disciple at all capable of understanding them must see to be contradictions of their own principles. They did things which, no doubt, they remembered with great sorrow. They gave advice which you and I would know better than to follow. We see things in bright light over which they had to fumble in darkness; and greater works than theirs, no doubt, some of us, in this wise age, will be able to do. But do not let us fancy therefore that we are better or wiser than they, or walking closer with God, or with Nature. Not so. It is in answer to their prayers that God is letting us do just the very things which they so longed to get done: in answer to their prayers; and because they tried to live unselfish, holy lives; because they suffered reproach and possessed their souls in patience; because they forgave as they hoped to be forgiven; and because they have gone to the Father, to do Whose will and to accomplish Whose work they knew was food for both body and brain.

Instead of going further into the theory of homœopathy,

I will give you the finest instance of it in practice that ever came under my personal notice. I had broken down in health under long-continued pressure of grief, anxiety, and worry; and an accidental shock precipitated a serious attack of illness. Of course, all the doctors who were consulted said that I was to be spared all pain and worry, and to have my strength kept up by every possible means. All but one, I make no doubt, would have tried to carry out their own prescription by sparing me any contact with persons and things whom I disliked to see. One, however, had deeply studied the theory of homœopathy, though, not believing in infinitesimal doses, he had never chosen to call himself a homœopathist. This doctor took the kindest pains to spare me all *real* worry and anxiety; but early in my illness he informed me that it was his intention to bring into my bedroom a friend whom I much dreaded seeing, because of his being *accidentally* connected with the cause of the shock I had received. I begged to be spared this trial till I was stronger; but the doctor said that yielding to these fancies, born of mere association, was cowardly, and tended to fix them in one's mind; that the true cure was to face them boldly during the illness itself; and that I should be better if I would see my friend immediately. As soon as I began to recover I was advised to employ my convalescence in trying to conquer various nervous dislikes to certain articles of diet, and other things; and found the occupation more restful and strengthening just then than any other which could have been chosen for me. I had had for years a great dislike to the sight of waves, owing to having been once washed off from a rock and stunned by the force with which I was flung up again. As soon, therefore, as

I was able to travel, I went to the seaside with no companion but a little child, and spent at first a few moments each day, which gradually increased to hours, in watching both the inrolling tide and the little one's delight at the sight. I think nothing could have restored appetite and strength so much as this mental homœopathy.

I spoke just now of certain would-be scientific ladies who fancy that the welfare of their children depends on their being fed with the most nourishing and digestible food. The same mistake is current in another form, more refined and spiritual-seeming, but I think deadlier. Many mothers advocate the doctrine that the main secret of education consists in surrounding children from infancy with all such advantages as may favour their physical, intellectual, æsthetic, and moral development. So far as I have seen of the results of this plan, it ends in failure; and no wonder, for it begins in blasphemy. If that were the way to make people good, the Creator of this world has taken a great deal of pains to keep it bad. Surely it is enough for us to be "co-workers in His high design;" we need not to try to improve upon it. Our business, let us understand it clearly, is not to prevent our children from ever experiencing a want, or making a mistake, or doing a wrong thing; either now while they are under our care, or by-and-by when they have left us, or we them. God forbid that it should be so. I say it seriously, and thinking of my baby's sunny curls. God forbid that we should be allowed to save our children from nature's universal regimen. We have nobler work than that appointed for us if we will only do it. Our business is to *economise* their suffering, to see that it be not wasted. 'Economy' means, not shrinking, by mere

impulse and habit, from all presently-avoidable expenditure; but such a "law or order in the house" as shall cause each item of expenditure to bring an adequate return of some kind. Our business is to educate children so that every pang which they endure and every need which they feel shall make them grow stronger to bear and do the will of God, more and not less like what He means them to be; and to prepare them for carrying on the same education for themselves and others when we are in our graves. That is our work in life; we shall do little enough of it, at best; let us at least not allow ourselves to be diverted from it by aiming at something which is quite inconsistent with it, and which moreover God, the God of Nature and of facts, has decreed that we shall not accomplish. *Good* to surround your child with luxury? Think what that implies. How many mothers in a million could surround their children with luxury, even if all the resources of our planet were well applied and carefully directed to that one end? Of course I do not mean that all children should have the same education or the same rough fare, or be subjected to equal exposure to cold. The normal and true condition of a child depends much on the amount of refinement and culture of his parents; what is luxury to one child is privation to another. But the law is the same for all, though its applications are various. In an ideally well-regulated State, the resources, physical and intellectual, would be distributed, not equally, but in fair proportion to the needs of different constitutions. But that it could be really good for any individual to have provided for him, in fullest perfection, all that variety of educational appliances any one of which would be good

in itself, I cannot believe; and, as a matter of fact, do we find that it is so? What children are physically so weakly as those who are over-fed with too easily digestible food? What men are so mentally weak as those who have been taught great varieties of subjects in a way which spares them all the exertion of finding out anything for themselves?

If ever you should be tempted to imagine that you could do your children any good by exempting them from the wholesome discipline which nature intended for humanity, you could hardly study anything more instructive than the following account of what happens to any cell or atom of an organic body when once the controlling force has become so weak as to leave it free from the attrition which nature intended for it. It occurs in a lecture by Professor Owen on Entozoa (or internal parasitic animals):—

"The primitive forms of all tissues are free cells which grow by imbibition. . . . The tissues result from transformations of these cells. . . . They are microscopical indeed, and, under natural and healthy conditions, are metamorphosed into cartilage, bone, nerve, muscular fibre, &c. When, instead of such change, the organic cells grow to dimensions which make them recognisable to the naked eye, such development of acephalocysts, as they are then called, is commonly connected with a lowering of the controlling vital energies, which, at some of the weaker points of the frame, seem unable to direct the metamorphosis of the cells along the right road to the tissues they were destined to form, but permits them to retain, as it were, their embryo condition, and to grow, by the

imbibition of the surrounding fluid, and thus become the means of injuriously affecting or destroying the tissues which they should have supported or repaired." The lecturer then goes on to describe how certain Entozoa are often found to develop within these overgrown cells.

The atom tends, of course, by the very law of its being, not to remain an atom. And if, instead of being compressed and repressed, and forced to submit to the social law of sacrifice, it is allowed to go its own way (that way, remember, being one which appears particularly favourable to its own healthy development), then it will not submit to become a mere particle of bone, or muscle, or cartilage, or whatever may happen to be wanted; but sets up an independent existence of its own, and grows and thrives at the expense of the community. And therefore it remains embryonic and unformed; and, therefore, very often, it is taken possession of, and inhabited, and devoured, by a parasite!

The story teaches its own lesson, and needs no comment of mine. And that lesson has seldom received a more striking confirmation than the history of "homœopathy" itself affords. The mistake of all the early homœopathists was that they thought their science could stand alone. In their eyes all treatment by means of common drugs was clumsy; all allopathy was an atrocity; all palliation of suffering was cowardice; the study of physiology was useless; anatomy was a relic of barbarism; the pursuit of art was waste of time; poetry was all delusion; theology was an irreverent farce. Man was put into this world to study

homœopathy, and administer medicines on homœopathic principles, and for no other purpose whatever. So they seemed to think. Homœopathy was the truth, and the whole truth; and if people cared for any other form of truth, it must be because their brains were in a morbid condition, and for want of having swallowed pillules enough to restore them to a state of sanity, and read homœopathic books enough to give them a healthy interest in life. They did not exactly say so, but it was the impression which one gathered from their conversation. And yet how humble and unselfish these very same men could be where only their own interests were concerned! How willingly, how joyfully some of them sacrificed worldly prospects and fame, and risked their health, for the sake of doing good to the lowest of mankind! How tenderly, and with what genial grace of manner, I have seen some of them perform the most menial offices for their patients, and especially for the suffering poor; all glowing, the while, with delight and pride at being privileged to help in the work of *Mon Bon Dieu.*

But they could not be humble for the science which they loved. Homœopathy was *true;* and God had committed it into their hands to teach and to cherish. It was to deliver the world; they could not trust the God whom it shadowed forth to take care of it, and of the world as well. It had saved them, and thousands of others by their means; surely no salvation was possible without its help. Its revelations to them were infinite; it *could* not be, after all, a mere fragment of truth. They were willing to serve the lowest, but then It must be Lord of all. It could not, must not, should

not take its place as a mere atom in the great body of truth; it must set up an independent existence of its own; and destroy, and swallow, and starve out that which God had meant it to support and supplement.

And alas! what is it now? A weak, anomalous, amorphous nondescript, half-devoured by the parasite of quackery, which is growing and thriving at its expense. Would to God that the great body of human knowledge were suffering at no other point from that disease! It is infested with acephalocysts in all its limbs and organs, because the "controlling vital energy" is lowered.

I have often heard the advice given, "Make children's work light, and make them get through a good deal of it. Make their lessons easy and clear, and take care to smooth away all avoidable difficulties; then they can learn so many more subjects. Let them feel the stimulus of success. Never give them anything to do which they will not be able thoroughly to master. Nothing is so depressing as failure."

There is an element of truth in this, but I think it contains also an error of the same sort as the one I pointed out just now. Failure is depressing to the weak (and are any of us strong?) Failure is depressing; and so was our chilly child's cold bath. The question is: Shall we shield the child from the depressing influence? or shall we gradually and gently accustom him to it while we are there to kiss away his tears; and teach him to find motives which will enable him to bear it unaided when we are no longer there? Miss Martineau observes that the business of a maid-of-all-work in a lodging-house is one of the most unhealthy possible. She attributes this, not

only, nor I believe chiefly, to the amount of work done; but to the fact that the girl never can do her work thoroughly, and therefore can have no ideal before her which she can aim at realising. Miss Martineau is quite right, so far as she goes; but she has only got hold of half a truth. Maids-of-all-work, just like every one else, ought to be taught from their infancy to accept failure beforehand as a part of God's wise ordinances, and to keep an ideal before them still, no matter how often or how grievously they may fail. Try to keep before your own mind and your children's an ideal so far ahead that you will never exactly expect to succeed, and will never be disappointed when you do not succeed. This saves many evils: the dislocation which comes from unsettled aims; the Chinese stuntedness which comes of too settled plans; and worst of all, that hideous acephalocyst-like failure which to the individual himself and his neighbours looks like continued success. Also it seems to eliminate the need for, the sense of, fault-finding. It ought to be understood that we are not supposed to be aiming at any approachable standard, but to be trying to copy an unattainable ideal. A sense of guilt is one of the things that Christ is always said to save us from. This ideal far ahead is the condition for "growing in grace," of form, of intellect, of soul. Aiming at results immediately realisable, with a view of being satisfied with them when attained, is destructive to grace of all kinds.

There is an old music-book for beginners, "Chaulieu's Methode de Piano," in which occurs a passage which seems to me very significant. He gives a page or two of mechanical exercises, which may be practised day after day for an indefinite length of time. But at the head

of the first page of tunes he places these words: "Aussitôt que l'élève joue couramment un numèro, il faut passer au suivant, sans retour; ce moyen empèche l'élève de routiner."[1] The man who wrote this was no preacher of doctrines, religious or otherwise. He had no theory to support and no party to serve. He was evidently a close and loving observer of children, and desirous of making their path as easy to themselves as possible. He set himself to solve the problem of the art of training, and this is his solution: *Constant failure* is the condition of education. Not failure acquiesced in passively; not the idle "I know I shall not succeed, and therefore I will not heartily try;" nor the proudly ascetic, "I am not intended to succeed, therefore it would be more pious not to try at all;" no, but the straining of every nerve after an object which you know you will never—or only momentarily at best—attain fully. Play this one tune as well as you can, because it is the one given to you; put your heart and mind into it, as if the learning to play it perfectly were the sole object of your existence; but be sure that, as soon as you can play it perfectly, your All-wise Teacher will put you to some other task, "pour vous empêcher de routiner." You may go on repeating humdrum exercises from one year's end to the other; the drudgery is of itself one kind of discipline. But anything which seems to you worth doing you will never be allowed to do long; "pour vous empêcher de routiner." Has not our Father been training us so? Are not those very failures

[1] "As soon as the pupil can play a tune quite easily, let him leave it and learn the next; this method will prevent his growing mechanical and stupid." "Routine" is the French equivalent for what in English we call "Red-tapeism."

of ours with our duties which we so deplore an instance of it?

"What a terribly sad view of life!" do I hear some of you exclaim? Terrible, is it? Into what then were we baptized? Terrible? There was once a man called Abraham, through whose seed all the nations were to be blessed, because he had faith, and followed into unknown regions the leading of the same Spirit whom he had found near to him in the country with which he was acquainted; and especially because he was willing to sacrifice his son, if, and in so far as, God chose. "Yes," you say, "we must accept it, sad as it seems, for ourselves; for it is the truth, no doubt; and we will try to remember it, and guide our own thoughts and actions by it. But you surely do not mean that we should put all these melancholy ideas into children's minds." I would suffer the little ones to come to the truth as fast as it attracts or circumstances seem to lead them towards it; and when they do come in contact with it, I would encourage them to look it straight in the face.

"But if we let them hear all these stern truths, it would quench all love for God in their hearts, and teach them to think of Him only as a dread power, or perhaps to hate Him." Would it indeed? We are women, and some of us wives and mothers; and don't know yet on what food love thrives best?

> "The love that grows up like a flower, by sunshine fed,
> May wither when cold winter comes, till it is dead;
> But mine grew up 'mid gloom and woe; and storms have been
> Its only nourishment; and lo! 'tis evergreen."

Ah! you do not need to be told all this for yourselves. You know it well enough; only . . .

Only you feel so much more tender pity for Tommy than our Father does for you, that you cannot accept our Father's teaching for him, though you have no objection to submit to it for yourselves. Is that it?

I often think it would do some of us good to stand up, of a Sunday morning, in church, and say, "I *don't* believe in God." If we began in that straightforward wholesome fashion, perhaps by the time our hair was grey we might begin truly to *believe* a little. If ever you discover that your child hates God, lay the blame on your own (or some one's) capricious and false, and therefore cruel theories; and not on God's training, however stern, or nature's laws, however inflexible.

Failure, as I said before, must not be accepted passively, but taken as a part in God's education of us. We should always endeavour to see why we failed.

It is commonly remarked that the children of very good, and especially of pious people, often turn out rather exceptionally wicked; whereas "worldly" people's children, even if not visibly religious, not unfrequently become, as life advances, large-hearted, generous, and devoted. Let us see if we can find any cause for this; and first let us read an extract from Combe's "Physiology" about the effect of repeated action in forming habits of brain as well as of limb:—"The moral sentiments," he says, "in common with the intellect, are dependent on the organism for their means of activity during life, and hence are more successfully cultivated by being habitually employed in regulating the everyday affairs of life than by waiting for great occasions on which they may be exercised with unusual vigour. The faculties necessary for the practice of drawing or music . . . . by incessant

exercise are brought into such a state of activity as ever after to enable their possessors to derive delight from their exercise where the talents are possessed in any considerable degree. And what might we not expect from the systematic training of the higher sentiments on a similar plan?"

"Where the talents are possessed in any considerable degree:" there hardly ever existed a creature wearing the human form that did not possess some one or more of the 'religious and moral' faculties in a considerable degree; that is to say, who had not a strong instinct to sacrifice his own immediate impulses to something or other. Therefore, never take the trouble to sigh over the fact that your child is badly organised, for few children are altogether badly organised; but find out by which of his faculties you can get hold of him to save him from himself.

Combe also shows that you need not only to train separate organs into activity, but to train to act together in childhood those which it is requisite should act together in later life.

Now you would never train a child to write well by starting with a superstitious terror of bad writing. What you do, what you must do, is to start on the assumption that the child will write badly at first. You expect, you allow, not only that he should fill his first copybook with pot-hooks and hangers, but that he should make a certain quantity of bad, crooked, distorted pot-hooks. If you hold his hand so that he shall always write well, or terrify him so that he dares not write at all except over a tracing, he will never learn to write. And I think this points out the cause, or rather the principle underlying all the causes,

which are no doubt many, why religious education is on the whole so palpable a failure. Religious and good people have a horror of sin, by which they of course mean rebellion against the will of God; therefore they get a dread, a sheer superstitious, nonsensical terror often, of such acts as in them would be "sinful" acts (*i.e.*, acts of rebellion), and a mania for seeing their children do acts which in themselves would be "good" (*i.e.*, acts of submission and devotion); so they devise all sorts of plans for keeping their children from "sin" and making them "good," quite omitting to notice whether such plans constitute anything like training. Many people suppose that the fact of a child being "good" is in itself a proof of his being in a right moral state. It seems to me that you might as well suppose the fact of his being up a tree to be a proof that he is in a strong physical state; the question is, How did he get there? You do not educate a child physically by putting him every day at the top of a pole, but by causing him to go through the process of putting himself there, or as near there as he can get. If he is young and weak, it may be right to give him some assistance; but the training consists essentially not in the fact that he arrives at the top, but in the process which he goes through. And he gets more training by every day climbing a foot unaided, or insufficiently aided, or even by making every day an unsuccessful attempt to climb a foot, than by being carried or dragged to the top. Failure is the condition of education, remember. Fail we shall and must somehow, for God knows His business as a teacher, whether we know ours or not. Fail we must. The only choice that is allowed us is: Shall we accept beforehand visible failure, apparent aggrava-

tion of the evil we are trying to cure; or shall we insist on getting at once some visibly satisfactory results, and so secure for ourselves that worst of all failures which shows itself as immediate success?

There was nothing that Hahnemann more earnestly endeavoured to impress on his friends than that the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, the healing force of nature, is at each moment a fresh gift from a living personal Deity, and that every true thought is a fresh inspiration from Him. This peculiarity of his seems the more remarkable, inasmuch as his belief in, and insistance on, the absolute lawfulness of nature, the utter fatal mechanicalness of the action of all her forces, have led some people to accuse him of materialism. It seems almost like a contradiction that the same man should have preached both doctrines. But if you will try to put his scientific principles into practice, you will soon begin to understand why the grand old sage so constantly kept those who would listen to him in mind of their Unseen Helper. A mere atheistic belief in the laws of cause and effect is a sufficient foundation for a system of attempts to stop back the symptoms of evil, or to divert it, by counter-attraction or by force, into new channels. But the courageous patience which is needed, to do a little, and to do it resolutely and with all your might, even when it irritates and pains and seems to aggravate the very evil you are trying to cure, and then to wait while you see much needing to be done, can hardly spring from anything except faith in a God who is Himself the Healer and whose fixed purpose is to heal.

I have heard mothers give, as the one only and suffi-

cient reason for taking to homœopathy, that it "saves trouble," because "it is so much easier to make children take the so-called homœopathic preparations of medicine"! Some people add that "if you get hold of the wrong one, it can do no harm"!

Homœopathy saves trouble! Does it so? If our lesson to-day has taught us nothing else, it has, I hope, convinced us at least that homœopathy is no holiday fancy-work for idle fine ladies to play at, no unscientific piece of quackery to be taken up by men whose intellect is below the level of the ordinary medical routine. It and brain-pathology constitute, together, the most difficult of all sciences, the science of the Gospel. It is a science which perhaps no man will ever master entirely, but it is one which, thank God, every human being who is in earnest in his or her own work can more or less help forward.

One of Hahnemann's most intimate friends was a German prince whom people who considered themselves Christians thought it pious to call an "Infidel." The old doctor once reproached this friend for not more actively supporting the cause of medical reform. "My dear doctor," said the prince, "I believe in *you;* but you will be the last true homœopath, as Jesus was the last true Christian."

I have often been tempted, when looking round at the existing state of things in the Church and the medical profession, to fear that the prince may have been right. But no; God is true, in spite of all our cowardice and follies. And, somehow, people who keep aloof from the battle of life, and will do nothing till they find a perfect set of conditions to work in and feel secure from the

chance of making mistakes, may be clear-sighted about things close at hand; but they are seldom allowed to project their vision very far into the future. Hahnemann himself, who suffered poverty, and reproach, and bodily pain, and mental anxiety for the sake of what he believed to be the truth, and who laboured manfully with such means as he possessed till he had succeeded in altering his circumstances, is more likely to have been a prophet. And he thought that true homœopathy might begin to be practised in three hundred years, and not before.

But may the Lord shorten those days for His elect's sake!

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

"May I die if I do not revenge myself on you," said Euclid's brother to him.

"May I die if I do not force you to love me again," said Euclid.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE intimated on a former occasion that I desire to confine our conversations to questions which belong properly to the domain of science. You will not suppose from this that I think the theological teaching which a child receives, or the sort of Deity in whom a sick man believes, a matter of no practical importance. On the contrary, if you have followed me thus far, you must, I think, see, that if psychic science proves anything, it proves clearly these three things. *Firstly*, That the normal law of man's being is one, not of acts, or of words, or of sentiments, but of daily, hourly, life-long and complete self-surrender to the law that is above him and to the good of mankind. *Secondly*, That the very idea of trying to keep that law "in our own strength" involves an absurdity; and, *Thirdly*, That it is not enough for us to be taught the law of our life and the consequences of departing from it, for we need above all other things to believe in some righteous Being, whom we may worship continually and serve regardless of all consequences, and whom we may trust to make us righteous. My reason for avoiding thus far the subject of theology has been that I wished to preserve myself from even the appearance of interfering with the special form in which you

may think fit to convey religious instruction to your children. But there are one or two points connected with the subject on which I must say just a few words.

Whatever may be the theological opinions which you yourselves hold, I would say, avoid conveying religious instruction to children in the shape of controvertible propositions; and that more especially in this age of widespread controversy. Give them, in the way of direct dogmatic teaching, nothing more than their own experience may suffice absolutely to prove. For all else trust to the influence of your example and the contagion of your faith.

Never require from young people an acquiescence in any particular scheme of doctrine. If you heartily believe in the creed which you profess, your little pupils' minds are almost sure to become more or less impregnated with it; and all the more so if they do not suppose that you think yourselves infallible. And if you do not heartily believe it, if you only yield to it an intellectual assent, if you only believe that you *ought* to believe it, then the more earnestly you try to impress it upon them, the more likely you are to magnetise them with a sense of the contrast between your feelings and your words.

A great many people seem to be haunted by a vague idea of some mysterious necessity for imbuing children's minds with what they call "the truths of the Bible." There is some strange confusion about this. Of course it is necessary to imbue children's minds with truth; and of course the most important of all truths known to man are contained in the Bible. But the fact of a set of truths being written down in the Bible, possesses of itself no magic power to prevent their being injurious to children's

minds if presented to them in the wrong order or the wrong way. The Bible is the very best book for teachers; but it seems to me to be by no means throughout or inevitably a good text-book for pupils. On the whole, I would say, gather from the Bible rather the spirit than the actual matter of your instructions. Nature, after all, is, and must be, the children's Bible. Trust to the Author of nature to write His own name in it for them; and do you learn from your book how to guide your pupils in learning to read theirs.

Whatever your creed may be, you do at least believe this much, viz., that when your children represent God to themselves in any definite shape at all, they should think of Him no otherwise than as a good, kind, earnest Man, who desires to cure their diseases, to improve their morals, and to impart to them instruction. And yet it is possible so to bring up a child, that it shall throughout life, and especially during illness, shrink in mere nervous dislike, born of association, from the notion of trusting to any human being, and most especially to one who is morally earnest. Therefore, if any part of your plans of education has the effect of causing them to feel, either that a total escape from human influence would be a relief and a deliverance, or that religious and moral earnestness, and anxiety for the welfare of others, make people less sympathising than they otherwise would be, be sure that your plans are somehow wrong; and let no conceit about your own theories induce you to delay making some alteration. Any evil you can fall into is less evil than that. And if you suspect that the fault lies not in your plan but in yourself, if you really cannot make your children love and trust you, and are content to remain in a state

in which you cannot, then for Heaven's sake give up the charge of their minds to some one who can. So much at least the most sceptical may concede to the instinct which has prompted Christendom to cling so passionately to the doctrine of the divinity of Christ.

And now may I beg those of you who are Trinitarians to look boldly in the face with me for a moment the spectre which I know has been haunting you ever since we began to study together. How is that belief which has been precious to you from your childhood affected (you long but scarcely dare to ask yourselves) by the revelations of psychic science? Did Christ come to claim a kingdom, or did He "only" mean to teach a science? For it seems as if those passages, in which He prophesied that His voluntary death should give Him power to draw men to Himself for their own salvation, were after all "only" enunciations of a law of nature true for all men, and in some measure for animals, and even for impersonal entities, such as sciences, theories, and particular aspects of truth.

Well, be it so. Would you expect an Incarnation of the "I am" not to enunciate general laws? Would He have more fully proved His claim to be called the First-begotten of the Father, "who abideth in the House continually," if, instead of understanding and acquiescing in, and interpreting for us, the harsh-seeming deeds of our dear mother Nature, He had disowned her authority and violated her laws? Any mad fanatic can *say*, "I am the Son of God." But the proof would consist in proving himself to be the true child of faithful Nature. God and Nature are not at strife, as we quarrelsome children too often take for granted. I cannot help thinking sometimes

that, when we fancy so, they are mourning together over our perverse misunderstanding of them both.

But then if it be true that every human brain receives the power to influence other human brains for good on condition of voluntary self-renunciation, what will become of the doctrine of a special Atonement?

I really do not exactly know what will become of it. As I told you before, I consider it my business to take care of babies; doctrines are no nurselings of mine. But if you want to know what I think will become of it, I will tell you. Inasmuch as the self-elected protectors of the doctrine of Atonement have not succeeded yet in smothering it with all the thick foul smoke which they have blown round it by way of a defence, I rather think that it must be possessed of a strong principle of vitality of its own, and that it would be very well able to take care of itself if people would only let it alone. I have a notion that when it gets a little more fresh air it will thrive faster than ever. But that is no affair of yours or mine that I know of. We have our own nursery-windows to keep open.

In the meantime, if you are afraid of your own personal feeling of allegiance to Christ being weakened by the discovery that His teaching is truer than you supposed, and that even those who do not believe in His divinity must, if they study nature and history honestly, come to believe in His wisdom, will you sometimes put to yourself this question:—

Which would be the truest Redeemer of the world and deserve the most gratitude from men? A Being endowed with supernatural qualities, who should come down to earth to do a few irregular miraculous acts, and utter

certain maxims of transcendental morality which need to be modified in practice by our worldly wisdom? or one who should show men the true use and power of the faculties which they themselves possess and were misusing, and fling through time a line of golden grains for science in after ages to gather as she passes, as a witness to the Church that she is in the right track?

You thought you had got hold of a special gospel for men, perhaps for men of your own particular creed. But for aught that we can see to the contrary, all men alike may be related to monkeys. Well, He bade you trust for salvation, not to your faith, or your intellect, or your place in the scale of creation, but to the goodness of the Father who cares for the sparrows.

You thought that the truth of the Gospel was to be proved by miracles; and now it seems as though many of the miracles were mesmeric phenomena, and could be imitated by all sorts of impostors.

Well, He warned you that the people who trusted to "signs and wonders" were an "evil and adulterous generation."

You fancied that faith and morals were sacred subjects, not regulated by the laws of nature and too far apart from all common studies for any but divines to teach you anything about; and now doctors say that they are evolved according to natural processes by the action of the same cosmical forces which produce living forms and glowing colours. Well, He said that when we doubt about our Father's care, we should settle our doubts by "considering the lilies."

You thought that there was one absolutely right faith, and that all other religions were absolutely wrong ones.

And now it seems as though the truth were pretty equally shared between people of all shades of opinion.

Well, He never gave you leave to treat any man as a *heathen* until he obstinately refused to listen to what his neighbours had to say.

You knew you were "miserable sinners" of course; but still you have always been considered careful sick-nurses and exemplary mothers. You knew that clearer information on medical subjects would enable you to do more good to your charges; but you never supposed that you were doing much harm in the world. And now it turns out that you have been doing fearful mischief, not only from ignorance, but often from mere self-indulgence in things which you fancied were of no consequence.

Well, He warned you that you would have to "give account of every idle word;" and that the harlots were nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the people who thought they were going on all right.

Ay, and let us face boldly the last, most startling suggestion of modern science. What is going to become of our moral laws—those laws for which it used to be considered so needful to keep up religious sanctions? We used to think that it was right to obey the commandments and keep the Sabbath and pray and go to church, because of the "honour due to God's holy name;" and now here come hygienists coolly claiming the Sabbath as a day of recreation for man; and phrenologists who tell us that praying is not asking God to alter His plans to please us, but exercising certain organs under the sutures of our skulls; and mesmerists whose notions of a Church is an institution for keeping up a healthy kind of magnetic action among people of different temperaments. What

next? Are all man's morals and duties to be defined for him by doctors, who are so far like God that they "know his frame and remember that he is but dust," but who otherwise seem to have very little notion of divinity of any kind? We have not arrived at anything very wicked yet, it is true; but what is to be the end of it all? Where shall we stop?

Well, perhaps we shall not stop anywhere, ever, till the tide stops heaving and there is no more sea. Perhaps we shall find that we do not know quite all there is to know, even then. But why need we disturb our minds about that now? Did God put His laws into our charge? Were we commissioned to draw a line in the sky and hold the planets up to prevent them from falling over it? Heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of any law that God made shall fail; but whether God made the law that anything shall stand permanently still is another question, and one to which you and I need not find an answer. We agreed before that our business with books was to get help from them in taking care of babies; and surely our concern with laws is not to protect them, but to study them that we may know how to take care of babies.

But what do you think of the man who nearly two thousand years ago affronted the fanaticism of the pious Jews for their sacred laws, and scared them into crucifying Him by telling them that even God's holy Sabbath was made for the use of man, and that man was not made for the Sabbath?

The long and short of the matter is just this: If you want to be kept in good conceit with yourselves, or with any leader whom you ever worshipped, or with any plan

you ever followed, or with any theory you ever believed, take care what new study you plunge into, for cool investigation has a strange trick of knocking over all sorts of idols. But if you would like to be made to feel, through every fibre of your being, that He knew more about you than your nearest friends, that He is the best teacher that ever lived, and that the world owes more to Him than to all its priests and doctors, then my advice to you is, in God's name study away. You will study long enough, I promise you, before you come to the end of your astonishment at His wisdom.

For my own part, I think I may say that I hardly remember ever feeling what could properly be called awe of anything in human shape until it was shown me how that Hebrew Carpenter, whose Name had been made a scarecrow of, by people who wanted to frighten me from inquiring into facts and from trusting in the Author of facts, must have quietly solved beforehand some of the deepest problems of modern science.

I am well aware that in making this confession I am running the risk of giving you no exalted opinion of my own character. A higher type of mind than mine would have been overawed by the moral beauty of the character of Christ. But my object in speaking to you is not, I hope, to give you an exalted opinion of my own phrenological development. I want to prove to you that your child, be the shape of his head what it may, has something within it by which Christ may lay hold of him; and that it is your business not to let your theories stand in the way of your Master, and your fault if your child is not saved from a listless and useless life.

Our fault if our children are not saved! There are

hours, believe me, in a mother's life, when, be the shape of her head what it may, she needs no theory to make her remember with thankfulness that, supposing an atonement should be necessary, she and her babes will not be required to offer it.

Whether we believe or not that the Unseen Lord of Life once manifested Himself in a visible form, it seems to be evident at least that our relationship to Him, however spiritual, is no mystical or imaginary one. It is as real an attachment as that between an unborn infant and its mother; and phrenologists say that it has, like the latter, a physical local symbol. Will you remember this when any one professes to inform you on what occasion you began to be children of the God who is your life, or by what means you may persuade Him not to hate you for ever?

Religious writers are very fond of asserting that, until you have felt the burden of your sins, you cannot come to Christ to be freed from them. This sounds very humble and pious, but I fear it too often covers great ignorance and want of faith. Did Christ come to save mankind, or only such men as have a certain type of mind? Will the great Physician cure me of the disease from which I happen to be suffering? or does He expect me to drive it out myself by inoculating my soul with a disease of which He has already cured some other person? Paul and Bunyan may have had, no doubt, a sense of their own sinfulness very real and terrible, and they were quite right to flee to Christ to be freed from it. But if a child is born with a flat back to his skull, deficient instincts of self-preservation, great self-esteem, a great capacity for ideality, trust and benevolence, and little veneration, he is by nature almost incapable of understanding what sin

means, and he must come to Christ before he can be made to understand it. If you try to frighten him into a sense of his guilt, the only result will be that you teach him to distrust God and hate you; that you excite his worst passions and undermine his health.

Even among infants you can see that some are naturally much more sensitive to reproof than others. Many a child will be quite overpowered with shame and grief, if you say, when it is naughty, "I do not like you now." But I had one who, when I said so, used quietly to turn round, put her arms confidingly round my neck, and say, with some perplexity but no distress in her face, "Don't you like me, mother? Well, *I* like *you* then." Suppose I had rejected the babe's caress until I had worried her into appearing frightened and unhappy, how God-like that would have proved me to be! and how much the better moral state the little one would have been in! And this same constitutional difference of which we are speaking, manifests itself in later life, in a markedly different feeling towards the unknown Author of Nature. There are people who have so strong a physical sense of their relationship to Him that it revolts them to hear that relationship even spoken of. They trust Him so absolutely that they would almost rather not be told anything about Him, about His character or His plans for them. They are conscious of doing many things contrary to the code of right which has been taught them, and productive of consequences seemingly evil. But they instinctively take it for granted that He who made them knew what He was about and had His own reasons for making them as they are; that He never would let them really cross His will; and that, in His

own time and way, He will educate them into whatever He wants them to be. They can perhaps say with all their hearts: "Thy will be done;" but they do not thereby mean, "Let holiness prevail at any cost to me;" for they have often the mistiest ideas as to what holiness consists in, and do not particularly care whether it prevails or not. They rather mean, "Never spare me a sorrow which will fit me to take my proper part in the harmony of creation;" or perhaps they simply mean that out of instinctive unreasoning affection for God, they are willing to bear pain if it will give Him pleasure, and do not much care whether the effect of it on themselves is good or bad—educational or destructive. When sorrow comes, they need no preacher to explain to them that it has a message to their souls; they are often, in youth at least, physically conscious that Some one is caressing them into shape. Intense suffering only gives them an intense longing to turn round and kiss a Hand which they feel to be near them. Unless, indeed, the suffering should happen to come through the invervention of a human hand, in which case they are apt (in their uneducated state) to struggle desperately. They need Christ for a mediator between them and mankind, not between them and God.

Such persons are often neither attracted by good actions nor repelled by great crimes; they worship *genius* and *power;* but they are physically sensitive to magnetic influence, and therefore they shrink, though perhaps without knowing why, from habitually selfish or low-minded people. Their moral perceptions are very blunt; but their æsthetic sensibilities are very keen; and they cannot conceive of any one caring so much for any earthly object as to please the Creator of beauty. I once heard

a little girl say: "I never could really give my heart to any one, even if he were perfectly good, unless he were a great musician." A friend who was present remarked afterwards that such a child's religious education must consist in her learning how great a musician He was who resolved the discords of human life. There was much kindly wisdom in the remark. If Christ were presented to such persons as the Teacher who would show them how to take their fit part in the harmony of Creation, they would at first try to obey Him as they would any clever teacher; and then there would grow up in their hearts (I have watched the process often) a feeling towards Himself personally, compounded of gratitude for His teaching, marvel at His genius, and æsthetic admiration for the harmony of His character. But as for teaching them doctrines about atonement for their sins, and mediation between themselves and the Author of the beauty for which they feel so intense a sympathy, you might as well pull a baby away from its mother's breast and begin to talk metaphysics to it about why she condescended to let it rest there. The baby would only scream and struggle; and, if it could, it would scratch and bite you; not on account of any logical objection to what you were saying, but simply because it felt that you had no business there at all.

Now, whatever form of religion you profess, your creed contains no article about the divinity of Bunyan, or of Luther, or of any particular religious book or magazine, or of any special minister of religion. And I venture to hope that in all matters connected with the education of your children you will "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free," and decline to be judged, and refrain from judging others, by any standard except

His words. When I first began the work of educating my children, I believed in a vague spiritualism, and could not see the use of being bound by any creed at all. But some bitter experience has taught me, as it may perhaps teach you, that the strictest of creeds and the most inflexible of liturgies may be no bondage at all, but a most blessed deliverance; first and most obviously from the desire which seems to possess all my friends, to impose their phrenological developments and their morbid fancies upon me; and next, and this is of far more consequence to me, from the temptation which I find perpetually besetting me to endeavour to impose mine upon my children.

If the back of your child's head is small, his brow full, and his organ of veneration very large, the dominant idea in his mind will be that of the constant presence with him of a Holy Spirit, his Teacher, Reprover, and Guide; fear will in him be, not lost in a vague instinct of trust, but absorbed into awe. The less you interfere with his religion in any way, the better. If you train him well in other respects, he will be more fit to be your religious teacher than you to be his.

As a general rule, when the projection of the head backwards from the line of the spine is small, there is little need for stimulating the tendency to what are called "religious ideas" or "disinterested sentiments." The danger is, not of the more commonplace and animal forms of selfishness, but, according to the rest of the development, of insanity, fanaticism, sudden passions, or unnatural crimes, or of fantastic devotion to unworthy objects. The smaller, therefore, the back of your child's head (or, in other words, the more he is remarked as being "a rare specimen of humanity," "an interesting little thing," "a

spiritual creature," "a child marked out for great things," &c. &c.), the more need there is that you should make for him a warm, cheery, magnetic home; that you should endeavour to interest him in all common human concerns; that you should surround him with people whom he may heartily admire; that you should teach him to see the faults of those whom he loves, but in such a way as not to undermine his reverence for what is good in them; that you should make him feel how much injury is done, both to the comfort of others and to his own spiritual state, by the neglect of small duties and of routine acts of courtesy, and by the habit of indulging every passing temper and emotion; and, above all, that you should carefully avoid putting a premium upon religious sentiments, or upon great and sudden efforts either of self-denial or of self-control.

Perhaps this may be the fittest place in which to say a few words about a question which has been often asked by theologians who are arguing for the necessity of an authoritative standard in religious matters, but which has never, so far as I am aware, been answered in a manner likely to be satisfactory or intelligible to those who are not themselves students of scientific psychology.

The objects, it is said, for which a man will feel most reverence and most affection, will depend on the nature of his own tastes and habits. Does it follow that I am in a truly religious frame of mind because my organ of veneration or benevolence is in an active condition? Are not all heathenism and all maudlin sentimentality caused by the excitement of religious and amiable, and even *moral* sentiments in connection with unworthy objects?

The answer usually given by phrenologists is, in substance, this :—

"Man possesses an organ of veneration. He worships by means of it. If it is educated, he worships the right thing. But the organ requires to be educated; or else, if it is large he will worship the wrong thing, and if it is small he will worship nothing at all."

"But" (I can well imagine an uninitiated inquirer to ask) "in what does this education which you advise consist? Who shall decide whether it is being carried on aright? What shall be the standard of it? How will you recognise the right object of worship?"

I answer: False religious teaching may indeed stimulate any one or more of the religious and moral sentiments. And in the course of a child's education, every portion of its moral nature may be stimulated in turn, by the presentation of a variety of objects, none of which is nevertheless the true and ultimate object of worship.

But a healthy mental education must consist in training the whole of the religious and moral feelings into *consentaneous* and harmonious action, and in subjecting all the rest of the mind to their control.

The Deity, then, for whom the science of psychology cries out, is one for whom every human being, be the quality of his mind and the nature of his tastes what they may, can feel the utmost degree of reverence of which his nature is capable. And the true Deity must not only *be* but *do*. He must do acts such as men can try to imitate, and the imitation of which will train men in truthfulness and kindness. He must be one to whom every human being can *trust*, trust fully and

entirely, for now and for ever; for daily bread and for eternal salvation; for himself and for every creature that is dear to him, and for every cause which is sacred to him; the mother for her reprobate son, and the child for its dying canary; the Jew for his nation and the Catholic for his church; the politician for the interests which he represents, and the student for the advancement of science. Trust, not with the passive mystic self-abnegation of a Brahmin; but with a confidence which encourages every aspiration of the heart and quickens it into a hope, and which steadies vague impulses into persevering exertion.

Every sick nurse ought to know that there are great numbers of people in the world who, without saying much about it, cherish secretly for the pursuit to which they have devoted their lives, a feeling which is a sort of compound of the feeling of St. Paul for Christ, of the psalmists for Zion, and of a tigress for her cubs. I do not pretend to say how far it is wholesome or right that this should be the case. I only say it is so. Our business is to treat rightly the facts which we find; and this class of facts we often treat very wrongly. When an enthusiast such as I have been speaking of becomes ill in body and prostrate in mind, and yet, as often happens, clings only more feverishly than ever to his beloved idea, when he is depressed by his own inability to serve any longer the cause to which he has dedicated his life, and made still more wretched perhaps by the reflection that the interests of that cause are suffering, as he supposes, in inefficient hands; if then the theologian can tell the patient that He who made the beauty and truth which he sees must know best how and when to manifest them to the world,

that He who inspired his own passionate love must himself care too much for the sacred cause to allow it to be compromised by any one's follies; and that God is sending him an interval of sickness as a rest or as a discipline for himself, in order to fit him to serve that cause better, in this world or some other, than he has ever yet been able to do, the theologian will indeed have brought a gospel to the man, and I am sure that, even if the doctor does not himself share the clergyman's faith, he will welcome him as his best ally. But if the clergyman can tell the patient no better news than that God counts science foolishness and art vanity, and that He expects people on their sick-beds to leave off caring for earthly concerns and to twist themselves into a state of fuss about their own souls, then really I do not think the good man ought to wonder if science, in the person of the doctor, should, without entering into metaphysical discussions, order him and his theology off the premises.

A man who is passionately devoted to any cause cannot begin suddenly to care about his own safety. He could not do it if he were well and strong; still less can he do it when he is restless and weak. And if he could, it is the very last thing he should be encouraged to do, for the sake of his health both of body and mind.

You see that medical science, though it can teach no true theology, is yet possessed of a rigid test for the detection of false *religions*. Any religion, wherever it may profess to come from, which causes a man to feel that the common business of life is unworthy of his most hearty and persevering attention, which diminishes his respect for law and order, or his desire to copy any form of natural or ideal beauty, which discourages him in any

hope, which weakens his trust in God or his love for any living creature, above all which lessens his reverence for any truth or goodness, is in so far, and to that man, a *false religion*—that is to say, it is no true revelation to him of his Maker, Redeemer, and Teacher.

This is the message of science to the religious world; and this, it seems to me, she should have cried aloud till every pulpit in Christendom shook with the sound. She should have long ago flung down the gauntlet and announced herself as divinely commissioned to put the false gods to flight, leaving the clergy to find the true God where they can. But no, Science (God bless her) has one great fault: a certain assumed and Quaker-like impassiveness, which is misleading to those who do not know what lies hidden underneath. If she is not exactly a coward (and she has shown herself brave enough at times), she has at least that quietness of nature which is akin to, and and which looks like, cowardice. She has no particular dislikes or prejudices. She would live in peace with any neighbour who would consent to let her and hers alone. "The only form of fighting which interests me," she says, "is man's fight with the forces of nature." She will bear any amount of insult and slander without a word of retort or even of explanation. Only, when she perceives that anybody is going to do harm to those to whom she has undertaken to do good, she is apt sometimes to say in a certain significant and deadly fashion of her own, "Friend, thee isn't wanted *here*."[1] Whether the wholesome indignation which found intelligible expression in the shape of a "whip of small cords," may

[1] See the story of the Quaker in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

not have been on the whole more divine and more merciful than this sort of superhuman calmness, is a question which I do not feel called on to discuss. All I want to do is to make you understand, as far as I can, the facts of the world in which we are living, and the motives which are swaying the minds of those men whose orders, as doctors, we have to carry out, whose nerves, as patients, we have to soothe, and whose children and successors we have to train to take their part in the struggle which is coming.

People who are beginning to see the cruelty and folly of the system of mutual interference which is being carried on between philosophers and theologians and the students of physical science, often ask, as if in a sort of despair: "Why is the truth so difficult to arrive at? Why are people so differently constituted? Why are good and earnest men allowed to misunderstand and torture each other as they do?" It is never worth while to dogmatise about why God does things. But the fact that good people are so made as to be hardly capable of understanding each other or of seeing things in the same light, seems to me to be the crowning proof of the great laws which we have been tracing all along, viz., that the truth shall never be arrived at by any form of *merely intellectual* exertion; and that every step we take in intellectual and spiritual progress shall throw a fresh strain upon, and necessitate a more constant activity of the moral faculties, —shall involve, that is to say, a more complete and absolute self-surrender.

An agricultural labourer, for instance, or an uneducated mechanic, is seldom required to make any higher moral effort than is involved in curbing his temper and appe-

tites for the comfort of his family, or at the most in sacrificing the material welfare of those dear to him for the sake of honesty and truth. God forbid that I should suggest that the struggle may not sometimes be a severe one, but it is not at least a very complicated one. The thing he has to do is a simple thing enough. He knows exactly what he has to do, and why; and the cases will be comparatively rare in which he can be troubled by any doubt that, if he can only manage to do it at all, he will be thereby serving God, drawing closer the bond between himself and all that is good, and growing in favour with most of those whose good opinion is of any real importance to him. If he feels combatively inclined, he must indeed keep his instincts so far in check as to avoid quarrelling with the people in his own immediate neighbourhood; but he can harmlessly exercise them by indulging in virtuous indignation against those of whom he really knows nothing; such as the Pope, for instance, who lives a long way off; or that indefinite personality, "the Infidel." His prejudices do little harm either to himself or to any one else. In fact, the Infidel and the Pope are for him quite mythical personages, and serve the purpose of a safety-valve for surplus animal antagonism, just as the "devil" does at a revival meeting. But the case is different when a man has once been called to the life of a leader in the world of thought. Then this awful choice is put before him: either he must leave half his work undone; or else he must bear to hear all that is dearest and most sacred to him, all on which he founds his trust for the present and his hopes for the future, denied, mocked at, and blasphemed; and he must keep his temper still, and be "all things to

all men," and acknowledge that the blasphemers are as good men as himself, and quite as much in earnest, and just as much as himself taught of God, and commissioned moreover by God to teach him. I have spoken of the respective moral effects of food which is, and of that which is not, over-tender and too easy of digestion. Well, picture to yourselves an eager nervous child made to sit still and grind up slowly a plate full of roast-beef, while he is longing to be allowed to swallow down a bit of minced meat, and have done with it, and rush off after some project which appears most important to his excited imagination; magnify the picture a million times; and then you will get some idea of what is going on in the studies of great authors all around you.

But a suggestion of another answer to the question why thinking men are allowed to misunderstand and worry one another has sometimes presented itself to me.

The wars of men, and the extraordinary state of confusion into which the cleverest of them sometimes get their affairs, have often turned out to be heaven-sent opportunities for women to rise out of their dollish idleness, their moral cowardice, and their slavery to fashion. I feel, I confess, not so sanguine as some people do, as to the results of what is called the "Rights of Women Movement." But I am very glad that it occurred to Florence Nightingale, when the masculine authorities had got things in general into a muddle in the Crimea, to go and nurse the sick; even though her doing so involved her overstepping the limits which the prejudices of her time imposed on the activity of ladies. And I think that the position of women has been wonderfully improved ever since she

did so. And when you read what that arch-heretic Ernest Renan says of isolation, and of lonely labours, and of the misrepresentation and persecution which a thinker suffers, for the sake of that portion of truth which God has committed into his hands, do you not feel as if God had made you women, and prevented you from being preachers or bishops, just on purpose that you might be able to sympathise with the man in his sorrow, and (should opportunity offer) to comfort and help him, without being obliged to express any opinions about miracles?

Therefore, if any of you should happen to have a husband, a brother, a physician, a friend, for whose character you cannot help feeling reverence, while yet his unbelief for what you have been taught to consider fundamental truths shocks you, may I hope that you will let nobody's prejudices induce you to deal with him otherwise than very gently. Few things in history are sadder or more sublime than the lives of some of those great men, who, having met the Holy Lord of Nature in a mountain alone, and caught a glimpse of His awful glory, have trodden under foot what none could have made better use of than they, in their wrath against some false likeness of Him which they have found set up on the altar under the name of "Saviour"!

Only fancy letting one's self be "saved" by the Christ of certain religious sects out of the hands of the "Unseen Lord of Life" of Hahnemann's Organon of Medicine!

If you ever have to do with such a man as I have been describing, let him see by all means that you think him in the wrong. Use your influence to induce him to listen to what true and right-minded Christians say. Help him

to find out how he may demolish the idol without destroying the gold. But do not condemn him to loneliness of heart in this world, or threaten him with everlasting destruction in the next. Remember our Teuton ancestresses, those grand women in the German forests. It was to interpose their loving hearts between the combatants that they rushed on to the field of battle, not to stir up strife. It was to heal the wounds that the heroes inflicted on each other, not to drop in poison. Or, at the worst, if they felt that there was a needs-be for the conflict, they went to give courage to the husbands and fathers who were fighting for their freedom, not to frighten and perplex them with tales about the terrors of a future life. And remember that the man Jesus whom priests could never have invented, and who, as they profess to think, still keeps the keys of that unknown future about which they talk so glibly, He has promised that every manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men except blasphemy against the inspirations of the Father who is Love.

How, while so much about which we are all agreed is waiting to be done, any one who really cares either for Christ in heaven, or for anything worth caring about on earth, can keep aloof from his neighbours and refuse their help for the sake of any, even the most important, difference of opinion, puzzled me, I confess, a good deal at one time. Politics, education, literature, science, and art, seem to me like the dumb creatures in the Northern Saga, "looking out for the Redeemer"—looking for a leader, a purpose, and a common tie. But they will never be brought to acknowledge that the highest purpose of man upon earth is to persuade his Creator to alter His mind. They are willing, I am sure, to own as their leader and

teacher Him (call Him by what name you may) who came to do God's will, the whole of it, with all His body and soul, by caring for the bodies and souls of others at all costs to His own. But they never will consent to accept as His representative any Church which teaches that some of God's laws are holy and the rest profane; which neglects men's bodies while it cramps their souls.

We trusted that it was He who should have redeemed them.

Yes, and He will redeem them yet from all their evils.

"In God's own time, but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride;
Cast after cast, by force or guile
All waters must be tried.

And if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment He can bless
So love at heart prevail."

Only do not fail till you are sure you must. Do not import into your creed any sort of article about "believing in" the devil. Remember that "of all ways of breaking the third commandment, the most blasphemous is, when you have lost a child because there was a dunghill at your door, to sit down and talk of resigning yourself to the will of Providence, instead of clearing away the dunghill before you lose another."

Do not be discouraged because things refuse to go the way that you expect or want them to go. What we call a disappointment often means that the finest seed of our harvest has fallen and sown itself before we were aware that it had ripened. None are so likely to reap in joy as those whose seed is thus sown for them without their

knowledge, while they are weeping at its loss. "Never be afraid to give up your best, and God will give you His better." Do not be more angry than you can help with those whom God uses as instruments by means of which to give you "His better;" remember Renan's summing up of history:—that when we all meet in the Eternal City, the persecuted will thank the persecutor for helping him to his crown.

Do not be forgetful—and especially do not fear—to entertain in your minds and homes those whose modes of speech are strange to you; "for by so doing some have entertained messengers unawares"—messengers from God to themselves; or perchance messengers from themselves to those for whose welfare they are anxious, but whose hearts they know not how to reach.

Do not be deterred from anything you want to do by sneers about being Quixotic and wanting the millennium. There is nothing disgraceful in wanting the millennium, provided that you are modest enough to own that you have not got it. And if a thing wants doing, it is a strange reason to give for not doing it, that the doing of it would make the world more like the millennium!

Do not—until the millennium has arrived, and there are no more sick or cross babies—think you cannot help in the progress of humanity because you are not allowed to do things that men can do; or because, when you have obtained the right, you find you lack the power. The woman who is said to be blessed among all women was no political agitator or heroine of competitive examinations; but a working-man's wife with just enough of learning to know how not to talk when things were going that she did not understand. And those who honour her most

represent her with no crown but the stars ; with a baby in her arms, and the world with all its glories under her her feet.

And don't be *afraid.* Men are always telling us, in all sorts of different ways, what Manoah told his wife, that we shall *die* if we *see.* But she knew better[1] than to believe that God would grant knowledge to, or accept sacrifices from, creatures whom He was minded to destroy.

"Serve God and fear no man;" and "don't believe in anything worse than your*self;*" not in anything, whether visible or invisible, whether walking on two legs or on six. "I know worse of myself than I do of any other animal," I heard a learned divine say in answer to a child's question about the future fate of her pets. And I know worse of myself, and, to judge from your own confessions, I should say some of you know worse of yourselves than any of us do of Lucifer. It is possible, of course, that Lucifer may, like ourselves, have got into mischief from vanity and self-will when some one was giving his life to keep him out ; indeed nature is so alike all through that I think it is highly likely ; but then you see we can't *know* that of him ; and we often learn that it is true of ourselves by sad experience, and quite apart from any doctrinal teaching.

Never fancy you believe anything merely on the ground that it is logically proved. For the upshot of all sound logic is to prove that nothing can be proved; that every valid conclusion is a re-statement of the premisses in another form ; and that any conclusion which goes beyond that is unwarranted. And if I were asked to point out the two greatest benefactors

[1] Judges xiii. 22, 23.

to humanity that this century has produced, I think I should be inclined to mention Mr. Babbage, who made a machine for working out series; and Mr. Jevons, who made a machine for stringing together syllogisms. Between them they have conclusively proved, by the unanswerable logic of facts, that calculation and reasoning, like weaving and ploughing, are work, not for human souls, but for clever combinations of iron and wood. If you spend time in doing work that a machine could do faster than yourselves, it should only be for exercise, as you swing dumb-bells; or for amusement, as you dig in your garden; or to soothe your nerves by its mechanicalness, as you take up your knitting; not in any hope of so working your way to the truth. You can get anything you please by artificial arrangements, whether of matter or of ideas; any *thing*, that is, any inorganic transformation of already existing materials; any thing you please, except *growth*. To develop that, you must sacrifice *things;* to develop it in perfection, you must be prepared to sacrifice, if need be, all sorts of things, physical and intellectual; and even sometimes some things which seem like moral and religious good.

Nothing is easier than to build up by logic a consistent-looking scheme of religion and morals, which will seem perfect till some one happens to change your premisses; and then will crumble. Life, the life which uses all material, and repairs waste, and re-forms all that has decayed, consists in forces that work invisibly and bring about perpetual change. And when the strain of all this change comes on you, you will need, not beliefs accepted in lazy dependence on other people's reasoning,

but the faith which is the answer to sacrifice and prayer. How sorely you may need that faith, how sorely or how soon, God only knows. The life of a woman who dares to study freely, will be for many generations to come, I fear (as I am sure you have already found out that it is in this generation), a stormy one. What matter, so the storm bring us at last to the haven where we would be?

At last? No, but at once. For the wildest hurricane has a still centre of calm progress which those may find who have courage to steer straight through across the wind. And this *is* Eternal Life; to know the "I am," the only true God, the God who reveals Himself in the forces of Nature to those who are studying how to benefit mankind; and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

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I.

ON PHRENOLOGY.

THE principles which seem to lie beneath all practical rules for mental treatment might be expressed in phrenological language thus :—

1st, Any mental act of self-renunciation is performed by means of, and puts into a state of activity some portion of the so-called "religious and moral" region of the brain.

The religious and moral region is thus divided by phrenologists. Benevolence, imitation, and trust, in front; hope, conscientiousness, and firmness or perseverance behind, and veneration in the middle. In any state except that of perfect health, that is to say, in any state of which we have practical experience, some of these organs are too inactive. A great part of our business, either as educators or as sick-nurses, consists in finding out which of them are so, and devising means of arousing them.

The classification above given is of course a rough and imperfect one. The different faculties shade gradually into one another, and embrace within the sphere of their action every form of self-renunciation. Some part, for instance, of the faculty called conscientiousness is at work when you act in obedience to the routine of a household, or to the conventionalities of society; unless, indeed, submission to them has become so thoroughly habitual and unreasoning as to be entirely the gratification and in no sense the sacrifice of the impulse of the moment.

2d, A moral and non-moral organ may be excited by the same objects; and the outward manifestation of the action of the two is often so similar that it is difficult to distinguish between them, even in one's self, and still more in another person. Both may concur to induce a particular line of conduct. Who can tell, for instance, how much of his own or another's fearlessness of action is due to trust in God, and how much to self-confidence? This same sort of alliance often takes place between conscientiousness and order, between firmness and combativeness, between hope and acquisitiveness, between veneration and the instinctive love of parents, between benevolence and philoprogenitiveness, &c.

It is difficult, as I said, to distinguish between the action of a moral and of a non-moral organ. But there is always this radical difference, viz., that, whereas the action of a non-moral organ merely implies the yielding to an impulse or the exercise of a faculty, the action of a moral one always supposes a willingness to sacrifice something to an object of some sort.

Thus, order is the organ by which you perceive the beauty of regularity. If your organ of order is large, you naturally like to do things in an orderly manner, and feel uncomfortable when they are not so done. But conscientiousness is always more or less at work when you give up an employment which, for the moment, you would prefer to continue, or make an exertion, in itself disagreeable to you, for the sake of regularity.

The impulse to caress a child for the mere pleasure of doing it, and apart from the thought of its pleasure, is philoprogenitiveness. But the desire to comfort it, to see it happy, is benevolence.

If you have certain organs at the back of your head large, you will by instinct cling to the opinions of the teachers to whom you are accustomed, and dislike to hear the contrary ones expressed. But if you check a thought which arises in your mind, or reject an opinion which you yourself would otherwise be inclined to adopt, by the reflection that your parents are more likely to be right than yourself, your veneration is more or less at work.

Combativeness is the impulse to resist outside influences

merely as such. Firmness is the resolution to resist both impulses from within and influence from without for the sake of a purpose (of any purpose whatever, good or bad).

Ideality is the power so to group together in one's mind isolated points (either of form or of character) as to bring out of them a mental image of a harmonious whole. Imitation is the organ by which we select from the resources (material or spiritual) at our command precisely those elements, not which seem to us to possess any intrinsic superiority or attractiveness, but which will best serve for the purpose of copying a pattern, whether it exist as a material entity or only as an ideal in our own imagination. Its exercise, therefore, often necessarily involves somewhat of sacrifice, and always a great deal of surrender of immediate impulses.

Phrenologists usually have not included *imitation* in the list of religious organs; I am unable to conjecture why. In point of position, it lies between benevolence and trust; and it is, like them, in actual contact with veneration. In fact, in order to exclude it, the makers of busts have been obliged to turn in the imaginary line which bounds the so-called "religious group" at a sharp angle. The Christian Scripture recognises the effort to grow like God, to acquire certain qualities because they are His, as being worship; quite as clearly so, I think, as it does prayer or faith or charity. And no one, who has studied the effect of example on children, can doubt that this organ possesses a very high degree of vitalising power.

It is obvious that no one can possibly live a life much higher than that of a sea-anemone without exercising in some measure the "moral" part of his brain; without, that is to say, receiving some sort of moral culture. No matter how selfish may have been your motive for originally choosing a certain plan of life for yourself, the fact of sacrificing your subsequent impulses for the sake of the rule which you have laid down, calls into action your perseverance and conscientiousness. No matter how purely intellectual may have been the process by which you arrived at a belief in any law of nature, the act of sacrificing an immediate and obvious benefit for the sake of the greater benefit which you expect to receive through obeying

the law, is an act of hope. No matter how instinctive and animal may have been at first the nature of your clinging to your child; you can hardly try to keep it alive, even for the mere gratification of that clinging instinct, without some desire being awakened in you to make it happy, or at least comfortable. And that desire is benevolence.

We hear it said sometimes that such a man is "utterly atheistic," or that such a woman is "utterly selfish." Both are simply impossible phrenologically. No man or woman can live without doing a variety of acts, the original motive for which may indeed be purely selfish and godless, but the performing of which necessitates putting the brain into a state which is for the moment a state of devotion, and therefore bringing the nervous system under the action of some feeling of a moral and religious nature. The individual may not know that this is so. But the thing actually is, whether we know it or not.

And even the apparent anomalies of a character must often conduce more or less to its education in a moral direction. Suppose a child to have both combativeness and the organs of family affection large; cases will constantly arise in which his two strong impulses will come into collision. At last one or other of them will be more or less deliberately and consciously sacrificed to the other. Therefore, either his firmness or his veneration will be brought into play.

3d, Other things being equal, the nearer an organ lies to the central organ (veneration) the greater its power of attracting vitality directly from the outside; and the less therefore its action needs, or uses, of vitality supplied from the other parts of the brain or frame.

I say *other things being equal.* For the natural size of an organ, its healthiness, and the regularity with which it has been exercised, all tend to affect what we may call its "magnetising power" (its power, that is, of attracting vitality from the outside). A great difference in size, healthiness, &c., may suffice to more than counterbalance a difference of position. A man may be in such a state of mind that the enjoyment of music is more essential to his health and more soothing to his

nerves, and even gives him a more vivid sense of the Presence of God than any exercise of kindly feelings *of which he is at the time capable.* His organ of tune is large, active, and healthy; his benevolence is small and inactive; or perhaps has been made morbid by some injudicious management in childhood, or by the indulgence of abnormal and unwholesome sentimentality in youth. Perhaps, too, he has been so accustomed to think of music as connected with worship that the exercise of tune naturally excites veneration itself more than does benevolence, which he has only used spasmodically and not in any religious connection. Music may be to him really a more religious exercise than benevolence, for the time being. Are we to suppose, therefore, that listening to music will do for him what an opportunity for showing kindness would do for a man whose life had hitherto been spent in the exercise of active charity? By no means. It is impossible that the organ of tune can ever possess as high a magnetising power as benevolence would do if it were in anything approaching to a healthy condition. The main business of an educator is, in all cases, to get into good working order those organs most especially which are, from their position, most capable of being made to exercise a good influence on the health. But when delirium is threatening a patient, or when his life is in immediate danger, the peculiarities of the actual case must often outweigh for the time all general principles. You must then do, for the moment, whatever is likely to prove most immediately beneficial; and put off till he is stronger any consideration about the course which is most useful in the long run. You must excite whatever organ you find has at the moment most power to steady his brain or to revive his strength.

4th, The organs which lie towards the front magnetise in a different manner from those behind. In fact, each organ seems to attract its own special kind of magnetism. Each does something for the general health which no other could do; and the exercise of each in turn and under proper conditions is beneficial. But the organs in front give a higher kind of energy than those behind, and, in a highly civilised man, magnetise faster. But the exercise of some portion or other of the

back of the head is essential to even a moderate degree of health. No amount of benevolence, veneration, or trust will keep steady a character in which conscientiousness, firmness, self-esteem, love of approbation, caution, &c., have all been allowed to remain inactive. Whereas conscientiousness, if in a state of healthy activity, may be made to supply in some degree the place of all the rest. And this I mean not only in guiding the actions, but also in bracing the nerves.

5th, Other things being equal, the sensibility of a patient to human *physical* magnetism is in inverse ratio to the amount of vital force supplied by means of the stomach and lungs. That is to say, the more delicately you are framed, and the less you eat and walk and live in fresh air, the more power a mesmeriser will have to produce or change physical symptoms in you; and the more sensitive also you will be to the effect (pleasant or the reverse) of the touch of particular persons. This is only an approximation to a law. Habit and many other things increase or diminish the sensitiveness to magnetism; and therefore I say *other things being equal.*

6th, Other things being equal, the susceptibility to human *mental* influence, or "biology" (as it is technically called), is in inverse ratio to the average amount of vital force supplied through the brain.

Children are more subject to what is called "thought-reading," *i.e.*, to reproducing unconsciously the unspoken thoughts of those about them, than adults. Stupid, idle, vacant-minded men, or frivolous or self-indulgent women, are the readiest victims of the biologiser. People who abstain from worldly occupations and interests in the name of religion, but without being filled by any strong faith or purpose, commonly find that their "spiritual state" (as they call it) depends on the "spiritual state" of their pastor, and on the frequency and intimacy of their relations with him. Any faith or purpose repels biologic influence. The less earnest are led away by the more earnest. Men of weak faith and idle minds make popes of men of resolution and courage, and still more readily of men of strong faith and great devotion; whereas the latter are seldom given to the setting up of human idols. Devout and studious

Catholics do, it is true, maintain as a dogma the infallibility of the far-off Pope who does not interfere with them except on rare occasions. But devout and earnest men, whether Catholic or Protestant, very commonly differ in opinion from the ecclesiastical superior with whom they come into most immediate contact; and even from the saint whose character they most reverence. Whereas weak and idle people, with a physical craving for something to worship, but without any great faith in God, fight in defence of the infallibility of their own particular confessor or preacher. Devotion and moral earnestness not only give you biologic power over others, but they tend also to enable you to resist the mental influence of others over yourself. It is often observed that "anybody can wind an obstinate man round his finger." The reason is, I suppose, that obstinacy is compounded of much combativeness and little firmness; it gives therefore comparatively little brain-power, and leaves the man an easy subject of biologic influence.

7th, The vitality imparted by a regular exercise of the brain is of course more directly adapted to produce intellectual, that supplied by the stomach to produce physical, vigour. Some kinds of morbific influence are more repelled by the one, and some by the other. But as all the nerve-centres are in direct communication, any steady increase of power in either of them is a gain to the whole system. No one who is afraid of infection should go into a fever-room; and no one at all should go in while he is fasting or over-tired. The depression of fear, and that caused by want of food, alike increase the chance of taking the fever, or rather diminish the resisting power, fear being not an over-exercise of caution, but the impulsive and unregulated action of caution unbalanced by trust, hope, &c. On the other hand, a hungry child, and one who has just been in a very naughty temper, are equally unfit for study, and equally likely to be over-tired and injured by it.

8th, *Other things being equal*, the quicker and fuller the pulse the greater is the power of the brain for receiving and imparting vitality; but the greater also is the waste going on through the whole system, and the greater the need of a steady supply. Semi-intoxication, therefore, is often apparently a

source of, in reality a condition favourable to, poetic inspiration. Therefore, also, a fever is often a season of wonderful intellectual and moral progress. But whenever a patient's pulse is quicker and stronger than usual, you need to be especially careful to keep up a constant sense of submission and trust; first, lest he should fly off at a tangent into some actively mischievous vagary; and, secondly, in order to prevent him from wasting his strength, and being left in an exhausted condition when the excitement is over.

9th, Strong excitement of any organ of the brain tends to stimulate to action those nearest to it.

10th, Picture a set of telegraphic wires proceeding from a common battery, and then imagine the electric spark jumping backwards and forwards from one wire to another. I do not know whether this is a scientifically correct analogy of what I want to point out, but I think it will at least help to make clear something which I can neither describe nor explain, but which any one who is at all nervous or overworked must often have experienced—a sensation as if thoughts were jumping about in one's head, or as if two unconnected parts of the brain were trying to work simultaneously or alternately, and each interrupting the action of the other. Many people imagine this painful and most injurious double action of the brain to be due entirely to physical causes. This is a mistake. Physical weakness fosters it indeed; but its causes are moral, or rather immoral. The habits of mind which chiefly tend to produce it are, I think, these: Duplicity; intellectual exertion under the pressure of fear; a specially *high order* of intellectual exertion stimulated by ambition; allowing the mind to wander purposelessly from one subject to another without a settled plan or object; indecision; trying to do two things at once; allowing an idea to haunt one during work.

A little reflection is sufficient to show that a habitual sense of reverence for one's duty and of trust in God would suffice to eliminate almost entirely out of one's life these causes of mischief.

There is another fruitful cause of the same evil, *i.e.*, interruptions from without of a train of thought. But even this is

less injurious if one steadily remembers that it is one's duty not to let it distract one. As a matter of fact, many of the most clear-headed men live a life of incessant interruption from business callers.

Any one tolerably familiar with both phrenological analysis and the details of Darwin's theory, would find it an interesting task to try to trace out some of the steps by which the peculiar circumstances of women, and the physical infirmities and faults of character which result from those circumstances, have led to their becoming more "religious" (or, as I would prefer to say, more emotionally and consciously religious) than men usually are.

Such an inquiry would be too long and intricate to enter on here. It is sufficient to say, that when phrenologists assert that one cannot use the moral and religious organs too constantly, they do not mean that it is not possible to be too religious in a conscious way. One's ideas on the subject become clearer if one thinks of the moral organs as forming a sort of magnetic lungs, standing in something like the same relation to the brain and nervous system as the air-lungs do to the vascular system.

It is possible, of course, to excite the lungs themselves, by the direct application of stimulus, to irregular, spasmodic, or over-violent action. Sometimes the congestion or torpidity of one portion of the lungs throws too much work on the rest, and makes them gasp restlessly and obtrusively. Moreover, we cannot increase the real power of the lungs except by slow degrees, by means of regular exercise persevered in steadily. It sometimes happens that a person of delicate constitution, having been ordered muscular exercise and bracing treatment with a view to increase the receptive power of the lungs and stomach, fancies that he can hasten this increase by subjecting himself to an amount of exertion and of cold for which he is, as yet, unfit. By so doing he temporarily excites the lungs; but the ultimate result is that he weakens the whole frame, lungs included; and thus, in the long run, diminishing instead of increasing their power. He may even inflame and permanently injure the lungs. The most healthy condition is one

in which the whole lungs are at every moment in a state of calm activity; and in which the effect of every muscular exertion is to produce a corresponding increase in the depth of the respirations. This normal action of the lungs is spontaneous, and accompanied by no consciousness of their action except on occasion of unusually severe exertion. One great test of a healthy régime is that it shall favour this normal action of the lungs. A test of healthy treatment for an invalid is that it shall steadily increase the capacity of the lungs and cause them to take in more and more air per hour (see "Combe's Physiology"). One great object of voluntary exercise of the limbs is to increase the power of involuntary and unconscious action of the lungs.

Which things are a parable. Man being, however, as to his moral development, in a transition state, we should compare our nerve-lungs not to our own air-lungs or stomach, but to those of some lower animal. A few minutes of mere impulse and self-will do not perceptibly harm us; neither do a few hours' smothering hurt a toad, or a few days' starvation a tiger. A man possessed of strong animal vitality may drag on a half-torpid existence for years, in a condition approaching to, though never quite reaching, utter selfishness; but no child can grow up healthy who is not kept occupied about something out of himself.

A Christian poet has very truly told us that communion with God is our "vital breath" and our "native air." I cannot help feeling tempted sometimes to ask certain preachers what they would think of a teacher of hygiene, who, not content with impressing on his hearers the importance of keeping the lungs active, insisted on putting children through a regimen devised for the express purpose of making them immediately *conscious* of the action of the lungs!

II.

BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR THE FURTHER STUDY OF SUBJECTS TREATED OF IN THIS VOLUME.

Science Primers. (Chambers.)
Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Maudsley. (King & Co.)
Life in Nature. By James Hinton. (King & Co.)
Thoughts on Health. By James Hinton. (King & Co.)
The Mystery of Pain. By James Hinton. (King & Co.)
Life and Letters of James Hinton. Edited by Ellice Hopkins. (King & Co.)
Observations on Mental Derangement. By A. Combe.
Principles of Physiology. By A. Combe.
Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy. By A. Combe.
The Constitution of Man. By G. Combe.
Elements of Phrenology. By G. Combe.
Origin of Species. Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Darwin.
Descent of Man. By Darwin. (Murray.)

The history of the plant named Hero, in Chap. ii. of Darwin's "Cross and Self-Fertilisation," is interesting as affording an example of the apparently anomalous manner in which some individuals are affected by causes which, in the majority of cases, produce opposite results. The rest of the work is not interesting except to botanists.

If one must read books written by Darwinians, which is a very different thing from reading Darwin's books, I know none better than—

Grant Allen's Evolutionist at Large.
,, Colin Clout's Calendar, &c.

For hints as to the true nature of exceptional and anomalous cases—

Babbage's Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. (Murray.)

For studies in true and tolerant philosophic criticism—

Dialogues Philosophiques. Renan. (Levy.)
Essais de Morale et de Critique. Renan. (Levy.)
Le Livre de Job. Renan. (Levy.)
Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse. Renan. (Levy.)

For Hahnemann's philosophy of the use of evils I regret to say that I cannot refer my readers to any published work except his "Organon of Medicine." Nothing that I know of in print is so like all that I used to hear from Hahnemann's intimate friends, as James Hinton's "Life in Nature" and "Thoughts on Health."

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Note 1.

RESPIRATION, though not in the strictest sense a voluntary movement, is, to a certain extent, controlled directly by the will.

Note 2.

It does not follow that fishes are wholly incapable of feeling. Nature accomplishes the same end by different instruments in different classes of beings.

Note 3.

The automatic convulsive movement produced by tickling is one of the most exhausting forms of all physical exertion ; and it is so, I suppose, for this reason, that the will or mind not being aroused (that is to say, the outer brain not being excited), the motive power has to be entirely generated out of the resources of the automatic brain.

Note 4.

In the bust published by Dr. L. Fowler, the organs immediately round Veneration are thus named : — Benevolence, Imitation, Faith or Trust, Hope, Conscientiousness, and Firmness or Perseverance. The organ of Imitation is not usually included in the *lists* of "moral organs;" but the important point to consider is, of course, the natural position of the organs, not any artificial classification. The subject is more fully discussed in the Appendix on Phrenology.

Note 5.

After explaining that mental activity and increased circulation through the brain are found to accompany each other, Combe goes on to remark :—"The well-known impulse given to thought and feeling by wine and other stimulants, which act chiefly by increasing the flow of blood to the brain, is but another example of the operation of the same general law; and goes far to justify the opinion of Dr. Caldwell, that if it were possible, without doing an injury to other parts, to augment the constant afflux of healthy arterial blood to the brain, the mental operations would be invigorated by it."—A. Combe's "Physiology," ch. xiii.

Note 6.

Contagious fevers are the result of "specific germs." And no doubt it will be a good thing to get rid of these germs as soon as we have found out how to do so. But in the meantime they may have their uses. No one who knows Darwin's works needs to be told that great results for human progress are brought about by the production of enormous numbers of creatures of low type. And, moreover, it is not yet proved that when we have obtained a complete mastery over contagious fevers, we shall therefore have rid the world of the condition called "fever;" nor that we should be any gainers if we did get altogether rid of it.

Note 7.

On strictly Hahnemannian principles, smallpox and scarlatina should be treated, not as evils, but as heaven-sent opportunities for the elimination of chronic taints in the blood; and are dangerous chiefly because not so treated. According to this view, the specific virus or ferment of each zymotic disease is the true homœopathic antidote to some kind of inherited taint; when medical science is more advanced and knows how to use its weapons, no one will be the worse for an attack of any eruptive fever; and so far from outbreaks of epidemic being considered as misfortunes, they will then be hailed as

occasions for ridding the community of ill-effects left by the vices and errors of former generations. I had the honour of being the patient by whose bed-side, and for whose benefit, this startling application of the homœopathic law was worked out. Whether it was then really original, or whether the idea had all along been in Hahnemann's mind, I do not know; but I have often heard my father relate that when he suggested it in Hahnemann's presence, the old man sprang from his chair, caught the speaker in his arms, and exclaimed, "Vous êtes mon vrai, mon cher disciple." It is certain that, *under favourable circumstances and skilful treatment*, eruptive fevers are often more than merely harmless; they produce a marked improvement in health. But, with all due respect to the illustrious leader and his enthusiastic disciple, it would seem to me rather wild, at our present stage of progress, to set up an anti-prophylactic or anti-vaccination propaganda, on the strength of isolated instances of success in turning into good apparent evil. A later student of homœopathy suggested to me an idea about fever which, if less thorough than the one sanctioned by Hahnemann, appears, for the present, safer to act on, viz., that fever itself is not a disease, but a crisis of development which may be converted into an illness by any accident, such as over-fatigue, a latent tendency to chronic disease, bad hygienic conditions, *or the presence of some specific contagion*. Gastric fever, for instance, he considered to be a crisis of development in the individual complicated by indigestion; an epidemic he thought a sort of crisis of development in the community, which has become complicated by the presence of contagion, and which makes a favourable opportunity for the spread of contagion. He told me that many people have genuine fever pure and simple, without any of these complications; the attack being sometimes accompanied by the same kind of general languor and cessation of certain physical functions as accompanies the change of skin in a caterpillar; but often occasioning so little disturbance that the individual is not aware of being ill. He thought it important that the symptoms of development-crisis should be distinguished from those of disease, and that the former

should be as little as possible interfered with. So far from agreeing with the optimist view of infection favoured by Hahnemann, he, I believe, considered that the presence of any specific contagious poison in the system, even under the most favourable circumstances, rather diminishes than increases the good done by the pure fever crisis. For myself I cannot pretend to have an opinion which theory of fever may be true. But as affording a parallel to certain differences in the attitude of moralists towards infanticide and other social evils, it is interesting to notice the divergences among physical reformers. There are those who propose to "stamp out" zymotic diseases by precautions directed against *those diseases themselves.* There are others, the "dreamers," the "derided" (are they indeed the "mad blind men that *see*"*?*) who think that lower forms of life have no power over the higher if the latter be in a thoroughly healthy condition; that the germs of zymotic disease would not develop in an absolutely pure constitution; that infection is only possible because of some deep, latent, inherited, perhaps unknown and unsuspected, taint in the blood; and that eruptive fevers are blessings in disguise, because the process of throwing off scarlatina or smallpox gives the doctor, if he knows his business, a chance of helping the patient to throw off the inherited taint as well. It is strange to see how completely the stampers-out of either physical or moral infection ignore the force of opposition which is generated against them by the presence in the minds of some of their antagonists of this belief, that visible infection is the heaven-ordained remedy for invisible evil; and that if we could stamp out one sort of infection, we should only impose on Providence the necessity (so to speak) of inflicting on us a severer remedy. (See "Life and Letters of James Hinton," pp. 352–356.)

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